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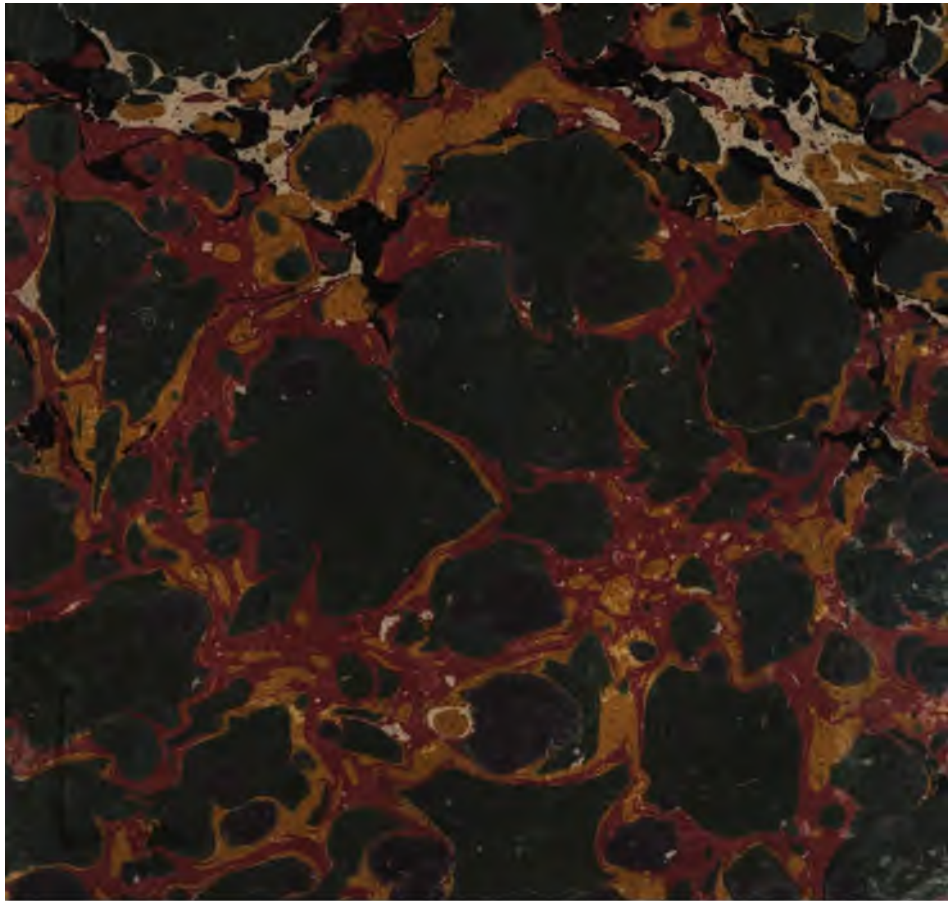
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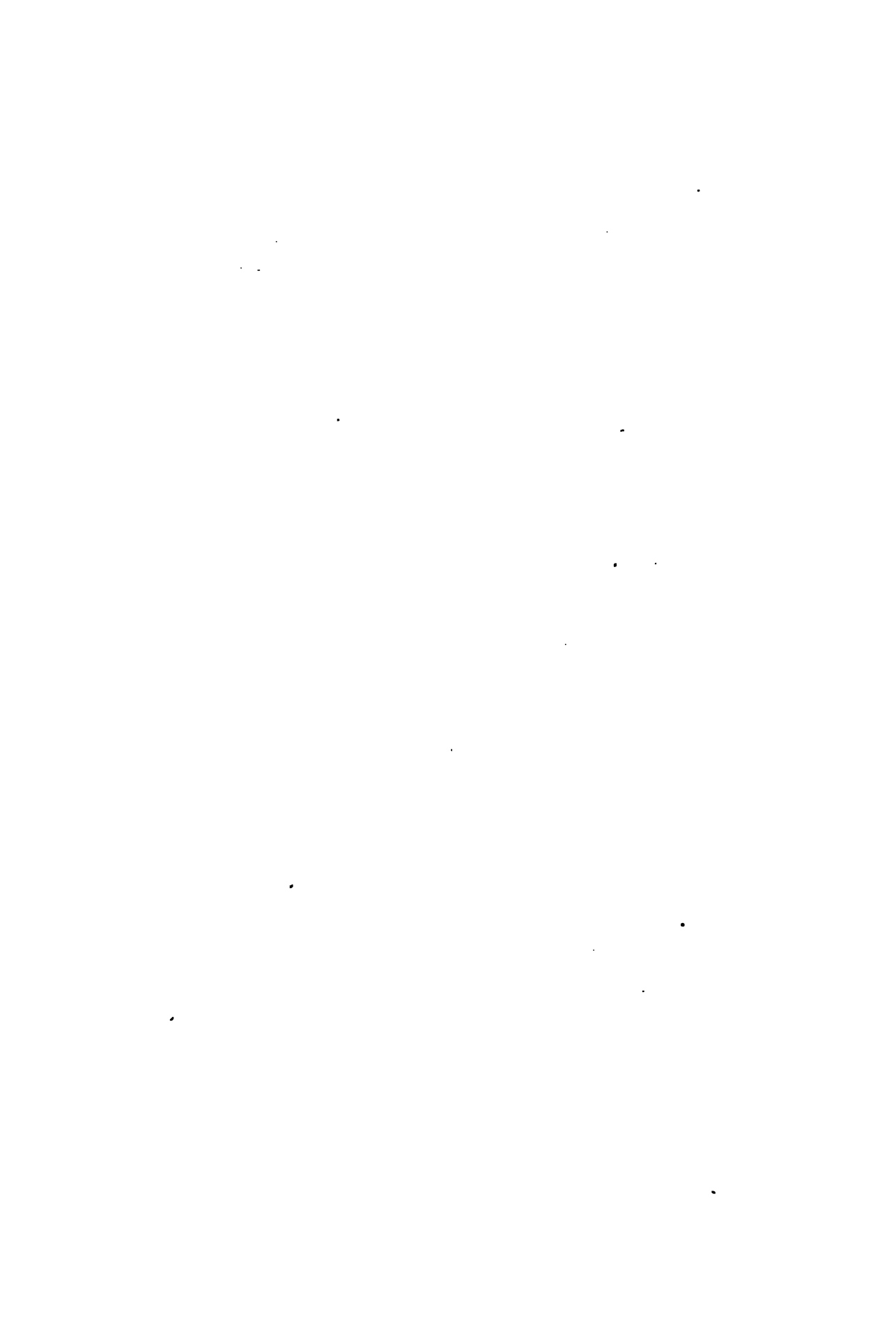
ond.

Davies & Hall.



LONDON:

thue Arch, 23, Gracechurch Street.



A
Complete Editions
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Second.

Containing

Spenser, Shakespeare, Davies & Hall.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER,

FROM THE TEXT OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

Containing

THE FAERY QUEENE.
COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.
VIRGIL'S GNAT.
THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.
HYMNS.
VISIONS.
MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.
PROTHALAMION.

EPITHALAMION.
SONNETS.
ELEGIAC POEMS.
TEARS OF THE MUSES.
RUINS OF ROME.
RUINS OF TIME.
MINGOPOTMOS.
U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke ! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalrie—
And, asked who thee forth did bring ?
A Shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy head—
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will fend more after thee.

SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

George Taylor
EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.



THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

THE authentic materials which history has preserved, concerning Edmund Spenser, are by no means sufficient to enable us to give a full account of his life, or such a description, either of his person or of his fortune, as will completely gratify the admirer of English Poetry, or of real genius.

He was born in London, and flourished during the illustrious reign of Queen Elizabeth; but what rank his parents held in society is very uncertain: A circumstance which, of itself, renders it probable that his descent was obscure.

The time, both of his birth and of his death, has been disputed. Concerning the first, we are not in possession of any circumstance which can authorize us to hazard even a conjecture. The latter event, in all probability, happened about the year 1598.

But while the accounts of his birth and family are so obscure and imperfect, and while many of the events of his life are lost in oblivion, Edmund Spenser is well known by his works, which have been read with admiration and delight ever since their first publication.

He had his education at Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge; where, after he had remained for some time, storing his mind with useful knowledge, he stood for a Fellowship, in competition with a Mr. Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; but without success. This disappointment, and the narrowness of his circumstances, obliged him to retire from the college. He took up his residence with some friends in the north. And in this retirement he became enamoured of the beautiful Rosalind, whom he celebrates with so much elegance in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty we find him uttering so many pathetic complaints.

It was in this retirement that the genius of Spenser first began to distinguish itself; and the Shepherd's Calendar was the first fruit of his unsuccessful passion. This first effort of his genius he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who was regarded as the most accomplished and respectable gentleman of the age in which he lived. Sir Philip was himself a poet of no inferior talents, and soon discovered the merit of Spenser, whom he continued to countenance and protect till the end of his life.

By the advice of his friends, Spenser in a short time quitted this retirement, and went to London, that he might be more in the road of preferment. Here he experienced the judicious and generous patronage of the amiable Sir Philip Sydney, who, on reading a few stanzas of his Fairy Queen, which Spenser had at this time begun to write, was so struck with the inimitable description of some of the characters, that he ordered his steward to pay the author two hundred pounds; and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Although nothing could have been more auspicious than this introduction, yet Spenser did not derive from it any immediate benefit. He was indeed created Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; but for some time he possessed only the place without the pension. His generous and noble patron was, from the nature of his employments, and the active share he had in the campaigns of the Low Countries, obliged to be much absent from Court; and the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who did not hold Spenser's merit in the same estimation, instead of promoting his interest with the Queen, is said to have intercepted her favour to this ingenious and unfortunate man.

This

THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

This misfortune struck the elegant mind of the poet so deeply, that the impression seems not to have been effaced during a great part of his life. And, as might have been expected, we find him in many parts of his works, indulging himself in the most tender complaints of this ungenerous and undeserved treatment. In his poem called the Ruins of Time, which was written some time after Sydney's death; in the speech of Calliope; in the poem intitled the Tears of the Muses; in his Mother Hubbard's Tale; and at the end of book 6. of the Fairy Queen: there are several lines which carry a most pointed allusion to the repulse and opposition of the Lord Treasurer. This conduct, on the part of the poet, naturally widened the breach between him and Burleigh; till what, at first, was perhaps only neglect in the Treasurer, was converted into a settled hatred.

Notwithstanding this violent and illiberal opposition of the Treasurer, however, the Queen, upon Spenser's presenting her with some poems, ordered him a gratuity of an hundred pounds; and, some time after his appearance at Court, his uncommon abilities gained him the esteem and acquaintance of the most eminent men of that time.

His first appearance in active life was in the year 1579, when he was sent abroad by the Earl of Leicester; but on what particular service he was employed is uncertain.

He was next recommended as secretary to the Lord Grey of Wilton, upon his being chosen deputy of Ireland. In this situation he acquitted himself with great skill and ability, as may appear from his discourses on the state of Ireland, in which are to be found many solid and judicious remarks, that reflect as much honour on his talents for public business, as his other productions do on his genius for poetry.

Our author seemed now for ever exempted from the difficulties and embarrassments of his former life. His services to the Crown were rewarded, by a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Corke. His house was in Kileolman; and the river Mulla, which he has more than once so beautifully introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds.

About this time, Spenser contracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh; and the poem called "Colin Clout's come home again," in which Sir Walter is described, after the pastoral manner, in the character of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which originated at first from congeniality of soul and similarity of taste in the polite arts. Sir Walter did Spenser considerable services at Court, and rendered the Queen better acquainted with his writings than she had ever been before.

In this delightful retirement he was a more successful lover, than when he paid his addresses to Rosalind. The history of the progress of his new amour may be traced in the collection of his sonnets; and the excellent epithalamium which we find among his writings, was occasioned by his obtaining the object of his affection in marriage.

It was here too, that he finished his celebrated poem of the Fairy Queen, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time, and of which only the three first books were at first published. In a following edition he added three more: but the last six books (excepting the two cantos of Mutability) were unfortunately lost by his servant, whom he had sent before him in haste to England; a circumstance which the admirers of genuine merit, and of this most admirable poem, must for ever regret.

Spenser, however, was soon driven from this serene and tranquil scene. In the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond he lost his estate. And upon his return to England, the weight of his misfortunes was doubled, from the want of his best friend the brave Sir Philip Sydney, who, a few years before, had died of the wounds he had received in an action in the Netherlands, universally lamented, as the ornament of the English nation.

The remainder of Spenser's life, were it better known, would probably be little else than the mournful detail of affliction. His fortune was now broken; his heart was wounded with calamity; and the evening of a day, in which he had seen but few bright hours, was spent in the deep gloom of adversity.

He died in the same year with his powerful enemy the Lord Burleigh, which was in 1598, and about twelve years after his beloved patron Sir Philip Sydney. He was buried, at his own request, in Westminster Abbey, near the famous Geoffrey Chaucer. His obsequies were attended by the poets

of that time. Several copies of verses were thrown into his grave; and a monument to his memory was erected at the charge of the famous Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex.

Besides those pieces of Spenser which have been preserved, we find he had written several others, of which the titles only can now be traced. Among these the most considerable were, nine comedies, inscribed with the names of the Nine Muses. The rest, which are mentioned in his own letters, and those of his friends, are, his Dying Pelicane, his Pageants, Stemmata Dudleyana, the Canticles paraphrased, Ecclesiastes, Seven Psalms, Hours of our Lord, Sacrifice of a Sinner, Purgatory, A Se'n-night's Slumber, The Court of Cupid, and the Hell of Lovers. He is likewise said to have written a treatise in prose, called the English Poet.

As for the Epithalamion Thamefis, and his Dreams, both mentioned by himself in one of his letters, it is probable they are still preserved, though under different names. His dreams, there is reason to conclude, have been published under the several titles of, Visions of the World's Vanity, Bellay's Visions, Petrarch's Visions, &c.; and the substance of the Epithalamion Thamefis has been preserved in Canto XI. of Book IV. of the Fairy Queen, in that beautiful episode of the marriage of the Thames and Medway, which is so great an ornament to that book.

We are equally ignorant, what family Spenser left behind him, as we are concerning many of the events of his own life. The only circumstance that seems to merit any credit is, that a person, in the reign of King William, came over from Ireland to solicit the lands which had belonged to his ancestors, and brought along with him letters of recommendation as a descendant of Spenser. His claim was allowed to be good, and he obtained his suit. He could give no account whatever of the works of his illustrious ancestor which are wanting; and in all probability, therefore, we must conclude, with regret, that they are irrecoverably lost.



A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this Worke; which, for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

TO THE RIGHT HONBLE AND VALEROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNT.

*Lord Warden of the Stanneries and her Maiestie's lieftenaunt of the Country of
Cornewayll.*

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled The Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discourse unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or bye-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end, therefore, of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline; which, for that I conceived, should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fit for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspicion

of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historical; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysses; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Taffo disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call Ethice, or Vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politicke, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasunt, while

had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgment, formed a commune-wealth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gouernment such as might best be; so much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by example then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue sene in a drcant or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolued to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faery Land. And yet in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queene or Emperesse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphoebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellen^t concept of Cynthia: Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applicable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrons, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the Knight of the Red-crosse, in whom I expresse Holynesse: the seconde of Sir Guyon, in whom I sette forth temperance: the third of Britomartis, a lady-knight, in whom I picture chastity. But because the beginning of the whole work seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayrs orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things forepasse, and diuining of things to come; maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning, therefore, of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I

deuise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste xii days; upon which xii seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii seuerall adventures happened, which being undertaken by xii seuerall knights, are in these xii bookes seuerally handled and discoursed. The first was this: In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that he might haue the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by a huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to ysew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take upon him that exploit. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serue him, (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paule, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And esteemes taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to haue bene slayne by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craued of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a grooms, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchanter called Busirane had in hand a most faire lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scdamour the lover of that lady presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him; and reskewed his love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled, but rather as accidents, then in-

tendments: as the loue of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphoebe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellesora; and many the like:

Thus much, Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discurse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So humbly cra-

uing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happinels, I humbly take leaue;

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER

23. Jan. 1589.

To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent

EMPRESSE,

Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Gracious Government,

ELISABETH,

By the Grace of God,

QUEENE OF ENGLAND, FRANVCE

AND IRELAND, AND OF VIRGINIA;

Defendour of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

EDMVND SPENSER,

Doth, in all Humilitie,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS,

To live with the Eternitie of her Fame.

V E R S E S

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

on upon this Concept of the Faery Queene.

ight I saw the graue where Laura lay,
hat temple, where the vestal flame
x to burne, and passing by that way
hat buried dust of liuing fame,
ambe faire Loue, and fairer Vertue kept,
only I saw the Faery Queene;
ic approach the soul of Petrarke wept,
n thenceforth those Graces were not seene;
this Queene attended, in whose speed
laid him down on Laura's herse:
he hardest stones were seen to bleed,
ones of buried ghostes the heuens did
erise;
lomer's spright did tremble all for grieke,
t the accessie of that celestiall thiefe.

Another of the same.

yfe of meaner wits this Worke like profit
rings, [sings.
he cuckoe's song delight when Philumena
ast formed right true Vertue's face herein,
erfelse can best discern, to whom they
ritten bin.
ast beautie prayd, let her sole looks di-
ine
ught therein be amis, and mend it by
reine.
ie want ought, or temperance her dew,
er princely mind aright, and write thy
Queen anew. [fore
hile she shall perceiue how far her vertues
ie reach of all that liue, or such as wrote
f yore;

And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will,
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an angel's
quill.

Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those
of thy deuice.

To the Learned Shepheard.

COLLYN, I see by thy new taken talks
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to mastre,
And loath the layes that long to lowly swaynes;
That lifts thy notes from shepheards unto kinges,
So like the liuely lark that mounting sings.

Thy lonely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy changed hart now holdes thy pypes in
scorne,

Those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth, as they gaue thee the
bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelays,
Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers;
And so mought they, in their deep scanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyn's flowing quill.

And fire befall that Faery Queen of thine,
In whose faire eyes Loue linckt with Vertue sittes,
Enfusing by those bewties fyers deuine
Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,

As raised hath poore pastors eaten reedes,
From rustic tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Red-crosse knight with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire island's right,
Which thou dost vail in type of Faery Land,
Eliza's blessed field, that Albion hight; [foes,
That shields her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace and plenty flowes.

But (iolly Shepheard) though with pleasing style
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
Ne daunted be through enuy or disdain:
Subiect thy dome to her empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse and all the world takes
light.

HOBYNOLL.

FAYRE Thamis streame, that from Ludd's stately
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas, [towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes:
Nere thy sweet bankes there liues that sacred
Crown,

Whose hand strowes palme and neuer-dying bayes;
Let all at once with thy soft murmuring sowne
Present her with this worthy poet's prayes;
For he hath taught hie drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deep conceites now singes in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

GRAVE Muses march in triumph and with prayes,
Our Goddesse here hath giuen you leau to land,
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deferte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete breast are all the Muses bredde;
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his poet's hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape,
And what reuenge the states of Greece deuifd,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguifd;
But this deuife Ulysses soon did spy, [try.
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to

When Spenser saw the same was spredd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To sceme a shepheard then he made his choice;
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armies;
So Spenser was by Sidney's speaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles in those warlike frayes
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres;
So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his ferres.
What though his taske exceed a humane witt,
He is excused, sith Sidney thought it fit.

W. L.

To look upon a worke of rare deuife,
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserued prife,
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgment to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a iealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend;
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
Tis needlesse for the hoast to haue a syng.

Thus then to shew my iudgment to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from enuie's tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware,
But such hath bene the custome heretofore;
And customes very hardly broken are:
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then look you giue your hoast his utmost dew,

IGNOTO.

S O N N E T S

SENT WITH

THE FAERY QUEENE

TO SEVERAL PERSONS OF QUALITY BY THE AUTHOR.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,
Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.*

Those prudent heads that with their counsels
wife

Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Of from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play :
So Ennius, the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Caesar's cares allay :
So you great Lord, that with your counsell fway
The burcine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy ;
And to these ydle rymes lend little space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord
High Treasurer of England.*

To you, right noble Lord, who carefull breft
To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes government
As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas' mighty shoulders is vptayd ;

Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd :
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to reccaue,
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Omensford, Lord
High Chamberlayne of England, &c.*

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, in gentle gree
The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit,
Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee
Defended from soule enuie's poisonous bit ;
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility ;
And also for the loue which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee ;
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare ;
Deare as thou art vnto thyselfe ; so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

A

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THE sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
To be the nourfes of nobility,
And registres of euclasting fame,
To all that arms professe and cheualry;
Then by like right the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeauours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the author of their praise, [dide,
Which gives them life, that els would soone haue
And crownes their ashes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore, right noble I ord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REDOUBTED Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry, now blooming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As godlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yet may fashiond see,
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your name and high descent.

E. S.

*To the Most Honourable and Excellent Lord, the
Earle of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her
Highnesse, and Knight of the Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.*

MAGNIFIKE Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poet's witt
To be thy liuing praises instrument,
Yet doe not sicigne to let thy name be writt
In this base Poem, for thee far vsitt;
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:
But when my Muse, whose fetters, nothing slitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to fly
To the last praises of the Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene;
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond and
Offory.*

RECEIUE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruite which saluage soyl hath bred
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd,
And in so faire a land as may be reid,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione;
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour fits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren
field.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord
High-Admiral of England, Knight of the Noble
Order of the Garter, and one of her Maiesties's Pri-
uie Counsel, &c.*

AND ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old heroes, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing,
In this same pageaunt haue a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kindomes to displace,
Like flying doves, ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, did first deface.
Thy praise's euclasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably.
That it may liue to all posterity

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, High
Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.*

RENOWNED Lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
The world's sole glory and her sexes grace;
Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,
Both for your neernes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like case;
Of which apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloyall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue, Lord, for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the Lord
Grey of Wilton, Knight of the Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.*

Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muse's pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live, bound your's by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endless debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account;
Rude rymes, the which a rustic Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable
doome.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckburst, one of
her Maiestie's Prinsie Counsell.*

In vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude ryme to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leisure to the same)
Thy gracious souerain praises to compile,
And her imperial maiestie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But sith thou mayst not so, giue leaue a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduised ouersights amend:
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham Knight,
principall Secretary to her Maiesty, and of her Ho-
nourable Prinsie Counsell.*

THAT Mantuane poet's incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
In first aduauit to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps haue liedin silence bace,
Be hence so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Fies for like aide unto your patronage,
That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As wel to al that ciuel artes professie
As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,
And craues protection of her feeblenessie;
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayfe
In bigger tunes to sound your liuing praise.

E. S.

*To the Right Noble Lord, and most valiant Captain,
Sir John Norris Knight, Lord President of Moun-
ster.*

Who euer gave more honourable praise
To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,
That their braue deeds the might immortalise
In her shrill tromp, and found their praise dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you,
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And precedert of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduicement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous goze,
And lately shakt the Lufstianian sottle?
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Loue him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

*To the right noble and valorous Knight, Sir Walter
Raleigh, Lord Wardain of the Stanneries, and Lieu-
tenant of Cornewalle.*

To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,
Thy soueraine goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
Why doe I send thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write, [bowre,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her
And daintie Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unfauory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that like a golden showre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loue's praise,
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthia's praises be thus rudely
showne.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the
Countesse of Pembroke.*

REMEMBRAUNCE of that most heroicke spirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortal merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies,
Of heuenlie blifs and eueralsting praies;
Who first my Muse did list out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, liuing euermore
In the diuine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And natie beauty deck with heuenlie grace:
For his, and for your own especial sake, [take,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to

E. S.

*To the most vertuous and beautiful Lady, the Lady
Carro.*

N^o may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leaue out of this place,
But with remembrance of your gracious name
Wherewith that courtly garland most ye grace,
And deck the world, adorne these verses base :
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
These glorious ornaments of heavenly grace
Wherewith you triumph ouer feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyrannise ;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And siluer leaues, them righte to deuise,
But to make humble present of good will ;
Which, when as timely meanes it purchase may,
A simpler wife it selfe will forth display.

E. S.

To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court,

THE Chian peincter, when he was requird
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke mote absolute, desird
Of all the fairest maides to haue the vew.
Much more me needs to draw the semblant trew,
Of Beautie's Queene, the world's sole woderment,
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
Then that braue Court doth to mine eie present,
That the world's pride seems gathered there to
Of each a part I stole by cunning theste : [bee :
Forgiue it me, fair Dames! sith lesse you haue
not left.

E. S.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED-CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I.

Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske
As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
To hisson broade amongst her learned throng :
Hence warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my
song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgih ! chiefe of Nync,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles which there lye hidden still,
Of facric knights and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffere'd so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
Ohipe thou my weakc wit, and sharpen my dull
tong.

Yet. II.

III.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus' sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde ;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jolities arraid, [layd.
After his murderous spoyles and bloody rage al-

IV.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestic divine,
Great Ladic of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eync, {shine,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile ;
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest dread!
a while.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeat ;
Hypocricie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreat.

I.
A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody field ;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield ;
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdainning to the curbe to yield :
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters
fitt.

II.
And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deed and word ;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.
Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faery Lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his hart did carue
To prove his puissance in battel brave ;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.
A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a velle, that wimpled was full low ;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,

As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,
And havi' fate upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in hearte some hidden care she had ;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe shee had

V.
So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
Shee was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwaisted all their land, and them expeld ;
Whom to avenge, shee had this knight frownt forward

VI.
Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they pass'd
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poue into his leman's lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves

VII.
Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
Whose lostie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr ;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre ;
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred

VIII.
And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,

rein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 heir long to scorne the cruell sky.
 they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 g pance, the cedar proud and tall,
 wropp elme, the poplar never dry,
 r oak, sole king of forests all
 ;, good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

IX.

ll, need of mightie conquerours
 sage; the firre that weepeth still,
 w, worne of forlorne paramours,
 obedient to the bender's will,
 far shaftes, the fallow for the mill,
 e sweets-bleeding in the bitter wound,
 te beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 ll olive, and the platane round,
 r holme, the mapple, feeldom inward
 ad.

X.

delight they thus beguile the way,
 blissing storme is overblowne;
 ming to returne, whence they did stray,
 wfnade that path, which first was showne,
 r too and fro in waies unknowne
 um end then, when they neereft weene,
 stemdoubt their wits be not their owne:
 aches, so many turnings scene, [benee
 h of them to take in diverse doubt they

XI.

olwing forward still to fare,
 xme end they find, or in or out,
 they take that beaten seemd most bare,
 o lead the labyrinth about;
 en by tract they hunted had throughout,
 it brought them to a hollowe cave
 thickest woods. The champion stout
 dismounted from his courser brave,
 e dwarfie awhile his needles spere he gave.

XII.

aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
 den mischief ye too rash provoke:
 ger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without
 inoke,
 ill without show: therefore your stroke,
 ght, with-hold, till further tryall made."
 lie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
 ward footing for an hidden shade:
 gives herself light through darknesse for
 a wade.

XIII.

" quoth she, "the peril of this place
 wot then you, though nowe too late
 you backe returne with foul disgrace;
 edome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
 she steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 the Wandring Wood, the Error's den,
 her vile, whom God and man does hate:
 ce I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
 full dwarfie; "this is no place for living
 men."

XIV.

f fire and greedy hardiment,
 ful knight could not for ought be staide,

But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
 And looked in: his glistering armor made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaine,
 But th' other halfe did woman's shape retaine,
 Most lethsome, filthie, foule, and full of viledaine.

XV.

And as she lay upon the durty ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortal sting: of her there bred
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dug; each one
 Of fundrie shapes; yet all ill-favored:
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI.

There dam upstart out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head, whose folds displaid,
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entrails
 She lookt about, and seing one in mayle,
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine, (plaine,
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

XVII.

Which when the valiant esse perceiv'd, he leapt
 As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
 Threatening her angry sting him to dismay;
 Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst;
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder
 glannst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, herselfe she gathered round,
 And all at once her beastlie bodie raid
 With doubled forces high above the ground:
 Tho wrapping up her wreathed sterne around,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 ll suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Error's endlesse
 traine.

XIX.

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint, [ye bee;
 Cride out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what
 "Add faith unto your force, and be not faint
 "Strangle her, eis she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
 And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great paine,
 That soon ro loose her wicked bands did her con-
 straine.

XX.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A foud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke

B ii

His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of booke and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping fought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His faticke waves doe fertile flint outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later spring gins to avale, [breed
Huge heaps of mudd he leaves, wherein there
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitfull seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man
reed.

XXII.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,
That wel nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred fore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

A gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to tewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous knattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusleth oft, and oft doth mar their murmuring.

XXIV.

Thus ill besedd, and fearfull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
(Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, besote he once would lin)
And stroke at her with more than manly force;
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatetull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth from her corse.

XXV.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round.
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mother's blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt
their good.

XXVI.

That detestable sight him much amazed,
To see th' unkindly impes of heaven acurst
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all fatiside their bloody thirst,
Their beanes swoine he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurs.

Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he
should contend.

XXVII.

His lady, seeing all that chaunft from farre,
Approcht in halt to greet his victorie,
And saide, " Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,
" Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
" Well worthie be you of that armory,
" Wherein you have great glory wonne this day,
" And proof'd your strength on a strong enimic,
" Your first adventure: many such I pray,
" And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it
" may."

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his speede againe,
And with the lady backward fought to wend:
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one into the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought:
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure fought:
Long way he traveled before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chaunft to meet upon the way
An aged fire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He saire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who saire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of strange adventures which abroad did pas?
" Ah! my dear Some," quoth he, " how should
" alas!
" Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
" Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
" Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
" With holy father fits not with such things to
" well.

XXXI.

" But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
" And home-bred evil, ye desire to heare,
" Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
" That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
" Of such," said he, " I chiefly doe inquire;
" And shall thee well reward to shew the place
" In which that wicked wight his dayes doteth
" weare;
" For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace
" That such a cursed creature lives to long a space.

XXXII.

" Far hence," quoth he, " in waitfull wilderness
" His dwelling is, by which no living wight
" May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
" Now," saide the ladie, " draweth toward night
" And well I wote, that of your later fight
" Ye all forwaried be: for what so strong,
" But wanting rest will also want of might?

sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
light doth baite his steeds the ocean waves
among.

XXXIII.

With the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest
with new day new worke at once begin :
doubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
then that aged man; "the way to win
sely to advise. Now day is spent,
efore with me ye may take up your in [tent;
his same night." The Knight was well con-
t that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

lowly hermitage it was,
n a dale, hard by a forest's side,
n resort of people that did pas
ill to and froe : a little wyde
was an holy chappell edifyde,
n the hermite dewly went to say
y things each morne and eventyde ;
f a chertall streame did gently play,
from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV.

l there, the little house they fill,
e for entertainment where none was ;
their feast, and all things at their will :
best mind the best contentment has.
ire discourse the evening so they pas ;
olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
ll could file his tongue, as smooth as glas
of faintes and pops, and evermore
rd an Ave Mary after and before.

XXXVI.

oping night thus creepeth on them fast,
: sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
enger of Morpheus on them cast
lombring dew, the which to sleep them
iddes :
ir lodgings then his guesstes he riddes ;
when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,
s studie goe, and there, amidst
ick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
: out mighty charmes to trouble sleepey
nides.

XXXVII.

oosing out few words most horrible,
re them read) thereof did verses frame,
hich, and other spelles like terrible,
swake blacke Plutoe's grisly dame ;
sed Heaven, and spake reproachful shame
st God, the Lord of life and light.
ad man, that dar'd to call by name
orpon, prince of darkness and dead night,
: Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

h he cold, out of deepe darkness dredd,
of sprights, the which, like little flies,
; about his ever damned hedd ;
whereto their service he applies,
his friendes, or fray his enemies :
he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
:st for to forge true-seeming lyes ;
of them he gave someflagge too,
r by himself staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full sleepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth sleepe,
In silver dew, his ever-drouping heed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spred.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe,
By them the sprite doth passe quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe,
In drowfie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the fowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a fowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples woulblous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careles Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from eunyes.

XLII.

The messenger approaching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine ;
So found he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pulst with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is toft with troubled fights and fancie weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatened unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And liting up his lompish head, with blame
Half angric, asked him, for what he came ?
" Hether," quoth he, " me Archimago sent,
" He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
" He bids thee to him send for his intent
" A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers
" sent "

XLIV.

The god obayde; and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, de void of careful carke,
Whose fences all were straight benumbd and
starke.

He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearcfull lark,
And on his little winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lorde, where he him left afore ;

B iii

XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker fence it could have ravisht quight:
The makers selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly fight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI.

Now when that yde Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In fort as he him schooled privily;
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the maker's guyle, with usage fly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carie under feigned hew.

XLVII.

Thus well instructed to their worke they haste;
And coming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaffe hart had subdewd to learne Dame
Pleasure's toy.

XLVIII.

And the herselfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemed unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
To be the chastest floure that ayre did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen, iō Hymen, dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crown'd.

XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his;
Lo there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as half blushing offered him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true which for her knight
him tooke.

L.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But hastie heat temping with sufferance wife,

He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hande in womens piteous wife,
Tho' can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth,

LI.

And sayd, " Ah! Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
" Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
" And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
" Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
" For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
" Yet this perforce he bids me do or die.
" Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state
" You, whom my hard avenging destinie
" Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently,

LII.

" Your owne deare fake forst me at first to leave
" My father's kingdom," there she slopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemed to bereave:
And then againe begun, " My weaker yeares,
" Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
" Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde;
" Let me not die in languor and long tears."
" Why, dame," quoth he, " what hath ye thus
" dismayd?" [frayd?]

" What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort meaf-

LIII.

" Love of your selfe," she saide, "and deare constraint
" Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
" In secre: anguish and unpittied plaint,
" Whiles you in carelesse sleepe, are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
He would not shend, but said, " Deare dame, I rew,
" That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto
" you grew.

LIV.

" Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground:
" For all so deare as life is to my hart,
" I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
" Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
" Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemed she to appease
Her mounetull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And sed with words, that could not chofe but please
So syding softly forth she turnd as to her ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to think that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yroctt asleep his irkesome spright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and bees, and ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he bake returnd againe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse knight from Truth ;
In whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the steadfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring erre :
And chearfull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once that Phœbus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night to long his roome did fill.

II.

When those accursed messenger of hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged
spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootlesse paines, and ill-succeeding night :
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpine's wrath, them to affright :
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He cast about, and sought his baleful bokes againe.

III.

Etsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loofely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
Thofe too he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Covered with darknes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dream gan now to take more sound repast ;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls, " Rise, rise, unhappy twaine,
" That here vex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
" Have knit themselves in Venus' shameful chaine:
" Come see where your false lady doth her honor
" staine."

V.

All in amaze he suddenly upstart
With sword in hand, and with the old man went ;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement :
Which when he saw, he burnt with zealous fire ;
The cie of Reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged fire.

VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty fight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wait his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Heperus in highest skie (light ;
Had spent his lampe and brought forth dawning
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily ; (do fly.
The dwarfe him brought his steed ; so both away

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drouthyhed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
~~knockt for her knight, who far away wa- fled,~~
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each bowre;
Then gan she wail and weep to see that woeful
flowre.

VII.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hill and dale, each wood and plane,
Did seech sore grieved in her gentle breast,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX.

But subtile Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Cyna wandring in woods and forests,
(Th' end of his drift) he prais'd his devellish
arts,
That had such might over true-meaning parts:
Yet rest not so, but other means doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure
take.

X.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapen in seeming wise
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of ma-
gick spell?

XI.

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest.
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward breast
A bloody crosse; and on his craven crest
A bouch of heares discoloured diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well address;
And when he fate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him
to be.

XII.

Put he, the knight whose kmbaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and jealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunt to meete upon the way
A faithles Sarazin, all armed to point,
In whole great shield was writ with letters gay
Sarfoyn: still large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her head
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palsey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bossie
brave.

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way;
But when she saw the knight his speare advance
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight adresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courser's side
The red blood trickling stained the way as he dis-
ride.

XV.

The Knight of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hotte with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
Soone mete they both; both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astained with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth
land.

XVI.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-sheeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that with the terror of the flocke
Astained both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So flood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quyeth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does secke to pierce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe; the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bleed new die the verdant
fields.

XVIII.

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter sitt;
"Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
"Had not that charme from thee forwarded itt;
"But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
"And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewed out of the rest,
And glaucing downe his shield from blame him
fairly blieft.

XX.

Who therest wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan estoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet-making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XXI.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarasin's shield, signe of the conquerour.
Her soone he overtook, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXII.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenance
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
" On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
" And to your mighty will." Her humbleffe low,
In so rich weedes and seeming glorious show,
Lid much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, "Dear dams, your'sudden overthrow
" Much rueeth me; but now put feare apart,
" And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
" your part."

XXIII.

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
" Hath now made thrall to your commande-
" ment,
" Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
" And Fortune false bestraid me to your powre,
" Was (O what now availeth that I was!)
" Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
" He that the wide West under his rule has,
" And high hath set his throne where Tiberis
" doth pas.

XXIII.

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
" Betrothed me unto the onely haire
" Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
" Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
" Was never prince so meke and debonaire;
" But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
" My dearest lord fell from high honor's stare
" Into the hands of hys accursed sone,
" And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV.

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
" Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,
" And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
" When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
" O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
" Then forth I went his woeful corse to find;
" And many yeares throughout the world I straid
" A virgin-widow whole deepe-wounded mind
" With love long time did languish as the stricken
" bird.

XXV.

"At last it chanced this proud Sarazin
" To meeete me wandring, who perforce me led
" With him away; but yet could never win
" The fort that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
" There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
" Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
" The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
" Of one bad fire, whose youngest is Sansfoy,
" And twixt them both was borne the bloody
" bold Sansfoy.

XXVI.

"In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
" Now miserable I Fideffa dwell,
" Craving of you in pittie of my state,
" To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
Then his dull eares to heare what she did tell;
And said, "Faire Lady! hart of flint would rew
" The undeserved woos and sorrowes which ye
" shew."

XXVII.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
" Having both found a new friend you to aid,
" And lost an old foe that did you molest:
" Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With change of chear the seeming-simple maid
Let fall her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he seeming seemly merth,
And she coy lookes. So dainty, they say, maketh
" derth.

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together travailed;
Til weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew too goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there found
His mery oaten pipe, but shundth' unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got;
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheelcs of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide,
And his new lady it endured not:
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs
" a tide.

XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasure each to other makes,
With goodly purposes; whereas they sit,
And in his faised fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And thinking of those branckes greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead sit,
He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifts there came
Small drops of glory blood, that trickled down
" the fame.

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to teare
" My tender sides, in this rough ry'd embard;
" But fly, fly far hence away, for feare
" Left to you hap that happened to me heare,
" And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
" O too deare love, love bought with death too
" deare!"

Astond he stood, and up his heare hid hove.
And with that suddain horror could no member
move.

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
" What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
" Or guileful spright wandring in empty aire,
" (Both which fraile men do oftentimes mislake)
" Sends to my doubtful cares these speeches rare,
" And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood
" to spare?"

XXXIII.

Then groning deep, "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
"Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;
" But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
" Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature
" weake
" A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
" Hath thus tra:smorded, and plait in open plaines,
" Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
" And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;
" For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat
" me paines."

XXXIV.

"Say on Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the knight; "by whose mischievous arts
" art thou mishap'd thus, as now I see?
" He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
" But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
" As raging flames who striveth to suppress,"
The author then, said he "of all my smarts,
" is one Dueffa, a false forcessse,
" That many errant knights hath brought to
" wretchednesse."

XXXV.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
" The fire of love and joy of chevalree
" First kindled in my breast, it was my lott
" To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
" Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
" With whome as once I rode accompanye,
" Me chanced of a knight encountred bee,
" That had a like faire lady by his syde;
" Like a faire lady, but did lowle Dueffa hyde:

XXXVI.

"Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
" All other dames to have exceeded farre;
" I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
" Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre;
" So both to batteil fierce arraunged arie;
" In which his harcer fortune was to fall
" Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
" His lady, left as a prize martiall,
" Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII.

"So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
" Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
" One day in doubt I cast for to compare
" Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
" A rosy girlonde was the victor's meede.
" Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee;
" So hard the discord was to be agreeed:
" Frællissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
" And ever false Dueffa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII.

"The wicked witch now seeing all this while
" The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
" What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
" And by her hellesh science raisd straight way
" A foggy mist that overcast the day,
" And a dull blast, that, breathing on her face,
" Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
" And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
" Then was she sayre alone, when none was faire
" in place.

XXXIX.

"Then cride she out, "Fye, fye, deformed wight,
" Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
" To have before bewitched all mens sight;
" O leave her soone, or let her soone be flaine!"
" Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
" Etsfoones I thought her such as she me told,
" And would have kild her; but with fained
" paine [hold;
" The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
" So left her, where she now is turnd to tree in
" mould.

XL.

"Thensforth I tooke Dueffa for my dame,
" And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time,
" Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
" Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
" When witches wont do penance for their crime)
" I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
" Bathing herselfe in origane and thyme:
" A filthy foule old woman I did view,
" That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI.

"Her neather partes mishapen, monstrous,
" Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
" But they did seeme more foule and hideous
" Then woman's shape man would beleewe to bee.
" I thensforth from her most beastly companie
" I gan retrain, in minde to slipp away,
" Soone as appeared safe opportunitie;
" For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
" I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII.

"The divelish hag, by changes of my cheare,
" Perceiv'd my thought, and, drown'd in sleepe
" night,
" With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
" My body all, through charmes and magicke
" might,
" That all my senses were bereaved quight;
" Then brought she me into this desert waste,
" And by my wretched lover's sight me pight;
" Where now enclod in wooden wals full faste,
" Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we
" waste."

XLIII.

"But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,
 "Are you in this misformed house to dwell?"
 "We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evill
 plight
 "Till we be bathed in a living well;
 "That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
 "O how," said he, "mote I that well outfind,
 "That may restore you to your wonted well?"
 "Time, and sufficed Fates, to former kynd
 "Shall us restore, none else from hence may us
 "unbynd."

XLIV.

The false Duesse, now Fideesse hight,
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true: but the good knight
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,

When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound;
 Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her
 fownd.

XLV.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
 As all unweeting of that well she knew,
 And paynde himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
 At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
 And oit her kist. At length all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth
 did beare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO III.

Forfaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde ;
Marres blind Devotion's mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vyld.

I.
Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollow-
nesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretched-
nesse,
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's freakes un-
kind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart prest with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

II.
And now it is empaffioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaces sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayeles cies these lines with teares do
steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a
king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches
shayre.

III.
Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forfaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples peace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,

To seeke her knight ; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter
wrought,
Had her abandond ; she of nought afrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
Yet wisshed tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.
One day nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
From her unhashtie beast she did alight,
And the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight :
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layde her stole asyde ; her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place :
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.
It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood ;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious force.

VI.
Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weat.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded wyde and proud submission,
Still dreading eath, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And wising tears did shed for pure affection.

VII.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate
"And mightie proud, to humble weake does yield,
"Forgetfull of the hungry rage which late
"Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
"But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
"How does he find in cruell hart to hate
"Her that him lov'd and ever most adord,
"As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her
plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in clofe hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her frayed champion if she might at-
tayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

X.

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandering knight
shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde.
Till that at length she found the trodden gras
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountain hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damsel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore:

XI.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answered not at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddain feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyon's looke her cast in deadly
hew.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne never lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sat in eternal night; nought could she say,

But suddain catching hold, did her dismay
With quacking hands, and other signes of feare;
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did re-
quere:

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishment
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was not to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painefull penance more
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt;
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her
may.

XV.

The day is spent, and cometh drowfie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at at her secte the lyon watch both keepe:
Instead of rest, she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
And sighs and grones, and evermore does steepe:
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often looks
for light.

XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie,
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelts and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII.

He was to weete a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carlesse slept,
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whilea none the holy things in safety kept,
Thes he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,

Whith whom he he whoredome vsd that few did
know;
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, whch in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings; | things,
And now he to her brought part of his stolen

XIX.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett:
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountering fierce, him suddain doth surprize;
And seizing cruell claws on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the venger's hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath; the thirsty land
Dronke up his life, his corse left on the strand
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heaue hap which on them is alight,
Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen
might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world descouered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandering knight to
seeke,

With paines for passing that long-wandring Greeke
That for his love refused deiteye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him that from her still did flye:
Then furthest from her hope when most she ween-
ed nye.

XXII.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearful twayne,
The blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill:

XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling she did pray
That plagues and mischiefs, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV.

But when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
Shee backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,

Yet knight was not for all his bragging boist,
But subtil Archimag, that Una fought
By traynes into new troubles to haue toist:
Of that old woman tidings he befought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying that harlott she too lately knew,
Tha' causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquire;
Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una travcild flow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whom seeing such, for dread hee dur no: show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when the him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield he knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humbleesse towards him she
came:

XXVII.

And weeping said, " Ah! my long-lacked lord,
" Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
" Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
" Or ought have done that ye displeasen might,
" That should as death unto my deare heart
" light:
" For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
" My chearefull day is turnd to chearleffe night,
" And eke my night of death the shadow is;
" But welcome now my light, and shining lamps
" of blis."

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
" Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
" To thinke that knighthood I so much should
" shame,
" As you to leave, that have me loved stil,
" And chose in Faery Court of meere goodwil,
" Where noblest knights were to be found on
" earth
" The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
" To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
" Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of hevenly
" berth.

XXIX.

" And sooth to say, why I leste you so long,
" Was for to seeke adventure in strange place
" Where Archimago said a felon strong
" To many knights did daily worke disgrace:
" But knight he now shall never more deface:
" Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye
" please
" Well to accept, and evermore embrace
" My faithfull service, that by land and seas
" Have vowd you to defend: now then your
" plaint appease."

XXX.

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
For many years of forrow can dispence :
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woful stowre
For him she late endurd : she speaks no more
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eies he fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld
so fore.

XXXI.

Much like as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soult in swelling Cethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can
bide,

And seorching flames of fierce Orion's hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearful whistle merily doth found,
And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him
pledg around :

XXXII.

Such joy made Una when her knight she found ;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant that does vew from
ground

His ship far come from watry wildernesse ;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they pass, and all the way they spent
Discourfing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her what the lyon ment ?
Who told her all that fell in iourney as she went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free,
That through his fierinesse formed all with
sweat,

And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side :
His looke was sterne, and seemd still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did
beare,

He burnt in fire and gan estoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele,
But yet his lady did so well him cheare
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele :
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron
hecle.

XXXV.

But that proud paynim forward came so ferce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head
speare,

Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
And had his staggering steede not shronke for
feare,

Through shield and body eke he should him beare :

Yet so great was the puiffance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare ;
He tomling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did
gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his lostie steed,
He to him stept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, " Lo, there the worthe meed
" Of him that slew Sansloy with bloody knife :
" Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
" In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
" When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
" The black infernall furies doth aslake.
" Life from Sansloy thou tookst, Sansloy shall
" from thee take."

XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, " O hold that heavie hand,
" Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place :
" Enough is that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
" Now at thy mercy : mercy not withstand,
" For he is one the truest knight alive,
" Though conquered now he lye on lowly land
" And whilest him Fortune favourd, fayre did
" thrive
" In bloody field ; therefore of life him not de-
prive."

XXXVIII.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage ;
But rudely rending up his helmet, would [age,
Have slayne him streight : but when he sees his
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, half asham'd, wondered at the sight :
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight :

XXXIX.

And said, " Why, Archimago lucklesse syre,
" What do I see ? what hard mishap is this,
" That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre ?
" Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
" Instead of foe to wound my friend amis ?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit ; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would ne lenger stay,

XL.

But to the virgin comes ; who all this while
Amazed stands, herselfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerden of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee :
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same paynim hold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie :
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to be-
hold.

XLI.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdain, whenas his loveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same

Have rest away with his sharp-rending claws ;
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame .
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his sward
 he drawes.

XLII.

O then too weake and feeble was the force
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand ;
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And featcs of armes did wisely understand.
 Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his lordly hart : with death opprest
 He rored aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne
 breast.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victor's will ?

Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismayd,
 Her selfe a yielded pray to fave or spill.
 He, now lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With soule reproches and disdaineful spight
 Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light : [might.
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of

XLIV.

And all the way with great lamenting paine,
 And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares ;
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine ;
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares ;
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares,
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
 To be partaker of her wand'ring woe ; [foe,
 More mild in beastly kind than that her beastly

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duesſa
Guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brother's death to wreak, Sanſloy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

i.
YOUNG knight whatever that doſt armes profeſſe,
And through long labours hunt'eſt after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ſickleneſſe,
In choice and change of thy deare-loved dattie,
Leaſt thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And raſh miſweening doe thy hart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater ſhame
Then lightneſſe and inſtancie in love;
That doth this Red-croſſe knight's enſample plain-
ly prove:

ii.
Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light miſdeeming of her loialtie,
And falſe Duesſa in her ſted had borne,
Called Fideſ', and ſo ſuppoſd to be,
Long with her traveld, till at laſt they ſee
A goodly building, bravely garniſhed;
The houſe of mightie prince it ſeemd to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which theither travelled

iii.
Great troups of people traveld thetherward
Both day and night, of each degre and place;
But few returned, having ſcapd hard
With balefull beggary or ſoule diſgrace,
Which ever after in moſt wretched caſe,
Like loathſome lazars, by the hedges lay:
Thether Duesſa badd him bend his pace,
For ſhe is wearie of the tolliſm way,
And als nigh conſum'd is the lingring day.

Vol. II,

iv.
A ſtately pallace built of ſquared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whoſe wals were high, but nothing ſtrong nor
thicke,
And golden foile all over them diſplaid,
That pureſt ſkye with brightneſſe they diſmaid
High liſted up were many loſtic towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

v.
It was a goodly heape ſer to behould,
And ſpake the prailes of the workman's witt;
But full great pittie that ſo faire a mould
Did on ſo weake foundation ever ſitt;
For on a ſandie hill, that ſtill did ſitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven ſhaked itt;
And all the hinder partes, that few could ſpie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

vi.
Arrived there, they paſſed in forth right,
For ſtill to all the gates ſtood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
Cald Malvend, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every ſide
With rich array and coſtly arras dight:
Infinite ſortes of people did abide
There, waiting long to win the wiſhed fight
Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

C

VII.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
 And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
 Their fraile amazed senses did confound.
 In living princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
 Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous Pride,
 Like ever saw; and there a noble crew,
 Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
 Which with their presence fayre the place much
 beautifide.

VIII.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
 On which there sat, most brave embellished
 With royall robes, and gorgeous array,
 A mayden queene, that shone as Titan's ray,
 In glittering gold and perelisse pretious stone;
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fayrest childe,
 That did presume his father's fyrie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
 Proud of such glory and advancement wayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
 And, wrapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely sort to shyne.

X.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdain;
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
 Lo underneath her scornful secte was layne
 A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne.
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
 For she was wondrous fayre, as any living wight.

XI.

Of grieffly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
 And thundring love, that high in heaven doth
 dwell,

And wield the world, she claymed for her fyre,
 Or if that any else did love excell;
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her self a queene, and crownd to be;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne her:tage of native sovraintie,
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the sceptre which she now did hold;
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
 And strong advizement of six wizards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did
 uphold.

XIII.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
 And false Ductsa, scensing lady fayre,

A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeyfaunce, did the cause declare
 Why they were come her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great maistee.

XIV.

With lostie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thancked them in her disdainfull wise;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of princeesse worthy; scarce them bad arise.
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does
 spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
 But to Ductsa each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shewe,
 For in that court whylome her well they knew:
 Yet the stout Faery amongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vain in knightly vew,
 And that great princeesse too exceeding proud,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI.

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
 All hurten forth, and she with princely pace,
 As fair Aurora in her purple pall
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
 So forth she comes; her brightnesse brode doth blaze
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes
 amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
 To loves high hous through heavens bras-paved
 way,
 Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus' eyes their tayles dispredden
 wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
 On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obey their bestiall benefaits,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde;
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of Sin;
 Upon a slouthfull ass he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke and amis thin,
 Like to an holy monck the service to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little redd;
 For of devotion he had little care,

leepe, and most of his daies dedd :
 once uphould his heavic hedd,
 ther it were night or day.
 : wayne was very evil ledd,
 one had guiding of the way,
 x whether right he went or else

XX.

cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 named manly exercise ;
 orke he challenged esloyne,
 non sake : yet otherwise
 in lawlesse riotife,
 rew to grievous malady ;
 esse limbe, through evill guise,
 r raignd continually.
 dlenceffe, first of this company.

XXI.

rode loathsome Gluttony,
 are, on a filthie swyne ;
 pblowne with luxury,
 fatnesse swollen were his cyne ;
 ne his necke was long and syne,
 swallowed up excessive feast,
 eef poore people oft did pyne ;
 y, most like a brutish beast,
 s gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII.

leaves he was right fitly clad,
 es he could not wear for heate ;
 id an yvie girland had,
 rich fast trickled dowe the sweate :
 , he somewhat still did eat,
 d did beare a bouzing can,
 pt fo oft, that on his seat
 orse he scarce upholden can ;
 ife more like a monster than a man.

XXIII.

or any worldly thing,
 le once to firre or go ;
 : of counsell to a king,
 a meat and drinke was drowned fo,
 friend he feldome knew his fo :
 was his carcas blew,
 pste through his flesh did flow,
 iet daily greater grew.
 Sluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

m rode lustful Lechery
 d goat, whose rugged heare,
 :s, (the sign of gelosy)
 erson selfe whom he did beare,
 d blacke, and filthy, did appeare ;
 to please fair ladies eye :
 s oft was loved deare,
 :es were bid standen by.
 ow the bent of womens fantasy ?

XXV.

wne he clothed was full faire,
 awh did hide his filthines ;
 d a burning harte he bare,
 illies and new-fanglenesse ;
 e, and fraught with sicklenesse,
 d to love with secret lookes,
 l dapnce and sing with rucfulnesse,

And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
 And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy hookes.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
 And lusted after all that he did love ;
 Ne would his loofer life be tide to law,
 But ioyd weake womens hearts to tempt and prove,
 If from their loyall loves he might them move :
 Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
 Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
 That rotts the marrow and consumes the braine.
 Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
 Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious metall full as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heape of coine he told ;
 For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
 And unto hell himselfe for money sold :
 Accursed usury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance waide.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;
 Ne scarce good morcell all his life did taste,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :
 Yct childe ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;
 Whose need had end, but no end covertise ;
 Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him
 pore ;

Who had enough, yet wished ever more.
 A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full fore,
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his jaw ;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbors welth that made him ever sad ;
 For death it was when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
 But when he hearde of harme he waxed wondrous
 glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hateful snake, the which his taile upyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
 Still as he rode, he gnast his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud Lucifera and his owne companee.

XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse than any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry fedde,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to had he doth abuse.
And eke the verbe of famous poets witt
He does backbite, and spitefull poison spurs
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt
Such one vile Envy was, that sifte in row did sit.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandiseth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when cholier in
him sweld.

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was stained with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvised rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet (wisful man) he never would forcast [hast.
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedlesse

XXXV.

Full many mischiefs follow cruell wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rise,
The shaking palsy, and Saint Francess' fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tirc.

XXXVI.

And after all upon the waggon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarring whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laely teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showing for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet all scattered lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they merchen in this goodly fort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport:
Amongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foule Dueessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine;
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estranging from their ioyance vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike
swaine.

XXXVIII.

So having solaced themselves a space,
With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,

They backe returned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yled,
And heathenish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Sansfoy*, they new arrived find:
Enflamd with fury and fiere hardyhed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the shamed shield of flaine *Sansfoy*
He spide with that same Faery champion's page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage
He to him lept, and that same envious gage
Of victor's glory from him snatch'd away:
Butth' *Elfin Knight*, whichought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loofe the meed he wonne in fray,
And him recontring fierce rektewd the noble pray.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on by,
That with their flurre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refraine;
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

"Ah! dearest dame," quoth then the paynair bold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
"Whome great griefe made forget the raints to hold
"Of Reason's rule, to see this recreant knight
" (No knight, but treachour full of false despight
" And shameful treason) who through guile hath
slayn

"The prouest knight that ever field did fight,
"Even stout *Sansfoy*, (O who can then refrayn?)
"Whose shield he bears renversd, the more to heap
disdain.

XLII.

"And to augment the glorie of his guite,
"His dearest love, the faire *Fidessa*, loe
"Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
"Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
"Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
"That brother's hand shall dearly well requight,
"So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe."
Him little answered th' angry *Elfin Knight*;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead
his right:

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pass in joy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain *Slowth* did to rest
them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skeye,
The warlike youtnes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eyes,

To muse on means of hoped victory :
 But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Uprose Dueffa from her resting place,
 And to the paynim's lodging comes with silent pace :

XLV.

Whom broad awake she findes in troublous fitt,
 Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt ;
 " Ah ! deare Sansfoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
 " Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy ;
 " Ioyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
 " And greewd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 " That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
 " Lo his Fideffa to thy secreet faith I flye."

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart ;
 Then sighing soft, " I learn that litle sweet
 " Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell smart ;
 " For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
 " Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
 " But in eternall woe my weaker hart
 " Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 " And for his sake have felt full many an heauie
 flowre.

XLVII.

" At last, when perils all I weened past,
 " And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 " Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
 " By this false fayzor, who unworthie ware
 " His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 " Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave :
 " Me silly maid away with him he bare,
 " And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
 " For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII.

" But since faire suene hath sperk't that lowering
 cloud,
 " And to my loathed life now shews some light,
 " Under your beames I will me safely throw'd

" From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
 " To you th' inheritance belongs by right
 " Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love :
 " Let not his love, let not his restless spight,
 " Be unreveng'd that calles to you above
 " From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth
 endlesse move."

XLIX.

Thereto said he, " Faire Dame ! be wought dismayd
 " For forrowes past ; their griefe is with them
 gone :
 " Ne yet of present perill be affraide,
 " For needlesse feare did never vantage none ;
 " And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone,
 " Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 " Tho' greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone ;
 " He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
 " And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

L.

" O. but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth she,
 " Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
 " Why, Dame," quoth he, " what oddes can euer
 bec
 " Where both doe fight alike to win or yield ?"
 " Yea, but," quoth she, " he beares a charmed shield ;
 " And eke enchanted armes, that none can percee ;
 " Ne sune can wound the man that does them
 wield."

LI.

" But, fair Fideffa ! sithens Fortune's guile,
 " Or enemies powre, hath now captived you,
 " Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while ;
 " Till morrow next that I the elfe subdew,
 " And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
 " Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
 " With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew :
 " Where euer yet I be, my secreet aide
 " Shall follow you." So passing foeth she him obaid,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdues his faithlesse foe ;
Whom false Dueffa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I.

THE noble hart, that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devising how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he achieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning
light.

II.

At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phæbus fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his gliftring beams through gloomy
ayre :

Which when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sun-bright armes and battailous array,
For with that pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where carely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall :
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bards, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen many a lord.

IV.

Soone after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a piſe
Does care for looke of living creature's eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily ;
And in the wine a solemn oth they binde,
T' observe the sacred laws of armes that are assynd.

V.

At last forth comes that far renowned queene,
With royall pomp and princely maieſte ;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Dueffa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew ;
Both those the lawrell girlands to the victor dew.

VI.

A shrilling trompsett fownded from on hye,
And unto battail bad themselves adresse ;
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinessse :
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle :
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak
and fraile.

vii.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
 For after blood and vengeance he did long.
 The knight was fier, and full of youthly heat,
 And doubled strokes like dreaded thunders threat;
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken sryke, and beaten both doe beat;
 That from their shields forth fieth fire light,
 And helmets hewen deepe shew marks of either's
 might.

viii.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
 As when a gryson seized of his pray,
 A dragon fiere encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
 That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce so fore, that they the heavens affray:
 The wife southfayer, seeing so sad fight,
 Th' amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

ix.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow,
 With which the armes, that carst so bright did
 show,

Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great rath in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde.
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

x.

At last the paynim chaunft to cast his eye,
 His succidein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brother's shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said, " Ah! wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
 "Doeft thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 "Whyleft here thy shield is hangd for victor's
 hyre?"

"And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake,
 "To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?"

xi.

"Goe, caytive Elfe! him quickly overtake,
 "And soone redeeme from his long-wandering woe:
 "Goe, guiltie Ghost! to him my message make,
 "That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
 Therewith upon his crell he stroke him so,
 That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call [all.]
 The false Dueffa, "Thine the shield, and I, and

xii.

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

xiii.

And to him said, Goe now, proud Miscreant!

"Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
 "Alone he wandring thee to long doth want:
 "Goe, say his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
 Therewith his heavic hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine; when lo a darksome clowd
 Upon him fell; he no where doth appere,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls all alowd,
 But answer none receives; the darknes him does
 shrowd.

xiv.

In haste Dueffa from her place arose,
 And to him running sayd, "O prowest knight
 "That ever ladie to her love did chose,
 "Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 "And quench the flame of furious despight,
 "And bloodie vengeance: lo th' infernall powres,
 "Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 "Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
 "The conquest your's, I your's, the shield and
 glory your's."

xv.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
 He fought all round about, his thirsty blade
 To bath in blood of faithlesse enemy,
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
 He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
 At last the trumpets triumph found on him,
 And running heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

xvi.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene,
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service scene;
 Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
 Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people followe with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on high,
 That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

xvii.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed,
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly gan embalme on everie side;
 And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet music did divide,
 Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
 And all the while Dueffa wept full bitterly.

xviii.

As when a weary traveller, that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandering wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
 Which in false griefe hyding his harmful guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
 The foolish man, that pities all this while
 His mourneful plight, is swallowed up unwares,
 Forgefull of his owne that mindes another's cares.

xix.

So wept Dueffa untill eventyde,
 That shyning lampes in love's high house werelight;
 Then forth the rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight

In flombring frownd nigh voyd of vitall fpright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day;
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull caſe ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the caſterne coaſt of heaven makes ſpeedy
way :

xx.

Where grieſly Night, with viſage deadly ſad,
That Phoebus' chearefull face durſt never ſaw,
And in a ſoule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth coming from her darkſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charct ſtood,
Already harnesſed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke ſteedes yborne of helliſh brood,
That on their ruſty bits did champ, as they were
wood.

xxi.

Who when ſhe ſaw Dueſſa funny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels ſhining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the ſight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
(For never did ſuch brightneſſe there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches ſpeach the gan to heare,
Saying, " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
" Abyde till I have told the meſſage which I have."

xxii.

She ſtayd, and fourth Dueſſa gan proceede,
" O thou moſt auncient grandmother of all!
" More old than love, whom thou at firſt didſt
" breede,
" Or that great houſe of gods celeftiall,
" Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
" And ſawſt the ſecrets of the world unmade;
" Why ſuffredſt thou thy nephewes deare to fall
" With Elfin ſword, moſt ſhamefully betrayde?
" Lo where the ſtout Sansloy doth ſleepe in deadly
" ſhade.

xxiii.

" And him before I ſaw with bitter eyes
" The bold Sansloy ſhrinck underneath his ſpeare;
" And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
" Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
" That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
" O what of gods then boots it to be borne,
" If old Aweugles ſonnes ſo evil hear?
" Or who ſhall not great Nightes children ſcorne,
" When two of three her nephewes are ſo fowle
" ſorlorne?

xxiv.

" Up then; up, dreary Dame, of darknes queene,
" Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
" Or elſe goe them avenge, and let be ſcene
" That dreaded Night in brighteſt day hath place,
" And can the children of fayre Light deface."
Her feeling ſpeaches ſome compaſſion mov'd
In hart, and change in that great mother's face:
Yet pity in her hart was never prov'd
'Till then; for evermore ſhe hated, never lov'd:

xxv.

And ſaid, " Deare Daughter I rightly may I rew
" The fall of famous children borne of mee,
" And good ſuccesſes which their foci enſew;
" But who can turne the ſtreame of Deſtinee,

" Or breake the chayne of ſtrong Neceſſitee,
" Which faſt is tyde to love's eternal feat?
" The ſonnes of Day he favoureth, I ſee,
" And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
" To make one great by others loſſe is bad excheat.

xxvi.

" Yet ſhall they not eſcape ſo freely all,
" For ſome ſhall pay the price of others guilt;
" And he, the man that made Sansloy to fall,
" Shall with his owne blood price that he hath ſpilt.
" But what art thou that telſt of nephewes kill?"
" I, that do ſeeme not I, Dueſſa ame,
Quoth ſhe, " however now in garments gilt,
" And gorgeouſe gold arrayd, I to thee came;
" Dueſſa I, the daughter of Decept and Shame.

xxvii.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, ſhe kiſt
The wicked witch, ſaying, " In that fayre face
" The falſe reſemblance of Decept I wiſt
" Did cloſely lurke; yet ſo true-ſeeming grace
" It carried, that I ſcarſe in darkſome place
" Could it diſcerne, though I the mother bee
" Of Falſhood, and roote of Dueſſa's race.
" O welcome, child! whom I have longd to ſee,
" And now have ſeene ſeene unware. Lo now I go
" with thee."

xxviii.

Then to her yron wagon ſhe betakes,
And with her beares the fowle wel-favour'd witch;
Through mirkſome aire her ready way ſhe makes:
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne ever ſtamp, [twitch;
Unleſſe ſhe chaunſt their ſtubborne mouths to
Then ſoming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine clement would fiercely
ramp.

xxix.

So well they ſped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward fence and native ſtrength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from view of day,
And ſight of men, ſince his late luckeleſſe fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congeald
They binden up ſo wiſely as they may,
And handle ſoftly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charct, cloſe in night conceald.

xxx.

And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground
The wakefull dogs did never ceaſe to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted ſound
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
And her darke grieſly looke them much diſmay.
The meſſenger of death, the glaſſy owle,
With dreary ſhriekes did alſo her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo fowle.

xxxi.

Thence turning backe in ſilence ſoft they ſtole,
And brought the heavy corſe with eaſy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that ſame hole an entrance dark and bare
With ſmoake and ſulphur hiding all the place,
Deſcends to hell: there creature never paſt
That backe returned without heavenly grace;

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VI.

From lawlesse Lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast ;
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learns her wise beheast.

I.

As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle,
An hidden rock escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his fool-hapie oversight ;
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escaped to sad ensamples in his sight.

II.

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
The fayre Doeuff had forst him leave behind ;
And yet more sad that Una his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind,
Yet crime in her could never creature find :
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake :

III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde :
Yet first he cast by treatie and by traynes
Her to perswade that stubborne fort to yelde ;
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it con-
fraines.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her a while,^d
And looking lovely, and oft sighing fore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile ;
But wordes, and lookes, and sighs, she did abhorre,
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vale that hong her face before ;
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beaustly hart t' enforce her chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flattering arts to sayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ranfact chastitee.
Ah, heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that paynim
bold ?

VI.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shrieks and shrieking cryes,
(The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse)
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes ;
The molten starres do drop like weeping eyes ;
And Phœbus flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight ?

vii.

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where noe appears can make her selfe a way :
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did refownd :
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber fownd :

viii.

Who, when they heard that piteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far-rebowed noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent ;
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

ix.

The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin doofull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments and fayre blubbed face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
All stand astoined at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woefull plight.

x.

She more amazed in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake :
As when a greedy wolfe, through hunger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spies fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in every lim,
With change of feare to see the lyon looks so grim.

xi.

Such fearfull sit affaid her trembling hart ;
Ne word to speake, ne soynt to move, she had ;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning foreheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror all asyde doe lay,
And gently grinning shew a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and feare to put away, {obay.
Their backward-bent knees, teach her humbly to

xii.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth,
But still twixt feare and hope amazed dees sitt,
Late learned what harme to hasty truth ensu'th :
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty soverayne,
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth,
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with coun-
t'nance sayne.

xiii.

Their harts she ghessteth by their humble guife,
And yildes her to extremitie of time ;

So from the ground she searelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
They all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheard's ryme,
And with greene braunches throwing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene, with olive girlond cround.

xiv.

And all the way their metry pipes they found,
That all the woods with double echo ring.
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring ;
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who with the noyse awaked cometh out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged lims, on cypresse saddle stout,
And with an yvie twine his walle is girt about.

xv.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
They drawing nigh unto their god present
That slowre of fayth and beautie excellent :
The god himselfe viewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazed, and burnt in his intent :
His owne sayre Dyrope now he thinkes not faire,
And Phoebe fowle, when her to this he doth com-
paire.

xvi.

The wood-borne people fall before her fiat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood,
And old Sylvanus' selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so sayre, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly broode :
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood ;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be, {laet.
But misleth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her

xvii.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love and dearest Cyparisse,
And calles to mind his portraiture alive,
How sayre he was, and yet not sayre to this ;
And how he flew with glauncing dart amisse*
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse ;
For grieve wherof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wil'd annoy.

xviii.

The woody Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades,
Flocke all about too see her lovely face ;
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace ;
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth
they find.

xix.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes :

During which tyme her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her owne worship, they her affe would wor-
ship fayne.

XX.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that Forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well-deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame;
And fild far landes with glory of his might;
Plain, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI.

A Satyres sonne, yborn in Forrest wyld,
By strange adventures as it did betyde,
And these begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bankes of wedlocke tyde,
To Tharm, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the Forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beaste with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and waste his pleasures
vayne.

XXII.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lover's company;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still docs fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage sire;
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late-born childe,
Whom, till to ryper years he gan spyre,
He noursed up in life and maners wilde,
Amongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of
men exile.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare,
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld rearing buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backs, not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beaft for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
That his own fyre, and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,

Nor too much to provoke: for he would learne
The lyon stomp to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterbe
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did
carn.

XXVI.

And for to make his power approved more,
Wyld beastes in yorn yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell,
And them constraine in equall terna to draw.
Such ioy he had their stubborn harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheaft they feared as a tyran's law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne,
And chaunst unwarcs to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a loyoneffe did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away did wonne;
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII.

The fearfull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away,
Until with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
" Ah, Satyrane! my dearing and my ioy,
" For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
" To dally thus with death is no fitt toy:
" Go find some other play-fellows, mine owne
sweet boy."

XXIX.

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught,
And there abode, whyllt any beaft of name
Walkt in that Forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force; and then his courage haught
Desfyrd of foreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for strange adventures sought,
In which his might was never overthrowne,
But through al Faery Lond his famous worth was
blowne.

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woodes for to reparaire,
To see his fyre and offspring sunient;
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he unawares the fairest Una found,
(Strange lady, in so strange habiliment)
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lory, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

XXXI.

He wondered at her wisedome hevetly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rewe,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,

And ioyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, fo hurtlesse and fo trew ;
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And leard her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII.

But she, all vowd unto the Red-crosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight ;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent,
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise
How with that penive maid he best might thence
arise.

XXXIII.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe :
In vain he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to
the plaine.

XXXIV.

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in halt to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her Knight of the Red-crosse ;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse :
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do
crosse.

XXXV.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And solid with dust of the long dried way ;
His sandals were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveld many a sommer's day
Through boyling sands of Arabic and Ynde,
And in his hand a Iacob's staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon ; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did
bind.

XXXVI.

The knights approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new ;
But warres nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad, of that her champion trew
That in his armour bare a crosselet red.
" Ay me ! deare Dame " quoth he, " well may I
rew.

" To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red ;
" These eies did see that knight both living and
" eke ded."

XXXVII.

That cruel word her tender hart so thild,
That suddain cold did rune through every veine,

And stony horrou all her fences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with courteous kind reliefe ;
Then wonne from death, she bad him telles
plaine
The further proceffe of her hidden griefe :
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the
chiefe.

XXXVIII.

Then gan the pilgrim thus ; " I chaunft this day,
" This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
" To see two knights, in travell on my way,
" (A sorry sight) arraung'd in batteil new,
" Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull
" hew :
" My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,
" To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
" That dronke with blood, yet thrifed after life :
" What more ? the Red-crosse knight was slain
" with paynim knife."

XXXIX.

" Ah ! dearest Lord," quoth she, " how might
" that be,
" And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne ?"
" Ah ! dearest Dame," quoth he, " how might I
" see
" The thing that might not be, and yet was
" donne ?"
" Where is," said Satyrane, " that paynim's sonne,
" That him of life, and us of ioy hath rest ?"
" Not far away," quoth he, " he hence doth wonne,
" Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
" Washing his bloody wounds, that through the
" steels were cleft."

XL.

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in halt,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse oppress,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that pagan proud himselfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side :
Even he it was that erst would have suppress
Faire Una ; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him deside ;

XLI.

And said, " Arise thou cursed miscreant, [train
" That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous
" Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
" That good knight of the Red-crosse to have slain :
" Arise, and with like treason now maintain
" Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in halt his three-square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the
field ;

XLII.

And drawing nigh him said, " Ah ! misborn elfe,
" In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
" Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe ;
" Yet ill thou blamest me for having bent
" My name with guile and traiterous intent :
" That Red-crosse knight, perdie, I never slew ;

id he beene where carst his armes were lent,
 achammer vaine his errour should not rew;
 hen his errour shalt, I hope, now proven
 "new."

XLIII.

id they gan, both furious and fell,
 fer blowes, and fierfly to assaile,
 er bent his enemy to quell;
 h their faces they perst both plate and maile,
 le wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 would pier any living eie:
 ods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
 ds of blood could not them satisfie:
 yred after death; both chose to win or die.

XLIV.

hey fight, and full revenge pursue,
 ting each, themselves to breathen lett,
 refreshed, battell oft renew.
 two bores, with rancling malice mett,
 y sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
 lesse both themselves aside retire,
 ming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
 up the earth, the whiles they may respire,
 die to fight againe, new breathed and
 sire.

XLV.

, when these knights had breathed once,
 to fight retourne, increasing more
 ffant force and cruell rage atonce
 ped strokes more hugely than before,
 h their dreery wounds and bloody gore
 h deformed, scarcely could bee known.
 id Unn, fraught with anguish sore,

Led with their noise, which through the aire was
 thrown,
 Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had
 [fown.

XLVI.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his leud lusts and late attempted sin,
 And lest the doubtfull battel hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
 But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other busines plic,
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
 Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speeches said;

XLVII.

" O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
 Hath the incensst to hast thy dolefull fate?
 " Were it not better I that lady had,
 " Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 " Most fencelesse man he that himselfe doth hate
 " To love another: lo then for thine ayd
 " Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
 So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
 Fled farre away, of that proud paynim sore afraid.

XLVIII.

But that false pilgrim which that leasing told,
 Being indeed old Archimage, did stay
 In secret shadow all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray;
 And when he saw the damsell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her pursfewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battel's end, will need another place.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VII.

The Red-crosse knight is captive made,
By gyaunt proud opprest :
Prince Arthure meets with Una, great-
ly with those newes distressed.

I.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine
By which Deceit doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And sitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine ?
Great maistrisse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II.

Who when, returning from the dreery Night;
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Red-crosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie fate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron coted plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatic forehead in the breathing wynd
Which through the trembling leaves full gentle
playes,

Wherein the chearefull birds of sundrie kynd
Doc chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approaching gan him sayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire; soure gall with
hony sweet.

IV.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy shade
About the fountaine like a gironde made,
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade;
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V.

The cause was this: One day when Phoebe sa
With all her band, was following the chase,
This nymph, quite tyrd, with heat of scorching
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race;
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow
Be such as she her selfe was then in place;
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and slow
grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall gl
Estfoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle
His chaunged powres at first themselves not fe
Till crudled cold his courage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did mel
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie sw

VII.

fly court he made still to his dame,
 ut in loofnesse on the grassy grownd,
 relesse of his health and of his fame;
 he last he heard a dreadfull sounnd,
 through the wood loud bellowing did re-
 sound,
 the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 res did tremble. Th' else therewith a-
 lownd,
 and lightly from his looser make,
 unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII.

he could his armour on him dight,
 us shield, his monstrous enemy
 rdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 ous gaunt, horrible and hie,
 th his talnesse seemd to threat the skye;
 and eke groned under him for dreed:
 ig like saw never living eye,
 behold; his stature did exceed
 ght of three the tallest sonnes of mortall
 feed.

IX.

atest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 string Acolus his boasted fyre,
 th his breath, which through the world
 loth pas,
 low womb did secretly inspyre,
 her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 : conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
 the wombes of women do expyre,
 forth this monstrous masse of earthly
 lime,
 with emptie wynd, and filld with sinfull
 ryme.

X.

ren great, through arrogant delight
 igh descent whereof he was yborne,
 ough presumption of his matchlesse might,
 r powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 w he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 : to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
 snaggy oke, which he had torne
 us mother's bowelles, and it made
 tal mace, wherewith his foemen he dis-
 nayde,

XI.

hen the knight he spyd, he gan advance
 ge force and insupportable mayne,
 vards him with dreadfull fury prounce;
 plesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 im pace, sad battailé to darrayne,
 d, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
 : so faint in every joint and vayne,
 h that fraile fountain, which him feeble
 made, [blade.
 rfully could he weeld his bootlesse single

XII.

unt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 uld have overthrowne a stony towre;
 re not heavenly grace that him did bleffe
 bene pouldred all as thin as slowre;
 was wary of that deadly slowre,
 II.

And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
 Yet so exceeding was the villain's powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his fences stood, that still he lay full
 low.

XIII.

As when that divelish yron engine, wrought
 In deepest hell, and framd by furies skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of dusky stincking
 smoke,
 That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt
 the stroke;

XIV.

So daunted when the gaunt saw the knight,
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hie,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Dueffa loud to him gan crye,
 " O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
 " O hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
 " Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 " But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 " And me thy worthy meed unto thy leman take."

XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as the spake;
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new-found make:
 Then up he took the slombred fencelesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought, with hastie forse,
 And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI.

From that day forth Dueffa was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye;
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
 And her endowd with royall maiestie:
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples Martes with awful terror tye,
 A monstrous beast, ybredd in filthy fen,
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darkfom den.

XVII.

Such one it was as that renowned snake
 Which great Alcides in Stremona flew,
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
 Whose many heades out-budding ever new,
 Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew.
 But this same monster much more ugly was;
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 Au yron breast, and back of scaly bras,
 And all embrewed in blood his eyes did shine as
 glas.

XVIII.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre and borrow'd strength,
 The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;

D

And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy haestes fortaught.
Upon this dreadful beast, with sevenfold head,
He sett the false Ducssa, for more aw and dread.

XX.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maister's fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, took up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
(The rueful monuments of heauicesse)
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XXI.

He had not travaill long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from the paynim's greedy pray,
Whilset Satyrane him from pursuit did let;
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
Shè fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake;
Yet might her piteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXII.

The messenger of so unhappie newes,
Woulo faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes;
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chauf her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turn:
So hardly he the fittid life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne; [mourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

XXIII.

"Ye dreary instruments of doleful sight,
"That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
"Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
"Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
"Sith cruell Fates the careful threds unfold,
"The which my life and love together tyde?
"Now let the stony dart of fencelesse cold
"Perce to my hart, and pas through everie syde,
"And let eternal night so sad fight fro my hyde.

XXIII.

"O lightsome day (the lampe of highest love,
"Fitst made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
"When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drovs)
"Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
"And shut up heaven's windowes shyning wyde;
"For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
"And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
"Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed.
"But seeled up with death shall have their deadly

XXIV.

Then downe again she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrice did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last, when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With solting tong, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the wofull tragedy,
"The which these reliques sad present unto mine
eye.

XXV.

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
"And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
"Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy light
"Then that I seele and harbour in mine hart:
"Who hath endur'd the whole can beare each part.
"If death it be, it is not the first wound
"That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
"Begin, and end the bitter baleful sound;
"If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old,
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansloy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway,
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day,
Then she did love the Knight of the Red-crosse,
For whose dearg sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow flaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant careful mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale, [vale.
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a

XXIX.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phoebus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick braver he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most

XXX.

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious sights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother-pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd;
For all the crest a dragon did ensold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd

his wings; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 shed on the bever, seemd to throw
 his mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,
 einc horroure to faint hartes did show;
 his tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXVII.

top of all his loftie crest
 of beeres discolourd diversly,
 aded pearle and gold full richly drest,
 and seemd to daunce for iollity;
 an almond tree ymounted hye
 greene Selinis all alone,
 omes brave bedecked dauntly,
 der locks do tremble every one
 ittle breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXVIII.

shield all closely cover'd was,
 of mortall eye be ever seene;
 of Steele, nor of enduring bras,
 bly mettals soon consumed beene)
 diamond perfect pure and cleene
 was, one massy entire mould,
 z of adamant rocke with engines keene,
 t of speare it never percen could,
 firefull sword divide the substance would.

XXIX.

so wight he never wout disclose,
 s monsters huge he would dismay,
 inequall armies of his foes,
 he flying heavens he would affray:
 eding thone his glistering ray,
 us' golden face it did attaine,
 cloud his beames doth over-lay;
 Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
 er face is staynd with magicke art's con-

XXX.

arts hereof had any might,
 wordes of bold enchaunters call,
 was not such as seemd in fight,
 shield did fade, and suddain fall;
 him list the raskall routes appall,
 ones therewith he could transmew,
 to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 sem gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXI.

come that credence this exceeds;
 made the same was knowne right well
 ne much more admirable deedes:
 ras, which whylome did excell
 ights in might of magicke spell;
 and sword, and armour, all he wrought
 ung prince, when first to armes he fell;
 e dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
 ond, where yet it may be seen if fought.

XXXII.

outh, his dearly loved squire,
 of heben wood behind him bare,
 mful head, thise heated in the fire,
 many a brest with pikehead square;
 erson, and could menage faire
 rn steed with curbed canon bitt,
 him did trample as the aire,
 t that any on his backe should sitt,
 rowels into frathy some he bitt.

XXXIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
 Bet when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart disfraine;
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire-speaking words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humour fitting purpose faine,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray. [say;
 Wherewith enmoud, these bleeding words she gan to

XXXIV.

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
 "Can hart, so plunged in sea of sorrowes deep,
 "And heaped with so huge mi-fortunes reach?
 "The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 "And in my hart his yron arrow steep,
 "Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
 "Such helpeffe harmes yts better hidden keep,
 "Then rip up grieffe where it may not await;
 "My last left comfort is my woe to weepe and
 "waile."

XL.

"Ah! lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight;
 "Well may I ween your grieffe is wondrous great;
 "For wondrous great grieffe groweth in my spright;
 "Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat:
 "But, woefull lady! let me you intrete
 "For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
 "Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 "And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
 "Found never help who never would his hurts
 "impart."

XLI.

"O but," quoth she, "great grieffe will not be
 "tould,
 "And can more easily be thought then said."
 "Right so," quoth he; "but he that never would,
 "Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
 "But grieffe," quoth she, "does greater grow
 "displaid,
 "If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
 "Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is
 "stead."
 "No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
 "paire."
 "Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can
 "repaire."

XLII.

His goodly reason and well-guided speach
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her persuaded to disclose the breach
 Which Love and Fortune in her hart had wrought;
 And said, "Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 "You to inquire the secrets of my grieffe;
 "Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
 "Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe;
 "Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you
 "briefe."

XLIII.

"The forlorne maiden, whom your eyes have seene
 "The laughing stock of Fortune's mockeries,
 "Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
 "Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
 "Did roine about, and their felicities

D ij

" The favourable heavens did not envy)
 " Did spread their rule through all the territories
 " Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
 " And Gehon's golden waves doe wash continually;

XLIV.

" Till that their cruell curst enemy,
 " An huge great dragon, horrible in sight;
 " Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
 " With murderous ravine and devouring might
 " Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
 " quight:
 " Themſelves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
 " He forst to caſtle ſtrong to take their flight,
 " Where laſt embard in mighty brazen wall,
 " He has them now ſowr years beſiegd to make
 " them thrall.

XLV.

" Full many knights, adventurous and ſtout,
 " Have enterprizd that monſter to ſubdew:
 " From every coaſt, that heaven walks about,
 " Have thither come the noble martial crew,
 " That famous harde atchievements ſtill purſew;
 " Yet never any could that girlond win,
 " But all ſtill ſhronke, and ſtill he greater grew:
 " All they for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
 " The piteous pray of his ſiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

" At laſt, yled with far reported praife,
 " Which flying Fame throughout the world had
 " ſpread
 " Of doughty knights, whom Faery Land did raiſe,
 " That noble order hight of Maidenhead,
 " Forthwith to court of Gloriane I ſped,
 " (Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright!)
 " Whoſe kingdome teat Cleopolis is Red,
 " There to obtaine ſome ſuch redoubted knight,
 " That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver
 " might.

XLVII.

" Yt was my chance (my chance was faire and
 " good)
 " There for to find a freſh unproved knight,
 " Whoſe manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
 " Had never beene, ne ever by his might
 " Had throwne to ground the unregarded right;
 " Yet of his prowſſe prooſe he ſince hath made
 " (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight:
 " The groning ghosſts of many one diſmaide
 " Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

" And ye, the ſorlorne reliques of his powre,
 " His biting ſword, and his devouring ſpeare,

" Which have endured many a dreadfull ſlowre,
 " Can ſpeake his prowſſe, that did earſt you beare,
 " And well could rule; now he hath left you beare
 " To be the record of his ruefull loſſe,
 " And of my doleful diſaventurous deare.
 " O heavic record of the good Red-croſſe,
 " Where have yee left your lord, that could ſo well
 " you toſſe?

XLIX.

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 " That he my captive languor ſhould redeeme,
 " Till all unweeting, an enchaunter bad
 " His ſence abuſd, and made him to miſdeeme
 " My loyalty, not ſuch as it did ſeeme;
 " That rather death deſire then ſuch deſpight.
 " Be iudge, ye Heavens! that all things right
 " cſteeme,
 " How I him lov'd, and love with all my might:
 " So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought
 " a right.

L.

" Thenceforth me deſolate he quite forſooke,
 " To wander where wilde Fortune would me lead,
 " And other bywaies he himſelfe betooke,
 " Where never foote of living wight did tread,
 " That brought not backe the balefull body dead,
 " In which him chanced falſe Dueſſa meeſe,
 " Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 " Who with her witchcraft and miſſeeming ſweete,
 " Inveigled him to follow her deſires unmeete.

LI.

" At laſt, by ſubtile ſleights ſhe him betraid
 " Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
 " Who him diſarmed, diſſolute, diſmayed,
 " Unwares ſurprized, and with mighty mall
 " The monſter mercileſſe him made to fall,
 " Whoſe fall did never foe before behold;
 " And now in darkeſome dunceon, wretched thus
 " Remedileſſe for aie he doth him hold.
 " This is my cauſe of griefe, more great then
 " be told."

LII.

Ere ſhe had ended all ſhe gan to faint;
 " But he her comforted, and faire beſpake,
 " Certes, madame, ye have great cauſe of paine
 " That ſtouteſt hart, I weene, could cauſe to gaine
 " But he of cheare, and comfort to you take,
 " For till I have acquit your captive knight,
 " Aſſure your ſelfe I will you not forſake."
 " His chearefull words reviv'd her cheareleſſe ſight,
 " So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding
 " right.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight ;
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Dueffa quight.

I.
e ! how many perils doe enfold
ghteous man, to make him daily fall !
not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
edfast truth acquite him out of all :
ve is firme, her care continuall,
as he through his own foolish pride
aknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall :
ould this Red-crosse knight in bands have
dyde,
hose deliverance she this prince doth thether
guyde.

II.
ledly travaild thus, untill they came
o a castle builded strong and hie :
ryde the dwarfe, " Lo yonder is the same,
hich my lord my liege doth lucklesse ly,
ill to that gyaunt's hatefull tyranny,
efore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."
oble knight alighted by and by
kftie speed, and badd the lady stay,
: what end of fight should him befall that
day.

III.
h his squire, th' admirer of his might,
rched forth towards that castle wall,
: gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
arde the same, nor answer commers call ;
ooke that squire an horne of bugle small,
h hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
tasselles gay : wyde wonders over all
at same hornes great vertues weren told,
ch had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV.
Was never wight that heard that shrilling fownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine :
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe :
No faulfe enchauntment nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine :
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or
braff.

V.
The same before the geaunt's gate he blew,
That all the cattle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt selfe dilmaied with that fownd,
Where he with his Dueffa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what succedin stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his
dreaded powre.

VI.
And after him the proud Dueffa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crown'd on his creest,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast :
That when the knight beheld his mightie shield
Upon his manly arme he soone addressd,
And at him fierfly flew, with corage filld,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.
D ij

VII.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high disdain,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine ;
But wife and wary was that noble pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere ;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to
beare.

VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might :
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed fight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardees deepe a furrow up did throw :
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underrneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an
earthquake shew.

IX.

As when almightie love, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortal sin is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of
clay.

X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light.
But that the knight him at advantag fownd ;
And whiles he strove his combed clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might :
Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven
rock.

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling fownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe :
As great a noyse as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with holow mur-
murring.

XII.

That when his deare Daessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungered her estate,
Unto his side she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast ; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came rasing forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes :
But him the squire made quickly to retrace,

Encountring fiers with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwark
stand.

XIII.

The proud Dueffa, full of wrathful spight
And fiers disdain, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe ;
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them
twaine.

XIV.

Then took the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;
Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes ;
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts ;
Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes ;
Therewith his sturdie corage soone was quayed,
And all his fences were with suddain dread dismayd.

XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh cruist out of his panting breast ;
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.
That when the carefull knight gan well advise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise ;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squyre into such thraldom brought.

XVI.

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made ;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape mishaped more :
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred ;
And scourging th' emptic ayre with his long
trayne,
(Through great impatience of his griev'd head)
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured,
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantic yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight
retyre.

XVIII.

The force which went in two to be dispersd,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both
were erft,
With which his hideous club aloft he dices,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,

That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow :
The stroke upon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lew.
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous
blow ?

XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chance, and open flew,
The light whereof, that heven's light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew :
Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to haue slain the man that on the ground did
lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beaft, amazed
At flashing beames of that sun-shiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his senses dead,
That downe he tumbled on the durty field,
And found himselfe as conquered to yield :
Whom when his maistrisse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyaunt lowdly the gan call,
" O helpe, Orgoglio ! helpe, or els we perish all "

XXI.

At her so pittous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout ; and, for to ayde his friend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
But all in vaine ; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine : for since that glauncing sight
He hath no powre to hurt nor to defend ;
As where th' Almighties lightning brood does
light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses
quight.

XXII.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest,
And threatening high his dreadful stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled : as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky cliff,
Whose hart-strings with keene flecke nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunk, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-
full drift.

XXIII.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious flight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forkt, and feebled quight,
At last downe fallies, and with her heaped hight
Her halfe ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it selfe unto the victour's might ;
Such was this gyaunt's fall, that seemd to shake
The Redfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
quake.

XXIV.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steel him smote againe so fore,
That heedlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne soule blood ; gore,

Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store
But soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Dueffa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde ;
Such piercing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull sound ;
But leaving all behynd her, fled away ;
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI.

The roiall virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie,
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake ;
" Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie !
" That with your worth the world amazed make,
" How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my
" sake ?

XXVII.

" And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
" Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's dore,
" What hath poore virgin, for such perill past,
" Wherewith you to reward ? accept therefore
" My simple selfe, and service evermore.
" And he that high does sit, and all things see
" With equall eye, their merites to restore,
" Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
" And what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

XXVIII.

" But sith the heavens and your faire handeling
" Have made you master of the field this day,
" Your fortune maister eke with governing,
" And well begonne, end all so well, I pray,
" Ne let that wicked woman scape away ;
" For she it is that did my lord bethrall,
" My dearest lord ! and deepe in dongeon lay,
" Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
" O heare how pittous, he to you for ayd does
" call !"

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire
That scarlet whore to keepeen carefully,
Whyles he himselfe, with greedie great desyre,
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye ;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
But no man car'd to answer to his crye ;
There raigid a solemne silence over all ;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scene, in bowre
or hall.

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And gyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye fight him sayled long ygo ;

And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unufed rust did overgrow :
Those were the keyes of every inner dore, [store.
But he could not them use, but kept them still in

xxx.

But very uncouth fight was to behold
How he did fashon his untoward pace ;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinced face ;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are went to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the gyant dead ;
His name, Ignaro, did his nature right aread.

xxxii.

His reverend heares and holy gravitice
The knight much honor'd, as besecmed well,
And gently askt where all the people bee
Which in that stately building wont to dwell ?
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt where that same knight was layde,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puiffaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall ? Againe he sayde
He could not tell ; ne ever other answer made.

xxxiii.

Then asked he which way he in might pas ?
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeas'd was,
And said, " Old Syre, it seemes thou hast not red
" How ill it fits with that same silver hed
" In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee ;
" But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
" With Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
" Aread in graver wife what I demaund of thee."

xxxiv.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance :
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reache
Those keyes, and made him selfe free entrance.
Each dore he opened without any breach :
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

xxxv.

There all within full rich arayd he found
With royall arras and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
The greatest princes presence might behold ;
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was flowred new.

xxxvi.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny ;
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone ;
That hardest hart would bleede to heare their pite-
ous moene.

xxxvii.

Through everie rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall :
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall ;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were hous'd therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

xxxviii.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce,
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound ;
" O ! who is that which brings me happy choyce
" Of death, that here lye dying every ffound,
" Yet live perforce in baleful darknesse bound ?
" For now three moones have changed thrice their
" hew,
" And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
" Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
" O ! welcome thou, that dost of death bring
" tydings trew."

xxxix.

Which when that champion heard, with piercing
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sore, [point
And trembling horror ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore ;
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell ;
Where entred in, his foot could find no floore,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell.

xl.

But neither darknesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale and courage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare,
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare ;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

xli.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted funne to vew ;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawn'd bowrs
Were wont to rive Steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decay'd, and al his flesh shrunk up like withered
flowres.

xlii.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy : to see him made her glad,
And sad to vew his visage pale and wan,
Who cart in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, " Ah ! dearest Lord ! what evil starre
" On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence
" That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre, [bad,
" And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth
" marre ?

XLIII.

me now, my lord, in wele or woe,
 fence I have lackt too long a day;
 in fortune, mine avowed foe,
 rathful wreakes themselves doe now
 ay,
 hefe wrongs shall treble penance pay
 good: good growes of evils priefe."
 the man, whom sorrow did difmay,
 ight to treaten of his grieffe;
 mused famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV.

ly!" then said that victorious knight,
 ge that grievous were to doe or beare,
 renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
 eke breeds delight in loathing care:
 nly good that growes of passed feare,
 rise, and ware of like agein:
 s ensample hath this lesson deare
 isten in my heart with yron pen,
 le may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV.

th, Sir Knight, take to you wanted
 rength,
 her these mishaps with patient might:
 re your foelies stretcht in monstrous
 ight;
 that wicked woman in your sight,
 e of all your care and wretched plight,
 our powre, to let her live or die."
 er die," quoth Una, "were despight,
 ne t'avenge so weake an enemy;
 : her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI.

ad, that witch they disaraid,
 of roiall robes, and purple pall,
 rents that richly were displaid;
 they to strip her naked all:
 n they had despoyle her tire and call,
 : was their cies might her behold,
 nishaped parts did them appall,
 wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,
 ret filth good manners biddeth not be

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And, as in hate of honourable eld,
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
 Her dried dogs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
 Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would have loath'd all wo-
 mankind.

XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blust to write;
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
 And eke her feete most monstrous were in fight;
 For one of them was like an eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;
 The other like a beares uneven paw.
 More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX.

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 "Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
 "Such is the face of Falfhood, such the fight
 "Of fowle Dueffa, when her borrowed light
 "Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander waies un-
 knowne.

L.

She flying fast from heaven's hated face,
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
 From living cies her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves long unspide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
 Did in that caille afterwards abide,
 To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and
 rare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells;
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevian flies from Despeyre,
Whom Red-crosse knight withstands.

I.
O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The virtues linked are in lovely wise,
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave pursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despise,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devise,
How to advance with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-crosse knight
from bands.

II.
Who when their powres, empayrd through labours
long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed strong,
Them list no longer there at leisure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell;
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell,
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

III.
"Fair Virgin!" said the prince, "yec me require
"A thing without the compass of my witt;
"For both the lignage and the certain fire
"From which I sprang from mee are hidden yitt;
"For all so soone as life did me admitt
"Into this world, and shewed heaven's light,
"From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
"And freight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
"To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
"might.

IV.
"Unto old Timon he me brought byfive;
"Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath best
"In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
"And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
"His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
"Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
"From whence the river Dee, as silver cleare,
"His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
"There all my daies he trained me up in vertuous
"lore.

V.
"Thether the great magician Merlin came,
"As was his use, oft-times to visit mee;
"For he had charge my discipline to frame,
"And tutor's nouriture to oversee.
"Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
"Of what leines and what lignage I did spring?
"Whose aunswere had be still assured mee,
"That I was soone and heir unto a king,
"As Time in her iust term the truth to light
"should bring."

VI.
"Well worthy Impe," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fit for such a tutor's hand;
"But what adventure, or what high intent,
"Hath brought you hether into Faery Land,
"Arcad, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall
"band."
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
"The course of heavenly cause, or understand
"The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
"That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of
"living wight;

VII.
 " For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
 " Me hether sent, for cause to me unghost,
 " Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and
 " night
 " Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
 " With forced fury following his behest,
 " Me hether brought by wayes yet never found,
 " You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
 " Ah! courteous Knight," quoth she, " what
 " secreet wound
 " Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on
 " ground?"

VIII.
 " Dear Dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes
 " awake,
 " Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
 " grow;
 " Ne ever will their fervent fury flake,
 " Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
 " And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
 " Yet fithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
 " But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
 " I will revele what you so much desire.
 " Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I
 " may respyre.

IX.
 " It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 " When courage first does creepe in manly chest;
 " Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
 " To kindle love in every living brest;
 " But me had warned old Timon's wife behest,
 " Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 " Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 " As miserable lovers use to rew,
 " Which still wax old in woe, whiles woe still
 " waxeth new.

X.
 " That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
 " As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
 " I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
 " In midst of their mournful tragedy;
 " Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 " And blow the fire which them to ashes brest:
 " Their God himselfe, grieved at my libertie,
 " Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
 " But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.
 " But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
 " Ne fleshy brest can armed be so sownd,
 " But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 " Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
 " Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
 " And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,
 " And boasts in beauties chain not to be bownd,
 " Doth soonest fall in disadventrous fight,
 " And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most
 " despight.

XII.
 " Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 " And of my selfe now mated, as ye see,
 " Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging
 " Boy [bertee:
 " Did soon pluck downe, and turbd my li-

" For on a day prickt forth with iollitee
 " Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
 " Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 " The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one
 " consent [tent,
 " Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine in-
 " XIII.

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
 " From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
 " The verdant grafs my couch did goodly dight,
 " And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:
 " Whiles every fence the humour sweet embayd,
 " and slombing soft my hart did steale away,
 " Me seemed by my side a royall mayd
 " Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay;
 " So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.
 " Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
 " She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
 " For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
 " As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
 " But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 " Was never hart so ravitsh with delight;
 " Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
 " As she to me delivered all that night [hight.
 " And at her parting said, she Queene of Faerica

XV.
 " When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
 " And nought but pressed gras where she had
 " lye,
 " I sorrowed all so much as erst I ioy'd,
 " And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 " From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
 " From that day forth I cast in careful mynd,
 " To seeke her out with labor and long tyne,
 " And never vow to rest till her I fynd:
 " Nyne monthes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow
 " unbynd."

XVI.
 Thus as he spoke, his visage waxed pale,
 And change of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
 Till gentle Una thus to him did say:
 " O happy Queen of Faeries, that hast fownd,
 " Mongit many, one that this great prowesse may
 " Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
 " True lovers are often fown, but seldom grow
 " on ground."

XVII. [knight,
 " Thine, O!" then said the gentle Red-crosse
 " Next to that ladies love shal be the place,
 " O fayrest Virgin! full of heavenly light,
 " Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 " Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 " And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,
 " Of that great queene may well gaine worthie
 " grace;
 " For onely worthie you, through prowes priefs,
 " (Yf living man mote worthie be) to be her
 " life."

XVIII.
 So diversly discourfing of their loves,
 The golden sunne his gliftring head gan shew,

And sad remembrance now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to purfew;
Als Una earn'd her travaill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together
ioynd.

XIX.

Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wovnd could heale incontinent.
Which to requitte, the Red-crosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to
save

XX.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unas foe that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course purfew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weak and wearie well she
kncw.

XXI.

So as they traveld, lo they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seem'd from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grievely thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a sole of Pagafus his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmed, and curld uncombed hares
Upstaring stiffe, difmaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
(In fowle reproach of knighthood's fayre degree)
About his neck an hempen rope he weares;
That with his gliftring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

XXIII.

The Red-crosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so difmay'd;
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seem'd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
" Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
" And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
" For never knight I saw in such misceming
plight."

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare; to his first amazement, staring wide

With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett again bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde;
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seem'd
forth to shake:

XXV.

" For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay,
" For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee."
Est looking backe would faine have runne away,
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie;
Yett nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yettt forst at last, he made through silence sodden
breach.

XXVI.

" And am I now in safetic sure," quoth he,
" From him that would have forced me to dye!
" And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
" That I may tell this haplesse history?"
" Feare nought," quoth he, " no daunger now
" is nye."
" Then shall I you recount a ruefull case,"
Said he, " the which with this unlucky eye
" I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
" Me rest from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII.

" I lately chaunft (would I had never chaunft!)
" With a fayre knight to keeopen compace,
" Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunft
" In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
" But not so happy as mote happy bee:
" He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
" That him again lov'd in the least degree;
" For she was proud, and of too high intent,
" And ioyd to see her lover languish and
" ment:

XXVIII.

" From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
" As on the way together we did fare,
" We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
" That curfd wight, from whom I scapt why
" leare;
" A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despayre;
" Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
" Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare;
" So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
" Inquireth of our states and of our knightly
" deedes:

XXIX.

" Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
" Emboist with bale and bitter byting grieffe,
" Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
" With wounding words, and termes of foule re-
" priefe,
" He pluckt from us all hope of dew relieffe,
" That earst us held in love of lingring life;
" Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
" Perfwades us dye, to stint all further strife:
" To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

which sad instrument of hasty death,
wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
de way made to let forth living breath;
more fearfull, or more lucky wight,
yd with that deformed difmall fight,
fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
t assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
e like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
God you never let his charmed speaches
" heare!"

XXXI.

massy a man," said he, " with idle speach
one to spoyle the cattle of his health?
c," quoth he, " whom tryall late did teach
like would not for all this worldes wealth.
ible tong like dropping honny meak'h
be hart, and searcheth every vaine,
ere one be aware, by secreet stealth
pwe is rest, and weaknes doth remaine.
er, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!"

XXXII.

a," said he, " hence shall I never rest,
I that treachour's art have heard and tryde:
you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
ace do me unto his cabin guyde."
hight Trevisan," quoth he, " will ryde
st my liking backe, to doe you grace;
ot for gold nor glee will I abyde
e, when ye arrive in that same place,
ever had I die then see his deadly face."

XXXIII.

g they come where that same wicked wight
elling has, low in an hollow cave,
lerneath a craggy cliff ypight,
dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
ill for carrion carcafes doth crave;
whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
ag his balefull note, which ever drave
on that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
ll about it wandring ghostes did wayle and
howle:

XXXIV.

I about old stockes and stubs of trees,
on nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
ng upon the ragged rocky knees,
ich had many wretches hanged beene,
carcafes were scattered on the greene,
rownne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,
faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
' other forst him staye, and comforted in
feare.

XXIV.

arkesome cave they enter, where they find
urfd man low sitting on the ground,
g full sadly in his sullein mind;
icly lockes long growen and unbound,
red hong about his shoulders round,
id his face, through which his hollow eyne
deadly dull, and stared as astound;
w bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine

XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
With firic zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd, " Thou damned wight,
" The author of this fact we here behold,
" What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
" With thine owne blood to price his blood here
" shed in fight?"

XXXVIII.

" What franticke fitt," quoth he, " hath thus dif-
" traight

" Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
" What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
" But he should die who merits not to live?
" None els to death this man despayring drive,
" But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
" Is then uniuft to each his dew to give?
" Or let him die that loatheth living breath?
" Or let him die at ease that liveth here unceath?"

XXXIX.

" Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
" To come unto his wished home in haste,
" And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
" Is not great grace to help him over past,
" Or free his feet, that in the myre sicke fast?
" Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours
" good,
" And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
" Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
" Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the
" flood?"

XLI.

" He there does now enjoy eternall rest
" And happy ease, which thou doest want and
" crave,
" And further from it daily wandrest:
" What if some little payne the passage have,
" That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
" Is not short payne well borne that brings long
" ease,
" And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
" Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
" Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
" please."

XLI.

The knight much wondred at his suddain wit,
And sayd, " The terme of life is limited,
" Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
" The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
" Nor leave his stand, untill his capitaine bed."

" Who life did limit by almightie doome,
Quoth he, " knowes best the termes established;
" And he that points the centonell his roome,
" Doth license him depart at sound of morning
" droome.

XLII.

" Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
" In heaven and earth? did not he all create
" To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
" Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
" Are written sure, and have their certain date:
" Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
" That holds the world in his still-changing state?
" Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
" When houre of Death is come, let none aske
" whence, nor why.

XLIII.

" The longer life, I wote the greater sin;
" The greater sin, the greater punishment:
" All those great battels which thou boast to win,
" Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
" Now prayd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
" For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
" Is not enough they evill life forespent?
" For he that once hath missed the right way,
" The further he doth goe, the further he doth
" stray.

XLIV.

" Then doe no further goe, no further fray,
" But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
" Th' ill to prevent, that life ensfewen may:
" For what hath life that may it loved make,
" And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
" Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
" Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
" quake,
" And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rise:
" All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
" some life.

XLV.

" Thou, wretched man! of death hast greatest
" need,
" If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
" For never knight that dared warlike deed,
" More luckles disaventures did amate;
" Witnes the dungeon deepe wherein of late
" Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
" And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
" Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
" Into the which hereafter thou maicst happen fall.

XLVI.

" Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
" To draw thy dayes forth to their last degrec?
" Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
" High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
" Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
" Is not enough that to this lady mild
" Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
" Add sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
" With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe desild?

XLVII.

" Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
" F. om highest heven, and beares an equall eie?

" Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
" And guiltie be of thine impietic?
" Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
" Die shall all stein? what then must heeld
" donne,
" Is it not better to die willinglie,
" Then linger till the glas be all out-roned?
" Death is the end of woes: die soone, O F
" sonne!"

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmovd with this spee
That as a sword's poynt through his hart did;
And in his conscience made a secreete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reberse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes

XLIX.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
(Whiles trembling horror did his conscience d
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile)
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quail,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse;
With fire and brimstone, which for ever
remaine.

L.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismaid
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villen him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, f
And all that might him to perdition draw,
And bad him choose what death he would def
For death was dew to him that had provokt G
ire.

LI.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him rought a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face
scene

To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a rounning messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did f

LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, " Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight
" What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
" Is this the battaile which thou vaunst to fight
" With that fire-mouthed dragon; horrible
" bright?

LIII.

" Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,
 " We let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 " We dweeth thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 " In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 " Why shouldst thou then despise that chosen art?
 " Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater
 " grace,
 " The which doth quench the brood of hellish
 " smart,
 " And that scurril hand-writing doth deface.
 " Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed
 " place."

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted freight,
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hung himselfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby,
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
 Yet nathlesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO X

Her faithful knight fayre Una brings
To house of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to heavenly blisse.

I.
WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fieldes most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both powre and eke
will.

II.
By that which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight;
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.
There was an auncient house not far away,
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore,
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse
pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV.
Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaveu to come, or thether to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dore

V.
Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged fyre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humilta. They passe in, stouping low,
For streight and narrow was the way which he did
show.

VI.
Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,
Where them does meeete a francklin faire and free—
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his spraches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the fame,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they
came.

VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squire,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtseie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,
In word and deede that shewed great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squire so great persons to
greet.

VIII.

And afterwarde them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace;
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

IX.

And her embracing said, "O happy earth,
"Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
"Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
"That, to redeme thy woefull parents head
"From tyrant rage, and ever-dying dread,
"Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
"Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead:
"What grace hath thee now hether brought this
"way?"
"Or doest thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?"

X.

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
"Here in this place, or any other wight
"That hether turnes his steps; so few there bee
"That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
"All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
"With many rather for to goe astray,
"And be partakers of their evil plight,
"Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
"O foolish Men! why hast ye to your own decay?"

XI.

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
"O Matrone sage!" quoth she, "I hether came;
"And this good night his way with me adrest,
"Ledd with thy prayfes and broad blazed fame,
"That up to heaven is blowne." The auncient
dame,

Him goodly greeted in her modest guyfe,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'fies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII.

Thus as they gan of fondric things devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenanc demure and modest grace
They umbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like funny beames threw from her christall face,
That could have dazed the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's
light.

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XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filld up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horroure made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did change her constant mood;
And in her other hand the fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be un-
derstood.

XIV.

Her younger sifter, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her besecmed well;
Not all so chearcfull seemed she of sight,
As was her sifter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyoe were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV.

They seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtseie;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke request,
And him salute with well-beseeming glee,
Who faire them quites, as him besecmed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI.

Then Una thus, "But she your sifter deare,
"The deare Charissa, where is she become?
"Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not
"For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [come;
"And hath encreast the world with one sonne
"more,
"That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
"But thank be God, and her encrease so ever-
"more."

XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia, "Deare Dame,
"And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
"And labors long, through which ye hether came,
"Ye both forwearied be; therefore a while
"I rsad you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a grome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in casie bedd;
His name was Meeke Obediencce rightfully aredd.

XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoole-hous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestial discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them
shine.

E

XIX.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt,
And hevenly documents therout did preach
(That weaker wit of man could never reach)
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will,
'That wonder was to hear her goodly speach;
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did
thrill.

XX.

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the haf y sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heven's hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shed to paffe she parts the floods in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gave such powre and puissaunce
great.

XXI.

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
'To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
'That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his finnes so fore,
That he desired to end his wretched dayes;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII.

But wife Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet:
Els has his finnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

XXIII.

And came to Calia to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And straightway sent with carefull diligence,
'To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Pa-
tience:

XXIV.

Who coming to that fowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, estoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and medicines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might,
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more
light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rancle yett within,
Close creeping twist the marow and the skin;
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late;
And ever as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did waye,
To pluck it out with pincers syric-whott,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot

XXVII.

And bitter Penance, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day;
And sharp Remorse his hart prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentaunce used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blotches of sin to wash away:
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at death
dore.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wife Patience,
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearly kist, and sayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen stroug, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her sayre Una brought this unacquainted guest

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare,
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill:
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that noyd her to behold

the fed, whiles they were weake and
 ing,
 them forth still as they waxed old :
 r head she wore a tyre of gold,
 th gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
 ing price uneth was to be told ;
 r fyde there fate a gentle payre
 oves, she fitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII.

t and Una entring, fayre her greet,
 er joy of that her happy brood ;
 requites with court'sies seeming meet,
 aynes with friendly chearefull mood.
 her besought to be so good,
 certuous rules to schoole her knight,
 all his torment well withstood
 house of Penauce, where his spright
 c paines of hell and long-enduring night.

XXXIII.

ght boyous of her iust request ;
 g by the hand that Faeries sonne,
 instruct in everie good behest
 ad righteousnes, and well to donnie,
 and hatred warely to shonne,
 on men God's hatred and his wrath,
 soules in dolours had fordonne :
 when him she well instructed hath,
 ce to heaven she teacheth him the ready
 b.

XXXIV.

is weaker wandering steps to guyde,
 it matrone she to her does call,
 er lookes her wisdom well descryde ;
 was Mercy, well knowne over all
 gracious and eke liberall ;
 the carefull charge of him she gave,
 right, that he should never fall
 raies through this wide worldes wave,
 y in the end his righteous soule might
 .

XXXV.

matrone by the hand him beares
 her presence, by a narrow way,
 ith bushy thornes and ragged breares,
 before him she remov'd away,
 ng might his ready passage stay ;
 when his feet encombred were,
 shrink, or from the right to stray,
 im fast, and firmly did upbears,
 ourie her child from falling oft does
 re.

XXXVI.

into an holy hospitall,
 oreby the way, she did him bring,
 even bead-men, that had vowed all
 to service of high heaven's King,
 their daies in doing godly thing :
 s to all were open evermore
 ce wearie way were travelling,
 ate wayting ever them before,
 commers-by, that needy were and pore.

XXXVII.

of them, that eldest was and best,
 house had charge and government,

As guardian and steward of the rest :
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and went ;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent,
 But such as want of harbour did constraine ;
 Thofe for God's sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII.

The second was as almyer of the place :
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thrifty give to drinke, a worke of grace :
 He feared not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breed :
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede ;
 He had enough, what need him care for more ?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the
 pore.

XXXIX.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
 In which were not rich tyres nor garments gay,
 (The plumes of Pride and wings of Vanity)
 But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
 A d naked nature seemely to aray,
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office was
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd ;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that why they in bands were
 layd ;
 And he that harrowd hell with heaveie stowre,
 The faulty : ules from thence brought to his heaven-
 ly bowre.

XLI.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of death which lay ;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O Man : have mind of that last bitter throw ;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely sort their corpes to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 Tha: to their heavenly spouse botn sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall
 save.

The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God ! me graunt I dead be not defould !

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,

E ij

And wydowes ayd, leaft they fhould be undone :
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull caufes downe to tread,
And when they flood in moft needefitee,
He did fupply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The firft and chiefeft of the feven, whose care
Was guefts to welcome, towards him did pas,
Where feeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in mecke lowlineffe,
And feemely welcome for her did prepare ;
For of their order ſhe was patronefle,
Albe Chariffs were their chiefest foundereffe.

XLV.

There ſhe awhile him ſtayes, himfelfe to reft,
That to the reft more hable he might bee ;
Duryn which time, in every good behaill,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great induftriee :
Shortly therein fo perfect he became,
That from the firft unto the laft degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousneffe, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both ſteepe and hy,
On top whereof a ſacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did ly,
That day and night ſaid his devotion,
No other worldly buſinefs did apply ;
His name was hevenly Contemplation ;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often ſaw from heaven's height ;
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loſt their kindly fight,
Yet wondrous quick and perſaunt was his ſpright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the ſunne,
That hill they fraile with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Can ſaile, but by her helpe the top at laſt he wonne.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged ſire,
With ſnowy lockes adowne his ſhoulders ſhed,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every ſinew ſeene, through his long laſt ;
For nought he car'd his carcas long unſed ;
His mind was full of ſpirituall repair,
And pynd his fleſh to keep his body low and chaſt.

XLIX.

Who when theſe two approaching he aſpide,
At their firſt preſence grew aggrieved fore,
That fo ſt him lay his hevenly thoughts aſide ;
And had he not that dame reſpected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.

They him ſaluted ſtanding far afore,
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious
height ?

L.

"What end," quoth ſhe, " ſhould cauſe us to
ſuch paine,

"But that ſame end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high heaven to attain
Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
"To that moſt glorious houſe, that gliſteth bright
"With burning ſtarres and ever-living fire,
"Whereof the keyes are to thy hand beight
"By wiſe Fidelia ? ſhee doth thee require
"To ſhew it to this knight, according his deſire.

LI.

"Thrice happy man !" ſaid then the father graine
"Whoſe ſtaggering ſteps thy ſteady hand do
lead,

"And ſhewes the way his ſinfull ſoule to ſave,
"Who better can the way to heaven aread
"Then thou thyſelfe, that was both borne and bred
"In heavenly throne, where thouſand angels ſing
"Thou doeſt the praiſes of the righteous lead
"Preſent before the Maieſty divine,
"And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"Yet ſince thou bidſt, thy pleaſure ſhal be done
"Then come, thou Man of Earth ! and ſee the way
"That never yet was ſeene of Faries ſonne,
"That never leads the traveller aſtray ;
"But after labors long, and ſad delay,
"Brings them to ioyous reſt and endleſſe blis
"But firſt thou muſt a ſeaſon faſt and pray,
"Till from her bands the ſpright aſſoiled is,
"And have her ſtrength recur'd from fraile
"firmities."

LIII.

That done, he leads them to the higheſt mount,
Such one as that ſame mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writ in ſtone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull moone
He did receive, whiles ſlaſhing fire about him
ſhone ;

LIV.

Or like that ſacred hill, whose head full he,
Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all around,
Is, as it were for endleſſe memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was ſowne
For ever with a ſlawring girlond crown'd ;
Or like that pleaſant mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verſe each where renowne
On which the thiſe three learned ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a low
lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did ſhew
A litle path that was both ſteepe and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose wals and towres were builded high

A precious stone, that earthly tong
 :the, nor wit of man can tell;
 :ditty for my simple song:
 of the Greate King hight it well,
 :small peace and happynesse doth
 ll.

LVI.

on fised gasing, he might see
 :angels to and fro descend
 :ll heven in gladfome companee,
 :great joy into that citty wend,
 :ly as friend does with his friend;
 :wounded much, and gan enquire
 y building durst so high extend
 :wres unto the starry sphere.
 unknown nation there empeopled
 e.

LVII.

ight," quoth he, " Hierusalem that is,
 Hierusalem, that God has built
 : to dwell in that are chosen his,
 :as people purg'd from sinful guilt
 :stains blood, which cruelly was spilt
 d tree, of that unspotted Lam
 the finnes of all the world was kilt;
 they faints all in that citty sam,
 ar unto their God then younglings to
 :air dam."

LVIII.

" said then the knight, " I weened well
 at Cleopolis, where I have bene,
 that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
 ft citty was that might be seene;
 : bright towre, all built of christall
 ene,
 :scmd the brightest thing that was;
 by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
 :great citty that does far surpas,
 bright angels towre quite dims that
 :wre of glas "

LIX.

," then said the holy aged man;
 :opolis for earthly frame
 ft pcece that eie beholden can;
 : beceemes all knights of noble name,
 :etx in th' immortall booke of Fame
 :rnized, that same to haunt,
 : their service to that soveraigne dame,
 y does to them for guerdon graunt;
 : hevenly borne, and heven may iustly
 unt.

LX.

," faire Ymp, sprong out from English
 ce,
 r now accompted Elfin's sonne,
 thy doest thy service for her grace,
 : virgin desolate fordonne:
 : thou famous victory hast wonne.
 h amongst all knights hast hong thy
 ield,
 :rth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
 : thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
 l can nought but sin, and wars but for-
 :wrs yield.

LXI.

" Then seek this path that I to thee preface,
 " Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 " Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 " To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
 " Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end;
 " For thou amongst those faints, whom thou doest
 " see,
 " Shalt be a faint, and thine owne nation's friend
 " And patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
 " Saint George of mery England, the signe of vice
 " torce."

LXII.

" Unworthy wretch," quoth he, " of so great
 " grace,
 " How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"
 " These that have it attaynd were in like case,"
 Quoth he, " as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
 " But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
 " And ladies love, to leave, so dearly bought?"
 " What pced of armes where peace doth ay re-
 " maine,"
 Said he, " and battailes none are to be fought?
 " As for loose loves they are vaine, and vanish into
 nought."

LXIII.

" O let me not," quoth he, " then turne againe
 " Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are,
 " But let me here for aie in peace remain,
 " Or streightway on that last long voyage fare,
 " That nothing may my present hope empare."
 " That may not be," said he, " ne maist thou yitt
 " Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
 " Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 " Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely
 " quitt."

LXIV.

" Then shall I soone," quoth he, " so God me
 " grace,
 " Abett that virgin's cause disconsolate,
 " And shortly backe returne unto this place,
 " To walke this way in pilgrim's poore estate.
 " But now aread, old Father, why of late
 " Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
 " Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
 " That word shall I," said he, " avouchen good,
 " Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy
 " brood."

LXV.

" For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
 " Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
 " And many bloody battles fought in place,
 " High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
 " And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
 " From thence a Faery thee unweeting rest,
 " There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 " And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
 " Such men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by
 " Faeries theft."

LXVI.

" Thence shee thee brought into this Faery Lond,
 " And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
 " Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
 " As he his toylefome teme that way did guye,
 E iij

" And brought thee up in ploughman's state to
" byde,

" Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name ;

" Till prickt with courage and thy forces pryde,

" To Fary Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,

" And prove thy puffiant armes, as seems thee best
" became."

LXVII.

" O holy Sire !" quoth he, " how shall I quight

" I be many favours I with thee have fownd,

" That hast my name and nation redd aright,

" And taught the way that does to heaven bownd?"

This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd,

To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,

Through passing brightnes, which did quite con-
found

His feeble fence, and too exceeding shyne :
So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things
divine.

LXVIII.

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,

To Una back he cast him to retyre,

Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.

Great thankes and goodly meeche to that good
syre

He then departing gave, for his paynes hyre ;

So came to Una, who him ioyd to see,

And after litle rest gan him desyre

Of her adventure myndfull for to bee :

So leave they take of Calia and her daughter,
three.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XL.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly;
The third him overthrowes, and gaynes
Most glorious victory.

I.

Then time now gan it wax for Una fayre,
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Dear Knight! as deare as ever knight was
deare,
"That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
"High heaven behold the tedious toil ye for me
"take!

II.

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
"And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
"Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily
spoyle;
"Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
"And ever ready for your foeman fell:
"The sparke of noble corage now awake,
"And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
"That shall ye evermore renowned make
"Above all knights on earth that battell under-
take."

III.

And pointing forth, "Lo yonder is," said she,
"The brazen towre, in which my parents deare
"For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
"Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
"Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare,
"And on the top of all I do espye
"The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
"That, O my Parents! might I happily
"Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemed unceasing to shake the steadfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where strecht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill;
But all so soone as he from far descryde [fill,
Those glistering armes, that heaven with light did
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them
untill.

V.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw a fyde,
From whence she might behold that battaill
proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phæbus and his aged bryde,
The nourice of Time and everlasting Fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortal
name;

VI.

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall troups thou doest infect,
And hartes of great heroes doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sound,
The God of Warre, with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sound,
And scared nations doest with horror sterne a-
sound.

VII.

Fayre Goddesse! Iay that furious fit asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endlesse prayfe:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly armes may
blaze.

VIII.

By this the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with
bloody gore:

IX.

And over all with brazen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of Steele, so couchéd neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse bee
harmd
With dint of sward, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare;
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noyse his roused scales did send unto the
knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way;
And eke the pennes that did his pinions bynd,
Were like mayne-yerds with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still, amazed with his
threat.

XI.

His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes whenever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed erre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden
farre.

XII.

But stinges and sharpest Steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel-rending clawes:
Dedd was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes

Wyde gaped, like the grieffly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyffe all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure feare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench
did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to ever shyre,
And warning give that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade,
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dread-
ful shade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelusting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed bore his brittles doth appeare,
And shoke his scales, to battaile ready drest,
That made the Red-crosse knight nigh quake for
feare,
As bidding bold defyance to his foe-man neare.

XVI.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might;
The pointed Steele, arriving rudely heare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But glauncing by, fourth passed forward right:
Yet fore amoved with so puiffant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground
did rush.

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him address;
But th' ydle stroke yett backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
Yett had he prov'd the powre of many a puiffant
knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding ayre, which night too feeble found
Her sitting parts, and element unfound,
To beare so greate a weight: he cutting way

broad sayles, about him soared round;
 w' flouping with unweldy sway,
 p' both horse and man, to beare them
 late away.

XX.

them bore above the subject plaine,
 ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 yling strong did him at last constraîne
 em downe before his flightes end:
 ed hauke presuming to contend
 rdy fowle, above his hable might,
 rize pounces all in vaine doth spend
 the prey too heavy for his flight,
 oning down to ground, does free it selfe
 y fight.

XXI.

feized of his griping gresse,
 ght his thrillant speare againe assayd
 as-plated body to embosse,
 he mens strength into the stroake he layd,
 ith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
 uncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
 ader his left wing, then broad displayd,
 king steele there wrought a wound full
 ryde,
 th the uncouth smart the monster lowdly
 ryde.

XXII.

as raging seas are wont to rore,
 wintry storme his wrathful wreck does
 brear,
 ling billows beat the ragged shore,
 the earth would shoulder from her seat;
 edy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
 labour element in his revenge;
 n the blustering brethren boldly threat
 the world from off his stedfast henge,
 yrious-battaile make, each other to a-
 venge.

XXIII.

ly head stuck fast still in his flesh,
 h his cruell claws he snacht the wood,
 ite asunder broke; forth flowed fresh
 ng river of blacke gory blood,
 owned all the land whereon he stood;
 ame thereof would drive a water-mill:
 augmented was his furious mood
 tter fence of his deepe-rooted ill,
 mes of fire he threw forth from his large
 ose-thrill.

XXIV.

ous taile then hurled he about,
 rewith all enwrap't the nimble thyes
 roth sony speed, whose courage stout
 to loose the knot that fast him tyes,
 e in straighter bandes too rash implies;
 the ground he is perforce constaynd
 w his ryder; who can quickly ryfe
 ff the earth, with darty blood distaynd,
 t reprochfull fall right lowly he distaynd:

XXV.

reely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 hich he stroke so furious and so fell,
 thing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:

Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make;
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
 But when he saw them come he did them still
 forsake.

XXVI.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyl'd,
 And smot againe with more outrageous might;
 But backe againe the spangling steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light,
 As if in adamant rocke it had been pight.
 The beast impatient of his smasting wound,
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his wings to flye above the ground,
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVII.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
 Him all amazd, and almost made afear'd:
 The scorching flame fore swinged all his face,
 And through his armour all his body fear'd,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to un-
 lace.

XXVIII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poyfoned garment did enchaunt
 With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd,
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd,
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him
 harmd.

XXIX.

Faynt, wearie, fore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
 With heat, toile, wounds, armes, smart, and in-
 ward fire,
 That never man such mischiefes did torment,
 Death better were, death did he oft desire,
 But death will never come when needes require;
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground
 him feld.

XXX.

It fortun'd, (as fayre it them befell)
 Behynd his backe, unweesting where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
 Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood
 Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
 The Well of Life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXXI.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;

Those that with sicknesse were infected fore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the Germa Spau,
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the knight back overthronen fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to sleepe
His fierie face in billows of the west,
And his faint steedes watted in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
Whan that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dremiment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

To-morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titan's dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace;
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw where he upstart brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to assay
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies;
So new this new-borne knight to batteill new
did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new-supplied knight;
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright dew-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so fore did smite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dulled fences all dismaid.

XXXVI.

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did seele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,

Or other secret vertue did enfew;
Els never could the force of fleshy arme,
No molten metall in his blood embrew
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty
charm.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so fore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constrain:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so fore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces
tore:

XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe indented sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder fead,
Where fast it stucke, ne would therout be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous fore disead,
Ne might his rancning paine with patience be appeas'd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed foile he gan him lightly reare,
And strove to loofe the far infixed sting;
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heste,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asonder ceste;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump
him leste.

XL.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfoldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraght with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall [withall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast

XLI.

Much was the man encumbred with his hold,
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talants to unfold;
Nor harder was from Ceberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away;
Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his
pray.

XLII.

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,

And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glancing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the anvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him con-
straine.

To looke, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott therat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puiffaunce might suf-
taine :

Upon the ioint the lucky Steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine:
The paw yet missed not his minifht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

For griefe thereof, and devilish despight,
From his infernall founnace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew :
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in cole-blacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench, and heven with hor-
ror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwarced feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore
terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall;
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call [fall.
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew therby,
Whereof whofo did eat, estoones did know
Both good and ill : O mournfull memory !
That tree through one man's fault hath doct us
all to dy.

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flowd as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine

And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine ;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe:
The feucleffe corse appointed for the grave ;
Into that same he fell, which did from death him
save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly
And all that life preferred did detest ;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her fable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven
bright.

L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose virtuous
might
Did heale his woundes; and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with fore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous
day.

LI.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayr Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes; for shame as blushing red :
Her golden locks for haft were loosely shed
About her cares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charret, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke ;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting
larke.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight ;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare ;
Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advanced
neare :

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought at once him to have swallowed nigh,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde ;
Who him recounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth withal did
draw.

EVI.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
 Did groane, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have wastit away,
 With dreadfull poysie is from the mayneland rift,
 And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine
 lay.

EV.

The knight himself even trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a mass it seemd,
 And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeemd;
 But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end;
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull
 knight,
 That had achiev'd so great a conquest by his might,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Red-crosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy;
Though false Duessa it to barre
Her false sleights doe employ.

II.
BEMOLD I see the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms, that may offend:
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way,
Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wynd and weather call her thence away.

III.
Scarcely had Phoebus in the glooming East
Yett harnessed his fyre-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did seeme
That signe of last-out-breathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did seeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call
To tell how he had seene the dragon's fatall fall.

IV.
Uprose with hasty ioy and feeble speed
That aged fyre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weete if trew indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand;
Which wheras trew by tryall he out-fond,
He badd to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had become shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state,
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed
late.

V.
Then gan triumphant trumpets sound on hie,
That sent to heven the echoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternal bondage now they were
relcast.

VI.
Forth came that auncient lord and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habilements right well beseeue:
A noble crew about them waiked round,
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all habie armes to sound,
But now they laurel braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

VII.
Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patrones loud did him proclaim,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light,
And in their hands sweet timbrells all upheld on
hight.

VII.

And them before the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens fownding tymbrels fong
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that fayre virgin stood;
As fayre Diana in fresh sommer's day
Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wreslle, some do run, some bathe in chrifall
flood:

VIII.

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselues to ground with gracious humbleffe
bent,

And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame;
Then on her head they sett a garland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in herself-remembrance well befeene,
Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden
queene.

IX.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once
assay.

X.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it
saynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest.
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull feede:
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, wicness her foole-hardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyl'd,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say,
"How can I tell but that his talants may
"Yet scratch my soune, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

XII.

Thus flockt all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrivd where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly gretes, and fayre doe enterayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine;
Then when his daughter deare he doe behold,
Her dearely doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his pallas he them bringes,
With shaumes and trompets, and with clarions
sweet,

And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce
meet

Of all that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great hame,
On which they lowly sit, and sitting purpose
franc

XIV.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely servises, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall princes state;
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde
Of strange adventures and of perils sad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest;
Who then with utterance grave, and count'nance
sad,

From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreaques;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in Fortune's cruel freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedoawd the hearers
checks.

XVII.

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise,
"Deare Sonne! great beene the evils which ye
"bore
"From first to last in your late enterprife,
"That I note whether praise or pity more;
"For never living man, I weene, so fore
"In sea of deadly dangers was distrest;
"But since now safe ye seized have the shore,
"And well arrivd are, (high God be blest!)
"Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

XVIII.

"Ah! dearest Lord," said then that doughty
"knight,
"Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
"For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
"I bownden am, itright after this emprize,
"(As that your daughter can ye well advize)
"Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
"And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize

that proud paynim king that works her teene;
I ought crave pardon till I there have benee."

XX.

My falls that hard necessity,"
"the troubler of my happy peace,
wed foe of my felicity,
ainst the same can justly preace:
ce that band ye cannot now release,
ea undo, (for vowes may not be wayne)
is the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
I shall hether backe retourne agayne,
arriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you
twayne:

XXI.

for my part I covet to performe,
as through the world I did proclame,
hoso kild that monster most deforme,
in in hardy battayle overcame,
have mine onely daughter to his dame,
my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee;
ore since now to thee perteynes the
same,
I desert of noble chevalree,
daughter and eke kingdome lo I yield to
thee."

XXII.

h he called that his daughter fayre,
t Un', his onely daughter deare,
daughter and his onely hayre:
I proceeding with sad sober cheare,
as doth the morning starre appeare
east, with flaming lockes bedight,
at dawning day is drawing neare,
ie world does bring long-wished light;
and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in
ght:

XXIII.

nd fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
id layd her mournfull stole aside,
w-like sad wimple throwne away,
h her heavenly beautie she did hide,
her wearie journey she did ride;
er now a garment she did weare
white, withouten spot or pride,
id like silke and silver woven neare,
er silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII.

ng brightnesse of her beauties beame,
ous light of her sun-shyny face,
ere as to strive against the streame;
d rines are all too rude and base
uly lineaments for to enchace.
er; for her own deare-loved knight,
she daily with himselfe in place,
er much at her celestial sight:
he scene her faire, but never so faire
ght.

XXIV.

ight when she in presence came,
r fyre made humble reverence,
ed low, that her right well became,
d grace unto her excellence;

Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—but care he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
Att fuddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humblelike he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake;

XXVI.

"To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in thee sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great emperour of all the West,
And bids thee be avized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowne guest;
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land,

XXVII.

"To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
(False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore)
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment iust doe fly,
And them coniure t'avenge this shamefull
"iniury.

XXVIII.

"Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living, or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to
"tread,
Thro' weaknesse of my widowhed or woe,
For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth foe,
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor
"foe.

" FIDESSA."

XXIX.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he fate long time astonished,
As in great muse, no word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
"Redoubt knight! that for myne only sake
"Thy life and honour late aventurest,
"Let nought be hid from me that ought to be
"express.

XXX.

"What meane these bloody vowes and idle
"threats;
"Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?

" What heavens, what altars, what enraged heates,
 " (Here heaped up with termes of love un-
 " kynd)
 " My conscience cleare with guilty bands would
 " bind?
 " High God be witness that I guiltlesse am:
 " But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
 " Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
 " With cryme does not it cover, but disclose the
 " fame."

XXXI.

To whom the Red-crosse knight this answer
 sent;

" My lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 " Till well ye wote, by grave intendment,
 " What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 " With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
 " It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 " I lately travcild, that unwares I strayd
 " Out of my way, through perils straunge and
 " hard;
 " That day should faile-me ere I had them all
 " declar'd.

XXXII.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd,
 " Of this false woman, that Fideffa hight,
 " Fideffa hight, the falsest dame on grownd,
 " Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
 " That easy was t'envigle weaker sight;
 " Who by her wicked arts and wely skill,
 " Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 " Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 " And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared
 " ill."

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd;
 " O pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to show
 " The secret treasons which of late I know
 " To have bene wrought by that false forcereffe;
 " She, onely she, it is that east did throw
 " This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 " That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
 " nesse.

XXXIV.

" And now it seemes that she suborned hath
 " His crafty messenger with letters vaine,
 " To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
 " By breaking of the hand betwixt us twaine;
 " Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
 " Of this false footman, clockt with simpleness,
 " Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
 " Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
 " The falsest man alive; who tries shall find no
 " lesse."

XXXV.

The king was greatly moved at her speech,
 And all with suddain indignation fraught,
 Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attach that faylor false, and bound him frait;
 Who seemingly sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,

With ydle force did saine them to withstand,
 And often semblance made to scape out of their
 hand.

XXXVI.

But they him lay'd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with iron chains,
 And with continual watch did warely keepe:
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtil
 trains

He could escape fowle death or deadly paine?
 Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacified,
 He gan renew the late-forbidden baine,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
 With sacred rites and vowes forever to abyde.

XXXVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt;
 That none but death for ever can divide;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
 The housling fire did kinde and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
 At which the bushy reade a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day;
 They all perfume with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray;
 And all the while sweet Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melancholy,
 The whiles one sung a song of love and ioyfull.

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard fownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an angels voice
 Singing before th' eternal Maicesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hyc;
 Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby rest of his fences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his spirit.

XL.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaym'd throughout the
 land.

That their exceeding mirth may not be told;
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usual ioyes at knitting of love's band:
 Thrice happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his ladies hart and hand;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold
 His heart did seme to melt in pleasures man-
 fold.

XLI.

Her ioyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enjoy;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealofy,
 His deare delights were habile to annoy:
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisful ioy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had feared
 In case he coulde that monstrous least destroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to
mourne.

XLIJ.

Now strike your sailes, yee lolly Mariners !
For wee be come into a quiet roade.
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode :

Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And want supplide : and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede, and fairly finish her in-
tent.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I.

Right well I wote, most mighty Sovereaine!
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breadeth living aire doth know
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And dailly how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessels measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times things more unknowne shall
show.

Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,

That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the moones fayre shining sphere,
What if in every other starre unseene,
Of other workies he happily should heare? [peare.
He wonder would much more; yet such to some ap-

IV.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquire,
By certain signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and base,
That note without an hound fine footing trace
And thou, O fayrest Princeesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in Lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V.

The which O pardon me thus to unfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which els could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The brave adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratioosly to heare,
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth
ap'care.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Red-crofs knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia flaine
With Pleasures poisoned baytes.

I.
Conning architect of cancred guyle,
Princes late displeasure left in bands
And letters and suborned wyle,
The Red-croffe knight he understands
How departed out of Eden landes,
How again his soveraine Elfin Queene,
As he moves, and out of caytives handes
How he frees by secret meanes unseene,
How shales emptie left, himselfe escaped cleene.

II.
With he fares, full of malicious mynd
To ken mischief, and avenging woe,
Where he that godly knight may fynd,
Wher hart-fore and his only foe;
How now he algates must forgoe,
How his victorious handes did earst restore
How he crowne and kingdom late ygoe,
How she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
How her-beaten ship arry'd on happie shore.

III.
Wherefore now the object of his spight
Wherof he feude he makes: him to offend
Wherof treason or by open fight
Wherof of all his drifts the aymed end:
How his subtile engins he docs bend,
How slick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
How he outland other sleighes; for well he kend
How he dix now in doubtfull hallaunce hong;
How he dly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

IV.
How he went he craftie stales did lay,
How cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
How he ivy spyals plast in all his way,
How he what couric he takes, and how he fares,

To ketch him at a vantage in his snares:
But now so wile and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his flight:
The fish that once was caught new bayt wil hard-
ly byte:

V.
Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his
In hope to win occasion to his will; [payne;
Which, when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mind from one to other ill;
For to all good he enemy was still.
Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armed in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

VI.
His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate,
But yett so sterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to Fary Land.

VII.
Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire;
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre,

And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps
to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle;
Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And with faire countenance and flattering style
To them approaching, thus the knight bespake;
"Fayre sonne of Mars! that seeke with warlike
"spoyle

"And great achievements, great yourselfe to make,
"Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers
"fate."

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble misers fate,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
Who faining then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
With piteous moene his piercing speech gan paint;
"Dear Lady! how shall I declare thy case,
"Whome late I left in languorous constraynt?
"Would god thyselfe now present were in place,
"To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win
"thee grace;

X.

"Or rather would, (O would it so had chaunst!)
"That you, most noble Sir! had present beene
"When that lewd rybauld, with vile lust advaunst,
"Laid first his fithie hands on virgin cleene,
"To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
"As on the earth, great mother of us all,
"With living eye more fayre was never seene
"Of chastity and honour virginal:
"Witnes ye Heav'ns! whom she in vaine to help
"did call,"

XI.

"How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe
"wroth, [shent?]
"That knight should knighthood ever so have
"None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene
"for troth,
"How shamefully that mayd he did torment:
"Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
"And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe
"sword
"Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
"And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
"Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see ab-
"hord."

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought
"this act,
"And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
"Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt"
"Where may that treachour, then," said he, "be
"found,
"Or by what means may I his footing tract?"
"That shall I shew," sayd he, "as sure as hound
"The stricken deare, doth chaleng by the bleed-
"ing wound."

XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
Supposed to be. They do arrive anone,
Where fate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous moene:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blub-
bered.

XIV.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
"Faure Lady! through fowle sorrow ill bedight
"Greate pity is to see you thus dismayd,
"And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
"Forthe appease your griefe and heavy plight,
"And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
"For if he live, that hath you doen despight,
"He shall you doe dew recompense agayne,
"Or els his wrong with greater puiffance main-
[taine."

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wile,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dremment:
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seen,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grevous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixt beene:

XVI.

Till her that squyre bespake; "Madam, my liefe,
"For God's deare love be not so wilfull bent,
"But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
"The which good Fortune doth to you present:
"For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment?
"When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
"And the weakke minde with double woe tor-
[ment?]
When she her squyre heard speake, she gan spe-
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said, "Ah! gentle trustie Squyre,
"What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive!
"Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
"To see faire heaven's face, and life not leave,
"Sith that false traytour did my honour reave?
"Falle traytor, certes," saide the Faerie knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceave
"A gentle lady, or her wrong through might;
"Death were too litle paine for such a fowle
"spight.

XVIII.

"But now, fayre Lady! comfort to you make,
"And reade who hath ye wrought this shame-
"full plight,
"That short revenge the man may overtake,
"Wherefo he be, and soone upon him light."
"Certes," saide she, "I wote not how he light,
"But under him a gray steede he did wield,
"Whose sides with dappled circles wera dight;
"Upright he rode, and in his silver shield [field]
"He bore a bloodie crosse, that quarter'd all the

XX.
 " Now by my head," saide Guyon, " much I
 " *wife*,
 " How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
 " Or ever gentle damzell so abuse;
 " For may I boldly say, he surely is
 " A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
 " I present was, and can it witness well,
 " When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
 " Th' adventure of the errant damozell,
 " In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare
 " tell.

XXI.
 " Nathelke he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 " And surely quit him of the imputed blame;
 " Eh be ye sure he dearly shall abyde,
 " Or make you good amendment for the same:
 " All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of
 " *shame*.
 " Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
 " And see the salving of your blotted name."
 Full with the second thereto, but yet did faine;
 For he was inly glad her purpose to to gaine.

XXII.
 Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
 For yet her person such as it was scene;
 For under simple shew and semblant plaine
 Laid false Duesilla secretly unscene,
 As a chaste virgin that had wronged bene:
 So had false Archimago her disguisid,
 To take her guile with sorrow and sad teene,
 And she himselfe had craftily devisid
 To be her squire, and to do her service well aguise.

XXIII.
 Her bus forlorne and naked he had found,
 When he did wander in waste wildernesse,
 Lusting in rocks and caves far under ground,
 And with grasse mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
 Such her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
 And burnard beauty spoyle: her nathelkeff
 Th' encounter finding fit for his intents
 Did thus reveill, and deckt with due habiliments.

XXIV.
 For all he did was to deceive good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To sing in sloth and sensuall delights,
 And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
 And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
 To see the Red-crosse thus advanced bye,
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitie
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him all ye,

XXV.
 So now he Guyon guides an uncouth way,
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came
 at last

Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwix two hills, whose high heads overplait
 The valley did with coole shade overcast;
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,
 By which there fate a knight with helme unlaste,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXVI.
 " Lo yonder he," cryde Archimage aloud,
 " That wrought the shamefull fact which I did
 " shew,
 " And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 " To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew:
 " But vaine; for he shall dearly do him rewe;
 " So God ye speed, and send you good successe,
 " Which we far off will here abide to vew."
 So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did
 addresse.

XXVII.
 Who seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike arms about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his ready speare did sicke;
 Tho whens still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equal race
 They bene ymett both ready to aspray,
 When suddenly that warrior gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVIII.
 And cryde, " Mercie, Sir Knight! and mercie,
 " *Loe!*
 " For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
 " That had almost committed crime abhord,
 " And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent
 " Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 " The sacred badge of my Redeemer's death,
 " Which on your shield is set for ornament."
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay unceath,
 Who prickt with courage kene did cruell battell
 breath.

XXIX.
 But when he heard him speake, streightway he
 knew
 His error; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd,
 " Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becometh you,
 " But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 " Whose hasty hand so far from reason strayd,
 " That almost it did haynous violence
 " On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd
 " That decks and armes your shield with faire
 " defence
 " Your court'ie takes on you anothers dew of
 " fence."

XXX.
 So bene they both atone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright each other for to greet,
 Goodly comportance each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselves with court'ies meet.
 Then saide the Red-crosse knight, " Now mote I
 " weet,
 " Sir Guyon, why with so fierce faiaunce,
 " And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
 " For sith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
 " Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some un-
 " couth chauce."

XXXI.
 " Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell
 " The fond encheason that me herher led:
 " A faise infamous faitour late befell
 " Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,

" And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
 " A knight had wrought against a lady gent ;
 " Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
 " Where you he made the marke of his intent,
 " And now is fled : foule shame him follow wher
 " he went."

XXXI.

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
 By this his aged guide in presence came,
 Who soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
 Estfoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
 Sith him in Faery Court he late avis'd ;
 And said, " Fayre Sonne ! God give you happy
 " chaunce, (vizd,
 " And that deare crosse upon your shield de-
 " wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme
 " aguizd.

XXXII.

" Ioy may you have and everlasting fame,
 " Of late most hard achiev'ment by you donne,
 " For which enrolled is your glorious name
 " In heavenly registers above the funne,
 " Where you a faint with faints your feat have
 " wonne :
 " But wretched we, where ye have left your
 " marke,
 " Most now anew begin like race to runne.
 " God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
 " And to the wished haven bring thy weary
 " barke."

XXXIII.

" Palmer," him answered the Red-crosse knight,
 " His be the praise that this achiev'ment wrought,
 " Who made my hand the organ of his might ;
 " More than goodwill to me attribute nought,
 " For all I did, I did but as I ought."
 " But you, faire Sir ! whose pageant next en-
 " sewes,
 " Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
 " That home ye may report thrise happy newes ;
 " For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle
 " thewes."

XXXIV.

So courteous conge both did give and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will ;
 Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
 With his blacke palmer, that him guided still ;
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,
 And with his steedy staffe did point his way ;
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From fowle intemperance he ofte did slay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

XXXV.

In this faire wise they traueild long yere,
 Through many hard assayes which did betide,
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glory through all countreyes wide.
 At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a rucfull voice, that dearnly cride
 With piercing shriekes and many a dolefull lay,
 Which to attend a while their forward steps they
 flay.

XXXVI.

" But if that carelesse heuens," quoth she, " de-
 " spise
 " The doome of iust revenge, and take delight
 " To see sad pageants of men's miseries,
 " As bound by them to live in lives despight,
 " Yet can they not warne death from wretched
 " wight.
 " Come then, come soone, come, sweetest Death,
 " to me,
 " And take away this long lent loathed light :
 " Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines
 " be,
 " That long captived soules from weary thraldome
 " freee.

XXXVII.

" But thou, sweete Babe ! whom frowning froward
 " Fate
 " Hath made sad witnesse of thy father's fall,
 " Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 " Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall,
 " Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall ;
 " Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
 " That cleare she dide from blemish criminall ;
 " Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 " Loc I for pledges leave. So give me leave to
 " rest."

XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shriek the forth did throw,
 That through the wood re-echoed againe,
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrid with point of thorough-piercing paine :
 As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does
 aine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feele,
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth
 feele.

XXXIX.

Which when that warrior heard, dismounting
 strait
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
 And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick ;
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick
 A cruell knife, that made a grievely wound,
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore bleed
 thicke,
 That all her goodly garments staine arownd,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy ground.

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountain low she lay,
 Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray ;
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruel sport instead of sorrow dew ;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands and tender joints embrew ;
 Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew.

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras,
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,

Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did smile, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being dod;
Seem'd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest showre of lustyhed,
Fit to enflame faire lady with loves rage;
But that fierc Fate did crop the blossome of his age.

XLII.

When when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan waxe as sharke as marble stone,
And his flesh blood did fricze with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
As if his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As if, gredging in his great distaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till such ana fraile affection did constraime
His stout courage to sloupe, and shew his inward
paine.

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment; then gan softly feel
His feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yett in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
So will he did her deadly wounds reparaie,
That at the last she gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
honest med'cine) tempered with swete voice;
"Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
"Of rusfall pittie and impatient smart,
"What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,
"Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
"That tis to hasten your untimely date?
"Speake, O deare Lady! speake: help never comes
"no late."

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
On which the dreery death did sitt, as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
But when as hum, all in bright armour clad,
Behave her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yett she nothing drad;
Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and
light.

XLVI.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrise the sunck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said, "Yett if the stony cold
"Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
"Let one word fall that may your griefe unfold,
"And tell the secrete of your mortal smart:
"He oft finds present helpe who does his griefe
"impart."

XLVII.

Then raising up a deadly looke, full low
she sight from bottom of her wounded breast,

And after many bitter throbs did throw;
With lips full pale, and soltring tong oppress
These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
"Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou see,
"To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
"And trouble dying soules tranquillitee:
"Take not away now got, which none would give
"to me."

XLVIII.

"Ah! far be it," said he, "deare Dame, fro mee,
"To hinder soule from her desired rest,
"Or hold sad life in long captivitee;
"For all I seeke is but to have redrest
"The bitter pang that doth your heart infest.
"Tell then, O Lady! tell what tatall priefe
"Hath with so huge misfortunes you oppress,
"That I may cast to compas your reliefe,
"Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your
"griefe."

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
As Heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;
"Heare, then, O Man! the sorrows that unceath
"My tong can tell, so far all fence they pas;
"Loe this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
"The gentlest knight that ever or greene gras
"Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir
"Mordant was.

L.

"Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
"My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
"So long as Hevens iust with equall brow
"Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
"One day when him high corage did emmove,
"(As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
"He pricked forth his puissant force to prove,
"Me: then he left enwombed of this childe,
"This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood
"defild.

LI.

"Him fortun'd (hard fortune, ye may ghesse)
"To come where vile Acrasia does woune;
"Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
"That many errant knights hath fowle fordonne:
"Within a wandring island, that doth ronne
"And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is:
"Fayre Sir! if ever there ye travell, thonne
"The cursed land where many wend amis,
"And know it by the name; it hight the Bowre
"of Blis.

LII.

"Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
"Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad,
"And then with words and weedes of wondrous
"might,
"On them she workes her will to uses bad:
"My liege lord she thus beguiled had,
"For he was flesh; (all flesh doth frailtie breed)
"Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
"(Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in paines
"wee'd, [great dread.
"And cast to seek him forth through danger and
"fury."

LIII.

" Now had fayre Cynthia by even tounes
 " Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 " And thrise three tymes had filld her crooked
 " hornes,
 " Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 " And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
 " Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought;
 " The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my mid-
 " wives I weare,
 " Hard help at need. So deare thee, Babe! I
 " bought;
 " Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare
 " I fought.

LIV.

" Him so I fought, and so at last I fownd,
 " Where him that witch had thralld to her will,
 " In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
 " And so transformed from his former skill,
 " That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
 " Tillthrough wise handling and fairegovernance,
 " I him recured to a better will,
 " Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce;
 " Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

" Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceivd
 " How that my lord from her I would reprove,
 " With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
 " Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
 " And losse of love to her that loves to live,
 " So soone as Bacchus with the nympe does lincke.
 " So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
 " Till coming to this well, he stout to drinke:
 " The charme fulfilld, dead suddenly he downe did
 " sincke.

LVI.

" Which when I wretch"—Not one word more
 she sayd;
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And flyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing, good Sir Guyon could unceath
 From teares abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
 And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing Fortune and too cruell Fate,
 Which plunged had faire lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer said, " Old Syre,
 " Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
 " And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre,
 " When raging passion, with fierce tyranny,

" Robs Reason of her dew regaletic,
 " And makes it servaunt to her basest part:
 " The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 " And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
 " The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the
 " weake through smart."

LVIII.

" But Temperaunce," said he, " with golden squire,
 " Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 " Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
 " Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene:
 " Thrise happyman! who fares them both atweens.
 " But sith this wretched woman, overcome
 " Of anguish, rather than of crime hath bene,
 " Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 " And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable
 " toombe."

LIX.

" Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall doome
 " To good and bad, the common inne of rest;
 " But after death the tryall is to come,
 " When best shall bee to them that lived best:
 " But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
 " Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 " Which whofo wants wants so much of his rest;
 " For all so great shame after death I weene,
 " As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemly it embrace;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corpes tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace:
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon, more affection to increase,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay
 releace.

LXI.

The dead knight's sword, out of his sheath he
 drew,
 With which he cut a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth, he
 threw.
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly swear,
 " Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 " And worse and worse, young Orphane! be thy
 " payne,
 " If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 " Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne,"
 So shedding many tears they closed the earth agayne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be cleane.
The face of golden Meane;
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

I.
Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyde,
w rites and dolorous lament
their sad tragicke uptyde,
be up in his armes he hent,
weet pleasure and bold blandishment
in them, that rather ought to weepe,
of his woe, or innocent
doen; that truth emperced deepe
hates hart, and wordes with bitter teares
keepe;

II.
lesse Babe! borne under cruell starre,
sad parents balefull ashes bredd,
weeneest thou what sorrowes are
for porcion of thy livelyhed.
shane! in the wide world scattered,
of braunch rent from the native tree,
wne forth till it be withered;
ie state of men; thus enter we
life with woe, and end with miseriee."

III.
himselfe inclining on his knee
sat well, did in the water weene
a loath disdainfull nicitee)
handes from bloody gore to cleene:
them oft and oft, yet nought they
ie
washing cleaner: still he strove,
: little hands were bloody scene:
him into great amazement drove,
liverie doubt his wavering wonder
c.

IV.
He wist not whether blot of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venome which they
dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senselesse tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly
stenc.

V.
Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
"Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
"And of your ignorance great marveill make,
"Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake:
"But know that secret vertues are infused
"In every fountaine and in everie lake,
"Which who hath skill them rightly to have
"chusd,
"To proove of passing wonders hath full often
"usd:

VI.
"Of those some were so from the fource indewd
"By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull
"pap [dewd,
"Their wel-heads spring, and are with moisture
"Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
"And fillles with flowres fayre Flores painted
"But other some by guifte of later grace, [sap:
"Or by good prayers, or by other hap,

" Had vertue pourd into their waters base,
 " And thenceforth were renownd, and fought
 " from place to place.

VII.

" Such is this well, wrought by occasion strange,
 " Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
 " As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did
 " range.

" The hartleffe hynd and roebuck to dismay,
 " Dan Faunus chaunft to meet her by the way,
 " And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
 " Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 " And chased her, that fast from him did fly;
 " As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII.

" At last when sayling breath began to faint,
 " And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 " She fet her downe to weepe for fore constraint,
 " And to Diana calling loud for ayde,
 " Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.

" The goddesse heard, and suddaine where she
 " fate, [mayd
 " Welling out streames of teares, and quite dif-
 " With stony feare of that rude rustlick mate,
 " Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgin's
 " state.

IX.

" Low now she is that stone; from whose two
 " heads, [flow,
 " As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do
 " Yet calde through feare and old conceived
 " dreads:

" And yet the stone her semblance seemes to
 " show, [know;
 " Shapt like a maide, that such you may her
 " And yet her vertues in her water byde,
 " For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
 " Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde, [tryde.
 " But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath been

X.

" From thence it comes, that this babe's bloody
 " hand
 " May not be clenfd with water of this well;
 " Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
 " But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 " That they his mother's innocence may tell,
 " As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 " That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
 " In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
 " And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moni-
 " ment."

XI.

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
 Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
 But his sad father's armes with blood defylde
 (An heavic load) himselfe did lightly reare;
 And turning to that place, in which whylere
 He left his lostie steed with golden sell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there:
 By other accident, that earst befell, [t. J.
 He is convaide; but how or where, here fits not

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he lost himselfe appeale,

And fairly fair on foot, however loth;
 His double burden di' him fore diseafe.
 So long they travell'd with little ease,
 Till that at last they to a castle came,
 Built on a rocke adjoining to the seas;
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature and by sk
 frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one fyre by mothers three,
 Who dying whylome, did divide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee;
 But stryfull mind and divers qualitee
 Drew them in partes, and each made others fa
 Still did they strive and daily disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middlest meant to wor
 woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right;
 Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became
 Of second sister, who did far excell
 The other two; Medina was her name,
 A sober sad and comely courteous dame;
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold mett, and well did en
 prize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse scene or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood and gravitie
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares;
 Her golden lockes she roundly did upnye
 In braided treams, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI.

Whilest she herselfe thus busily did frame
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accounting each her friend with lavish fest;
 They were two knights of perelless puiffance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these ladies love did countenance;
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to ad
 vantage.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest dame
 Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began:
 More huge in strength than wife in works
 And reason with fool-hardize over-ran; [not
 Stern melancholy did his courage pas, [bra
 And was, for terror more, all arm'd in br
 [not

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sanfloy,
 He that faire Una late fowle outraged,

st unruly and the boldest boy
 ser warlike weapons menaged,
 l to lawlesse lust encouraged,
 h strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
 ht he car'd whom he endamaged
 ious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
 r this ladies champion chose for love to
 fight.

XIX.

two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
 ther does envy with deadly hate,
 ily warre against his foe-man moves,
 : to win more favour with his mate,
 ' others pleasing service to abate
 misse his owne: but when they heard
 : that place strange knight arrived late,
 : ights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
 : rely un:o batteill sterne themselves pro-
 par'd.

XX.

they could procede unto the place
 he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 well combat ioynd in middle space:
 horrible assault and fury felt
 kept huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
 ll on uprore from her settled seat
 use was rayfd and all that in did dwell;
 that lowde thunder with amazement great
 id the rattling skies with flames of fould-
 ring heat.

XXI.

ioyse thereof cald forth that stranger
 knight,

at what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
 whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
 cadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 -broad shield about his wrist he bond,
 yning blade unsleath'd, with which he ran
 hat stead, their strife to underfond;
 his first arrivall them began
 ;oodly means to pacific well as he can.

XXII.

ey him spying, both with greedy forsc
 ce upon him ran, and him beset
 rokes of mortall Steele without remorse,
 : his shield like yron sledges bet.
 en a bear and tygre, being met
 ll fighte, on Lybiecke ocean wide,
 a traveler with feet furbet,
 they in equall pray hope to divide,
 hint their strife, and him assayle on everie
 side.

XXIII.

, not like a weacie travelere,
 sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 ffred nor their blowes to byte him nere,
 ith redoubled buffes them backe did put;
 grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 ll themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 'th new rage their shieldes to hew and
 cut:
 ill when Guyon came to part their fight,
 heavie load on him they frashly gan to
 smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas, [pry
 Whom raging windes, threatening to make the
 Of the rough rockes, do diversly diseafe,
 Mçetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 She scorning both their spights does make wide
 way,

And with her breast breaking the fomy wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself
 doth save:

XXV.

So boldly he him beares, and retheth forth
 Between them both, by conduct of his blade,
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and paies;
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him laies;
 So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

XXVI.

Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to
 see

Three combats ioine in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmitce.
 All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. So love doo darraine
 In froudest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yet his peace is but continual inere.
 O miserable men, that to him subiect arret

XXVII.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The fair Medina, with her trefces torne,
 And naked breast, in pitty of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and, falling them before,
 Besought them by the womb which them had
 born,

And by the loves which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood which they sure had
 sworn,

Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters standing by
 Her lowd gainfaid, and both their champions bad
 Pursue the end of their strong enmitie,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad;
 Yet she with pitty words and counsell sad
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revols;
 That at the last suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches which she
 spoke.

XXIX.

" Ah! puissant Lords, what cursed evil spight,
 " Or fell Erinnyes, in your noble harts,
 " Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,
 " And stir'd you up to worke your wilfull smart?
 " Is this the ioy of armes? be these the partes
 " Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
 " And not regard d'gw right and iust desarts?

" Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
 " That more to mighty hands than rightful cause
 " doth trust.

XXX.

" And were there rightful cause of difference,
 " Yet were not better fayre it to accord.
 " Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
 " And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
 " O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest lord!
 " Sad be the figh's, and bitter fruites of warre,
 " And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
 " Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth
 " marre,
 " Then foule revenging rage and base contentious
 " iarre.

XXXI.

" But lovely concord and most sacred peace
 " Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breeds;
 " Weake she makes strong, and strong thing
 " does increase,
 " Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
 " Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 " By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
 " And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds,
 " Be therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
 " And this misseeming discord meckly lay aside."

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling breasts,
 That downe they lette their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her faire presence and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe in word of knights they did
 assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet tregue,
 Into her lodging to repair a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent; so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled arms, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to
 dainty fare.

XXXIV.

And those two froward sisters (their faire loves)
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves, [loth,
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeard in both;
 For both did at their second sister grutch
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 Their inner garment frett, not th' utter touch;
 One thought her cheare too little, th' other thought
 too much.

XXXV.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of mirth or meat;

No solace could her paramour intreat
 Her once to shew, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
 But with bent lowring brows, as she would threat,
 Shefould, and frownd with froward countenance
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sister's kynd;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;
 In wine and meats she flow'd above the banck,
 And in excesse exceeded her own might;
 In sumptuous tye she ioyd herself to pranck;
 But of her love too lavish, little have she thanck.

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sit the bold Sanfloy,
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
 Might not be found a francker franion,
 Of her leawd parts to make companion.
 But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
 Did seee and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hariment;
 Yett still he sat, and inly did himselve torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina fate,
 With sober grace and goodly carriage;
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage;
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need;
 So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairely she attempted her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satiety:
 At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceasd,
 She Guyon deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through icopardy,
 And whether now on new adventure bownd.
 Who with bold grace and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all around,
 From lofty siege began lofty words aloud to
 sownd.

XL.

" This thy demand, O Lady! doth revive
 " Fresh memory in me of that great queene
 " (Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
 " That with her soveraine power and scepter
 " shene
 " All Faery Lond does peaceably sustene.
 " In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
 " That over all the earth it may be seene;
 " As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 " And in her face faire peace and mercy doth
 " peare.

XLI.

" In her the richeffe of all heavenly grace
 " In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye;
 " And all that else this world's enclosure bare
 " Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 " Adornes the person of her maiesye;

" That men beholding so great excellence,
 " And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 " Do her adore with sacred reverence,
 " As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.

XLIII.

" To her I homage and my service owe,
 " In number of the noblest knightes on ground ;
 " Mought whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 " Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd
 " That may this day in all the world be found.
 " An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make,
 " The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
 " To which all knightes of worth and courage
 " bold [told.

" Refort, to heare of straunge adventures to be
 " XLIII.

" There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,
 " And to that mighty princeesse did complaine
 " Of grievous mischiefs, which a wicked Fay
 " Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly
 " paine,

" Wheresof he crav'd redresse. My soveraine,
 " Whose glory is in gracious deeda, and ioyes
 " Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 " Effoones devisd redresse for such annoyes ;
 " Me all unfitt for so great purpose she employes.

XLIV.

" Now hath faire Phoebe with her silver face
 " Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 " Sith last I left that honorable place,
 " In which her roiall presence is enrold ;

" Ne never shall I rest in houle nor hold,
 " Till I that false Acrasia have wonne,
 " Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
 " I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 " Whose woefull parents she hath wickedly fore-
 " donne."

XLV.

" Tell on, fayre Sir !" said she, " that doleful
 " tale,

" From which sadruth does seeme you to restraine,
 " That we may pittie such unhappy bale,
 " And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine :
 " Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."

Then forward he his purpose gan purtwe,
 And told the story of the mortall payne
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
 As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in ocean deep
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make ;
 Whilst with delight of that he wifely spake
 Those guesstes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake :
 At last, when they had markt the changed
 skyes,

They wist their hours was spent, then each to rest
 him hys.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadochio getting Guyon's
Horse, is made the scorn
Of knight hood trew, and is of fayre
Belphoebe fowle forlorne.

I.
Soone as the morrow fayre, with purple beames,
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the dewy ayre with springing light,
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowse couch, and him address
Unto the iourney which he had behight;
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his
wrest.

II.
Then taking congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to trayne his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that so soone as typer yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that had it
wrought.

III.
So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Si'h his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helpless what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for grieft to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So Fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV.
The whyles a lossell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd,
He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away fast
light.

V.
Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puff'd up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such as he him thought, or faine would bee;
But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
And gallaunt show to be in greatit gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t'advantage his first
degrece.

VI.
And by the way he chanced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To whom avauting in great bravery,
As peacocks, that his painted plumes doth prance,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanke,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare;
The feely man seeing him ride so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy" loud, his pitious handes
gan reare.

VII.

ie scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,
ortune of his first adventure sayre,
big thundring voice revyld him lowd;
twe, vassall of Dread and Despayre,
hic of the commune breathed ayre,
est thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
st not unto death thyfelle prepayre?
hysse my captive yield for ay:
swour I thee grant for answer thus
to say."

VIII.

deare lord, hold your dead-doing
hand,"
he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
etch," quoth he, "thy deslinies with-
stant
shfull will, and doe for mercy call:
see life; therefore prostrated fall,
is my stirrup: that thy homage bee."
threw himselfe as an offall,
a his foot in base humiltee,
ed him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

peace they made and faire accord.
this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
he felt the folly of his lord,
ic kind he gan himselfe unfold;
a wylie-witted, and growne old;
; sleighes and practick knavery.
day forth he cast for to uphold
urmour with fine flattery,
the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

X.

, fit man ser Braggadochio
it court in view of vaunting eye;
ous man, when fluttring wind does
sw

it winges, is lifted up to skye;
of knight hood and trew chevallye,
without desert of gentle deed,
s worth to be advanced hye;
s is shanke; but honour, vertue's meed,
ic the fayrest slowre in honourable feed.

XI.

hey pas, a well conf rted payre,
at length with Archmage they meet;
ng one, that shone in armour fayre,
f courser thondring with his feet,
supposed him a person meet
enge to make the instrument;
the Red-crosse knight he erst did weat
with Guyon knite in one consent,
which carst to him, he now to Guyon
eat;

XII.

ing close to Trompart, gan inquire
what nightie warrior that mote bee,
e in golden cell with single spere,
ed sword to wreake his enmittee?
great adventurer," said he,
ath his sword through hard assay forgone,
ox hath vewd, till he avenged bee

"Of that despight, never to wearen none;
"That speare is him enough to doen a thousand
"grone."

XIII.

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt;
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Red-crosse knight;
Which two, through treason and decei ftul gin
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright,
That mote him honour win to wreake so foule
despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddainly he seemd enrag'd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand been gag'd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall haunce,
To let him weat his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said, "Old man, great sure shall be thy
"meed,
"If, where those knights for feare of dew ven-
"geance
"Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,
"That I may wreake on them their hainous
"hateful deed."

XV.

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that shall I foone,
"And give you eke good helpe to their decay;
"But mote I wifely you advise to doon,
"Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
"Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
"For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
"And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
"And eke of furest Steele, that may be fownd,
"Doe arme yourselfe against that day, them to
"confownd."

XVI.

"Dotard!" said he, "let be thy deepe advise;
"Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee
"faile,
"And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
"His never should thy iudgement be so frayle,
"To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
"Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
"Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
"Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
"Speake they, which have beheld the batailles
"which it wan."

XVII.

The man was much abashed at his boast:
Yet well he wist that whofo would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend;
When Braggadochio said, "Once I did swears,
"When with one sword seven knightes I brought
"to end,
"Thenceforth in bataile never sword to beare,
"But it were that which noblest knight on earth
"doth weare."

XVIII.

"Perdy, Sir knight," saide then th' enchaunter
"blive,

" That shall I shortly purchase to your hand ;
 " For now the best and noblest knight alive
 " Prince Arthur is, that wannes in Faerie Lond ;
 " He hath a sword that flames like burning
 " brond ;
 " The same by my device I undertake
 " Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster
 make.

XX.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddaine vanished out of his sight :
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light,
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espie
 Traçt of his foot ; then dead through great
 affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other slye ;
 Both fledd attonce, ne ever backe returned eye ;

XXI.

Till that they come unto a Forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
 feare ;
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beenc :
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they
 heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare ;
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that echoed againe,
 And made the Forrest ring, as it would rive in
 twaine.

XXII.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,
 With noyse whereof he from his lostie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying deed ;
 But Trompart stoutly staid to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped
 forth
 A goodly ladie clad in hunter's weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly
 birth.

XXIII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the skeye, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;
 And in her cheekes the vermill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers fence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight :
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;

For with dred maicestic and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
 defyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,
 For Love his lostie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the batailes of his great godhead :
 All good and honour might therein be red,
 For there their dwelling was ; and when she spake,
 Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver found, that heavenly musicke seemd to
 make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces fate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate,
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes :
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beantie to
 disgrace ?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to fight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken camus lilly whight,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden ayguets that glistered bright,
 Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe,

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
 All-bard with golden bendes which were entrayld
 With curious anticke, and full fayre aumayld ;
 Before they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich icwell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their foulings close enwrapped
 bee :

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were scene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlonds greene,
 And honour in their festiviall resort ;
 Those same with stately grace and princely part
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would
 grace ;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
 she could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stufft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith fast
 quid
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden baldricke, which forslay

owry breſt, and did divide
s; which like young fruit in May
to ſwell, and being tide,
in weed their places only ſignifide.

XXX.

ces, criſped like golden wyre,
lders weren looſely ſhed.
winde amongſt them did inſpyre,
e a penon wide diſpred,
le her backe were ſcattered;
r it were or heedleſſe hap,
flouring forreſt raſh ſhe fled,
ares ſweet ſlowres themſelves did

; freſh leaves and bloſſoms did

XXXI.

ry the ſandy ſhore
s, or on Cynthus greene,
ymphes have her unwarres forelore,
: with bow and arrowes keene,
me; or as that famous queene
hom Pyrrhus did deſtroy,
ſt of Priame ſhe was ſecne,
ſe in great triumphant ioy,
weake ſtate of ſad afflicted Troy.

XXXII.

rtleſſe Trompart did her vow,
d in his coward minde,
hether he himſelfe ſhould ſhew,
bide alone behinde;
hope he in her ſate did finde:
ſt him ſpying thus beſpake:
me! didſt not thou ſee a bleeding
; haunch carſt my ſtedfaſt arrow
: ?
tell me, that I may her overtake."

XXXIII.

iv'd, this anſwere forth he threw;
(for ſuch I thee take to bee)
oth thy face terreſtriall ſhew,
und mortall; I avow to thee
d beaſt as that I did not ſee,
o this forreſt wild I came;
goodlyhed forgive it mee,
ich of the gods I ſhall thee name,
hee dew worſhip I may rightly
."

XXXIV.

hus—but ere her words enſewd,
her eye did ſuddein glaunce,
Braggadochio was mewd,
re: ſhe leſte her percing launce,
an a deadly ſhaſte advaunce,
ke the beaſt: at which ſad ſtowre
ſtept, to ſtay the mortall chaunce,
)! whatever heavenly powre,
ight thou be, withhold this deadly
e.

XXXV.

ind; for yonder is no game
arrowes them to exercize;

" But loe my lord, my liege, whoſe warlike make
Is far renownd through many bold emprise,
And now in ſhade he throwed yonder lies."

She ſtaid: with that he crauld out of his neſt,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
And ſtanding ſtoutly up, his lofty creſt
Did fiercely ſhake and rowze, as coming late from
reſt.

XXXVI.

As fearefull fowle, that long in ſecret cave
For dread of ſoring hauke herſelfe hath hid,
Nor caring how her ſilly life to ſave,
She her gay painted plumes diſorderid,
Seeing at laſt herſelfe from danger rid,
Peepes forth, and ſoone renews her native pride,
She gins her feathers fowle diſfigured
Prowdly to prune, and ſet on every ſide;
So ſhakes off ſhame, ne thinks how erſt ſhe did
her hide:

XXXVII.

So when her goodly viſage he beheld,
He gan himſelfe to vaunt; but when he vewd
Thoſe deadly tooles which in her hand he held,
Soone into other fits he was tranſmewd,
Till ſhe to him her gracious ſpeech renewd;
" All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee befall,
" As all the like which honor have perſewd
" Through deeds of armes and prowefſe martiall:
" All vertue merits praife, but ſuch the moſt
" of all."

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus, " O faireſt under ſkie!
" Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praife,
" That warlike feats doeſt highſt glorifie:
" Therein I have ſpent all my youthly daies,
" And many battailes fought, and many fraies,
" Throughout the world, wherſo they might be
" found,
" Endeavoring my dreaded name to raiſe
" Above the moone, that Fame it may reſound
" In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond
" croud.

XXXIX.

" But what art thou, O lady! which doeſt raunge
" In this wilde foreſt, where no pleaſure is,
" And doeſt not it for ioyous court exchange,
" Emongſt thine equall peres, where happy bliſ
" And all delight does raigne, much more then
" this?
" There thou maiſt love, and dearly loved be,
" And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou here doeſt
" miſ;
" There maiſt thou beſt be ſecne, and beſt maiſt
" ſee:
" The wood is ſitt for beaſts, the court is ſitt for
" thee."

XL.

" Whoſo in pompe of proud eſtate," quoth ſhe,
" Does ſwim, and bathes himſelfe in courtly bliſ,
" Does waſte his daies in darke obſcuritee,
" And in oblivion ever buried is:
" Where eaſe abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
" But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
G

" Behaves with cares, cannot so easie ma.
 " Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
 " Who seekes with painful toyle, shall Honour
 " soonest fynd :

XLI.

" In woods, in waves, in warres she wents to
 " dwell,
 " And wil be found with perill and with paine ;
 " Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
 " Unto her happy mansion attaine :
 " Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
 " And wakefull watches, ever to abide ;
 " But easie is the way, and passage plaine,
 " To Pleasure's palace ; it may soone be spide,
 " And day and night her dores to all stand open
 " wide.

XLII.

" In princes court."—The rest she would have
 sayd,

But that the foolish man (sild with delight
 Of her sweete words, that all his sence dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight)
 Can burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace :
 With that she, swarving backe, her iavelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace ;
 So turned her about, and fled away space.

XLIII.

Which when the pesant saw, amazd he stood,
 And grieved at her sight ; yet durst he nott
 Pursue her steps through wild unknowen wood ;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott :
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,
 But turning said to Trompart, " What fowle
 " blott

" Is this to knight, that lady should agayne
 " Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud
 " disdayne ?

XLIV.

" Perdy," said Trompart, " let her pas at will,
 " Least by her presence daunger more befall ;
 " For who can tell (and sure I feare it fill)
 " But that she is some powre celestiaall ?
 " For whiles she spake, her great words did appall
 " My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
 " That yet I quake and tremble over all."
 " And he," said Braggadochio, " thought no lesse,
 " When first I heard her horn sound with such
 " ghastlinesse.

XLV.

" For from my mother's wombe this grace I have
 " Me given by eternall Destiny,
 " That earthly thing may not my corage brave
 " Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
 " But either bellish seeds, or powres on bye ;
 " Which was the cause, when earst that horse I
 " heard,
 " Weening it had bene thunder in the skye,
 " I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard,
 " But when I other knew, my self I boldly reard,

XLVI.

" But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
 " Let us soone hence depart." They soone agrest
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree ;
 Which well that valiaunt coarser did discorne,
 For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufd and fownd, with corage fier and stout,
 And to be caid of that base burthen still did out,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chains,
And stops Occasion;
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld uppon.

IV.
pursuit of honourable deed,
know not what great difference
the vulgar and the noble seed,
o things of valorous pretence
be borne by native influence,
of armes, and love to entertain;
skill to ride seemes a science
gentle blood: some others faine
e seeds, as did this vaunter; but in
ne.

V.
: rightfull owner of that steede,
could menage and subdew his pride,
s on foot was forced for to yeed
blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
d not his wandring fecte to slide;
strong passion or weake fleshlinesse
m the right way seeke to draw him
le,
through temperance and stedfastnesse
the weak to strengthen, and the strong
presse.

VI.
forth faring on his way,
om far, or seemed for to see,
blous uprore or contentious fray,
e drew in hast it to agree.
m, or that feigned mad to be,
he heare along upon the ground
n stripling with great crueltie,
e he bett, and got'd with many a wownd,
kes with teares, and sydes with blood,
d all abownd.

VII.
And him behind a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

VIII.
And ever as she went, her tounge did walke
In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stoncs, wherewith to
smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbare
That might him move to wrath, and indignation
reare.

IX.
The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the hag did thruft away,
And after adding more impetuous forse,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire, straight
way
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smotr, and butt, and kickt, and scratcht, and
rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernaunce it well to guide;
But when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
Then at the ayred marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunft to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought
deferyde;
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he
hurts nought cares.

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But more enferced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay:

IX.

And being downe, the villain fore did beate
And bruze with clownish fitts his manly face;
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still caid upon to kill him in the place:
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight emboying in his haughtie hart,
Knirt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold; so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his
part.

X.

Which when the painter saw, he loudly cryde,
"Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
"That monster can be maistred or destroyd:
"He is not, ah! he is not such a foe
"As steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
"That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
"That unto knighthood workes much shame and
"woe;
"And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
"Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight;

XI.

"With her, whofo will raging Furor tame,
"Must first begin, and well her amenge;
"First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
"And evil meanes, with which she doth enrage
"Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
"Then when she is withdrawne, or strong with-
"stood,
"It's eath his ydle fury to awage,
"And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
"The bankes are overflowne when sloped is the
"flood."

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and fowle revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
Egt nathelless he did her still torment,

And catching hold of her ungratious t
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme

XIII.

Then whenas use of speach was from
With her two crooked handes she sign
And beckned him; the last help she ha
But he that last left helpe away did ta
And both her handes fast bound unto a
That she no'te stir. Then gan her fo
Full fast away, and did her quite forsa
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perpl

XIV.

In his strong armes he stify him embr
Who him gain-striving nought at all p
For all his power was utterly defalte,
And furious sits at earth quite weren
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fay
Yet yield he would not, nor his rance
Then him to ground he cast, and rude
And both his hands fast bound behind
And both his feet in fetters to an yron

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did his
And hundred knots, that did him fore
Yet his great yron teeth he still did gr
And grimly gasht, threatning revenge
His burning eyen, whom bloody
straine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth spar
And more for ranck despight, then for
Shakt his long lockes, colourd like cop
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captiv
Turning about he saw that wretched f
Whom that mad man of life nigh late
Lying on ground, all foild with blood
Whom whenas he perceivd to respire,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to
Being at last recured, he gan inquire
What hard mishap him brought to such
And made that caytive's thrall, the thral
ednesse?

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with w
"Fayre Sir!" quoth he, "what man c
"hap
"That hidden lyes unwares him to sur
"Misfortune waites advantage to entri
"The man most wary in her whelming
"So me weake wretch, of many weak
"Unweeting and unware of such misf
"She brought to mischiefe through Occ
"Where this same wicked villem di
"upon.

XVIII.

"It was a faithlesse squire, that was the
"Of all my sorrow and of these sad tea
"With whom from tender dug of comm
"Attonce I was upbrought; and este w
"More ripe us reason lent to chose our
"Ourselves in league of vowed love we
"In which we long time without geald

ie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt,
r my part, I vow, disabled not a whit.

XX.

my fortune (commune to that age)
: a lady fayre of great degre,
ich was borne of noble parentage,
: in hightest feat of dignitee,
med no lesse to love then lovd to bee :
her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
: thing could caufe us disagree :
me two harts makes one, makes eke one
will :
rove to please, and others pleasure to
fulfill.

XXI.

ad, hight Philemon, I did partake
my love and all my privitie,
neatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
atious to that lady, as to mee ;
r wight that mote so welcome bee
to her, withouten blott or blame ;
r thing that she could think or see,
to him she would impart the same :
rked man, that would abuse so gentle
dame!

XXII.

uch grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
that lady to my spouse had wonne ;
of friends, consent of parents sought,
ice made, my happinesse begonne,
ranted nought but few rites to be donne,
marriage make; that day too farre did
setme :
yous man, on whom the shining sunne
w his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
at my faller friend did no lesse ioyous
deeme.

XXIII.

that wished day his beame disclosed,
er envying my toward good,
imselfe to treason ill disposed,
r unto me came in friendly mood,
id for secret how he understood
dy, whom I had to me affynd,
th distaind her honourable blood,
e the faith which she to me did bynd,
refore wist me stay, till I more truth
should fynd.

XXIII.

awing anguish and sharp glosy,
his sad speech infix'd in my brest,
I so fore, and festred inwardly,
y engreeved mind could find no rest,
r the truth thereof I did out-wrest,
r belought, by that same sacred hand
us both, to counsell me the best :
r with solemne oath and plighted hand
ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

g with like againe he boarded mee,
he now had bouted all the floure,
at it was a grooms of base degree,
of my love was partner paramoure,
ed in a darke some inner bowre

" Her oft to meete; which better to approve,
" He promised to bring me at that howre,
" When I should see that would me nearer move,
" And drive me to withdraw my blind abused
" love.

XXV.

" This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
" Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
" Who, glad t'embosome his affection vile,
" Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
" One day to worke her to his will more neare,
" He woo'd her thus; ' Prync (so she hight)
" What great despight doth Fortune to thee beare,
" Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
" That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI.

" But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
" T' adorne thy forme according thy defart,
" Their blazing pride thou wouldst soone have
" blent,
" And staynd their prayes with thy least good
" part;
" Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
" Tho she thy lady be, approach thee neare;
" For prooffe thereof this evening, as thou art,
" Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeouse gear,
" That I may more delight in thy embracement
" deare.

XXVII.

" The mayden, proud through praise, and mad
" through love,
" Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd;
" The whiles to me the teachour did remove
" His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
" Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
" The sad spectatour of my tragedie :
" Where left, he went, and his owne false part
" playd,
" Disguised like that groome of base degree,
" Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to
" bee.

XXVIII.

" Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
" And with him brought Prync, rich arayd
" In Claribellas clothes: her proper face
" I not discerned in that darke some shade.
" But weend it was my love with whom he playd,
" Ah God! what horrour and tormenting grefe
" My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assay'd!
" Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
" Then woundes of gealous worme, and shame of
" such repriefe.

XXIX.

" I home retourning, fraught with fowle de-
" spight,
" And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
" Soone as my loathed love appeared in sight,
" With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
" That after soone I dearly did lament :
" For when the cause of that outrageous deede
" Demanded, I made plaine and evident,
" Her faultie handmayd, with that bale did breede,
" Confest how Philemon her wrought to change
" her weede.

XXX.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 " And hellish fury all enrag'd, I fought
 " Upon myselfe that vengeable despight
 " To punish; yet it better first I thought
 " To wreake my wrath on him, that first it
 " wrought
 " To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
 " I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
 " Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 " And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on
 " griefe,
 " To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,
 " I meant to purge both with a third mischief,
 " And in my woes beginner it to end:
 " That was Pryene; she did first offend,
 " She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 " When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
 " She fled away with ghastly decriment,
 " And I pouring my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my
 " flight:
 " Through woods and plaines so long I did her
 " chace,
 " Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
 " Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space:
 " As I her, so he me pourfiewd apace,
 " And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
 " Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 " And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre,
 " Which kindled once, his mother did more rage
 " inspyre.

XXXIII.

" Betwixt them both they have me doct to dye,
 " Through wounds and strokes, and stubborn
 " handling,
 " That death were better then such agony,
 " As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
 " Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 " That during life will never be appeald.
 " When he thus ended had his forrowing,
 " Said Guyon, " Squire, fore have ye been disoafd,
 " But all your hurt may soone through temper-
 " ance be casd."

XXXIV.

" Then gan the palmer thus, " Most wretched man,
 " That to afflictions does the bridle lend;
 " In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 " But soone through suffrance growe to fearfull
 " end;
 " Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
 " For when they once to perfect strength doe
 " grow,
 " Strong warres they make, and cruell batty bend
 " Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow:
 " Wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, this squire have
 " laid thus low.

XXXV.

" Wrath, gealosse, griefe, love, do thus expell;
 " Wrath is a fire, and gealosse a weede;
 " Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell;

" The fire of sparkes, the weede of little foode,
 " The flood of drops, the monster Filth did
 " breede:
 " But sparkes, feed, drops, and filth, do thus delay:
 " The sparkes soon quench, the springing seed out-
 " weed,
 " The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away;
 " So shall wrath, gealosse, griefe, love, die, and de-
 " cay"

XXXVI.

" Unlucky Squire," saide Guyon, " sith thou hast
 " Falne into mischief through intemperance,
 " Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast
 " past,
 " And gyde thy waies with warie governance,
 " Least worst betide thee by some later chance.
 " But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
 " Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advance
 " Mine auncestry from famous Coradin, [gin."
 " Who first to rayse our house to honour did be-

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, so far away they spyde
 A varlet running towardes hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, what,
 And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
 His countenance was bold, and bashed not
 For Guyon's lookes, but scornfull ey-glances
 him shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brazen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well becomed it
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two dartes exceeding fit
 And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dyght
 In poyson and in blood of Malice and Despight.

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
 He boldly spake; " Sir Knight, if knight thou be,
 " Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 " For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 " Or hide the chauce at thine own iopardee."
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
 And though he scorn'd his ydle vanitee,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered,
 For not to grow of nought: he it coniectured.

XL.

" Varlet! this place most dew to me I deeme,
 " Yielded by him that held it forcibly;
 " But whence shield come that harme, which thou
 " dost seeme
 " To threat to him that mindes his chaunce
 " t'abye?"
 " Perdy," say'd he, " here comes, and is hard by
 " A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
 " That never yet encountered enemy
 " But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 " Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preiudice
 " stay."

XLI.

Wight he," then said Guyon, "and from
whence?"
odles is his name, renowned farre
his bold feates and hardy confidence,
oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,
brother of Cymochles, both which are
sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
ates sonne of Phlegeton and Larre;
Phlegeton is sonne of Herebas and Night;
Herebas sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

XLII.

rom immortall race he does procede,
t mortall hands may not withstand his
might,
d for his derring doe and bloody deed;
all in blood and spoile is his delight.
am I, Atin, his in wrong and right,
t shatter make for him to worke upon,
l hurle him up to strife and cruell fight,
, therefore, fly this fearfull head anon,
st thy fool-hardize worke thy sad confu-
' son."

XLIII.

be thy care, whom most it doth concerne,"
e: "but whether with such hasty flight
thou now bound? for well mote I dis-
cerne
at cause, that carries thee so swift and light."
lord," quoth he, "me sent, and streight
behight
seeke Occasion, wherefo shee be;
he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,
d breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee;
rd is his hap that first falls in his ispar-
dee."

XLIV.

"Madman," said then the palmer, "that does
"seeke
"Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
"Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
"Happy, who can abstaine, when rancor rife
"Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
"Woe never wants where every cause is caught,
"And rash Occasion makes unquiet life."
"Then loe wher bound shee sits, whom thou hast
"fought,"
Said Guyon, "let that message to thy lord be
"brought."

XLV.

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, "Vile
"Knight,
"That knights and knighthood dost with shame
"upbray, [might,
"And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe
"With silly weake old women thus to fight:
"Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
"And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in fight;
"That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
"And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight;
The quivering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest itselfe intended right;
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield stwee;
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be
seene.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furor's chayne untycs;
Who him fore wounds, whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flycs.

I.
W^HOREVER doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy
'Than stubborne perturbation to the same,
To which right well the wise doe give that
name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Docs overthrow, and troublous warre proclaim;
His owne woes author, whofo bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbides.

II.
After that varlet's flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the sunny beames do glauce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side;
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly
fire.

III.
Approching nigh, he never laied to greete,
Ne chaffar words, proud corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his fecte,
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to
beare.

IV.
But lightly flummed it, and passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
On his broad shield hitz not, but glauncing fell,
On his horse necke before the quilted fall,
And from the head the body sundred quight:
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equal fight;
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him slowly
dight.

V.
Sore bruized with the fall, he slow arose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
"Disfeall knight! whose coward corage chose
"To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
"And shand the mark at which it should be ment,
"Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
"frayl;
"So hast thou oft with guile thine honor bled;
"But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
"If wonted force and fortune doe me not much
"sayl."

VI.
With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooks
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his seven-folded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary fowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathlesse so fore a buff to him it len,
That made him reek, and to his brest his bever
bent.

VII.

wroth was Guyon at that blow,
 asham'd that stroke of living arme
 a dismay, and made him stoupe so low,
 herwise it did him litle harme :
 ng high his yron-braced arme,
 so manly on his shoulder-plate,
 is leste side it did quite disarme ;
 the steele stayd not, but inly bate
 his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-
 c.

VIII.

mayd with horror of that dint
 wa, and grieved eke entyre ;
 more did it his fury stint,
 flame unto his former fire,
 igh molt his hart in raging yre :
 irth his approved skill, to ward,
 or hurdle rownd in warlike gyre,
 ad he, ne car'd for his faulgard,
 y rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

IX.

, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thondred
 wres,
 way did seeke into his life ;
 ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
 d passage to his cruell knife :
 n, in the heat of all his strife,
 wife, and closely did awayt
 ;, whilest his foe did rage most rife ;
 ; athwart, sometimes he strooke him
 ayt,
 d oft his blowes t'illude him with such
 yt.

X.

lyon, whose imperiall powre
 ebellious unicorn d'eyes,
 ie rash assault and wrathful stowre
 s foe, him to a tree applies,
 him ronning in full course he spies,
 side ; the whiles that furious beatt
 ous horne, fought of his enmyes
 the flock, ne thence can be recast,
 : mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

faire sleight him Guyon often sayld,
 : last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
 ig, with fresh onsett he assayld,
 ing new his courage, seeming quaint,
 im so hugely, that through great con-
 aint
 him stoupe perforce unto his knee,
 unwilling worship to the faint
 is shield depainted he did see ;
 age till that instant never learned hee.

XII.

lyon seeing stoupe, pourfewed fast
 at offer of faire victory,
 : his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 h he smote his haughty crest so hyc,
 ght on grownd made him full low to lye.
 is brest his victor foote he thrust ;
 he cryde, " Mercy ! doe me not dye,

" Ne deeme thy force, by Fortunes doome unioff,
 " That hath (mangre her spight) thus low me
 " laid in dust."

XIII.

Efsuones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
 Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd,
 For th' equall die of warre he well did know ;
 Then to him said, " Live, and allegraunce owe
 " To him that gives thee life and liberty,
 " And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
 " That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry
 " Doe breeds repentauice late and lasting infamy."

XIV.

So up he let him rise ; who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of miad
 That he in ods of armes was conquered ;
 Yet in himselfe some comfot he did find,
 That him so noble knight had mastered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he
 wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking, said, " Be nought agriev'd,
 " Sir knight, that thus ye now subdew'd are ;
 " Was never man who most conquestes achiev'd,
 " But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
 " Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre :
 " Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe ;
 " But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
 " Both loofers lott and victours prayse alsoe :
 " Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth over-
 " throw.

XVI.

" Fly, O Pyrochles ! fly the dreadful warre
 " That in thyselfe thy lesser partes doe move ;
 " Outrageous anger, and woc-working iarre,
 " Direfull impatience, and hart-murding love :
 " Those, those thy foes, those warriors far re-
 " move,
 " Which thee to endlesse hale captived leed :
 " But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 " Of courtesie to mee the cause aread
 " That thee against me drew with so impctuous
 " dread."

XVII.

" Dreadlesse," said he, " that shall I soone declare.
 " It was complaind that thou hadst done great
 " tort
 " Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 " And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
 " Voide of all succour and needful comfort :
 " That ill becomes thee, such as I thee see,
 " To worke such shame : therefore I thee exhort
 " To change thy will, and set Occasion free.
 " And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

XVIII.

Therreat Sir Guyon smyld. " And is that all,"
 Said he, " that thee so sore displeas'd hath ?
 " Great mercy, fure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 " Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest
 " feath.

“ Nath’lesse now quenche thy whott emboyling
 “ wrath
 “ Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free.”
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leap, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

xix.

Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyd,
 Before her sonne could well assayled bee,
 She to her use returned, and streight descyde
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles: th’ one (said shee)
 Because he womne; the other because hee
 Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought
 To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
 But soone as Furor was enlarged, she sought
 To kinde his quenched fyre, and thousand causes
 wrought.

xx.

It was not long ere she inflam’d him so,
 That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well maintaind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
 Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might;
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife
 does see.

xxi.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram’d
 Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
 Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam’d
 For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham’d,
 And him disabled quyte: but he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam’d;
 Yet others she more urgent did devise;
 Yet nothing could him to impatiencie entise.

xxii.

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased Furor’s might,
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fyre-brand,
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
 Had kindled; that she gave into his hond,
 That armd with fire more hardly he mote him
 withstand.

xxiii.

Tho gan that villain wax so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious foise;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That Guyon much disdeignd so loathly sight.
 At last he was compell’d to cry perforce,
 “ Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,
 “ To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish
 “ wight.”

xxiv.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
 And gan him tight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the palmer, by his grave rest:aynt,

Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
 And said, “ Deare sonne! thy causelesse rash
 “ repress,
 “ Ne let thy stout hart melt in pity vayne:
 “ He that his sorrow fought through willfulnesse,
 “ And his foe fettered would release agayne,
 “ Deserves to taste his folies fruit, repented
 “ payne.”

xxv.

Guyon obeyd; so him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to poursew:
 But rash Pyrochles’ varlett, Atin hight,
 When late he saw his lord in heavey plight
 Under Sir Guyon’s puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in fight,
 Fledd fast away, to tell his funeral
 Unto his brother, whom Chymochles men did
 call.

xxvi.

He was a man of rare doubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
 And glorious spoyles, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquerd armes, for more detest
 On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

xxvii.

His dearest dame is that enchauntresse,
 The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delights
 And ydle pleasures, in her Bowre of Blisse,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
 hewes,
 And horribly mishapes with ugly sightes,
 Captiv’d eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where Titan his face new
 shewes.

xxviii.

There Atin sownd Cymochles sojourning,
 To serve his leman’s love; for he by kynd
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
 And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
 In daintie delices and lavish joyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
 And floues in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled amongst loose ladies and lascivious
 boyes.

xxix.

And over him Art stryving to compayre
 With Nature did an arber greene disprede,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouing sayre,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
 His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them throw;
 And all within with floues was garnished,
 That when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous sweets, and painted colors
 shew.

XXX.

side their trickled softly downe
treame, whose murmuring wave did

e pamy stones, and made a sowne,
soft asleepe that by it lay :
traveiler, wandring that way,
often quench his thirty heat,
y it his wearie limbes display,
ping slobre made him to forget
payne, and wypt away his toilsom
te.

XXXI.

other syde a pleasaunt grove
p high, full of the stately tree
ted is t'Olympick love,
onne Alcides, whenas hee
snyed goodly victoree :
merry birdes of every forte
owd their chearfull harmonie,
mongst themselves a sweete confort,
ned the dull spright with muscical
fart.

XXXII.

ma found all carelesly displaid,
adew from the sunny ray,
bed of lillies softly laid,
ck of damzelles fresh and gay,
about him dissolute did play
on follies and light meriment ;
rich did loosely display
artes of meet habiliments,
them naked, deckt with many orna-
ts.

XXXIII.

of them strove with most delights
rate, and greatest pleasures shew
faire lookes, glancing like evening
s,
t wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
d kisses, and did soft imbrow
licour through his melting lips ;
her beautie, and does yield to vew
limbes above her tender hips ;
out-boastes, and all for tryall strips.

XXXIV.

adder lurking in the weedes,
ig thought in deepe desire does sleepe,
ie eye with spoyle of beautie feedes ;
ie falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,

Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart doe creepe :
So he them deceives, deceivd in his decept,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous
receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching to him, lowdly cryde,
" Cymochles! oh no! but Cymochles' shade,
" In which that manly person late did fade :
" What is become of great Acrates sonne ?
" Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
" That hath so many haughtly conquestes wonne?
" Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
He said, " Up, up, thou womanish weake knight!
" That here in ladies lap entombd art,
" Unmindfull of thy praise and prowess might,
" And weetelesse eke of lately-wrought despight ;
" Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on fencelesse ground,
" And gnaweth out his utmost grudging spright
" Thro' many a stroke and many a streaming
" wound,
" Calling thy help in vaine that here ioyes art
" drowned."

XXXVII.

Suddeinly out of his delightful dreame,
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore
With percing wordes and pittifull implore
Him hasty to wife : as one affright
With heliish stends, or furies mad uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would algates
fight.

XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way :
Ne ladies loves, ne sweere entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hasty passage stay ;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him that did Pyrochles deare dismay.
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and
wrong.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
Led into loofe defyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burns in furious fyre.

I.
A HARDER lesson to learn continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can refraine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
Add Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II.
Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him,
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glauce of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little Forrest seemed outwardly;

III.
And therein fate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she song as loud as lark in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was
gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment;
Matter of merth enough, though there were
none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent
To seele her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

IV.
Which when far off, Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The little barke, unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford:
The merry mariner unto his word [way
Soone hearkned, and her painted boate straight-
Turned to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did
pray.

V.
Eftsoones ther shallow ship away did slide,
More swift than swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wickly
save.

VI.
And all the way the wanton damfel found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-houfe did with her remaine,
Yet seemed nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drown'd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toys the would devise
As her fantaslicke wit did most delight :
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke or rings of rushes plight :
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigit, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no foveanaunce
Nor care of vow'd rings or cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might :
So ease was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight ;
So ease is t' appeale the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt woman-
kind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent ;
Amongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized ?
" Vaine man ! " said she, " that wouldest be
" reckoned

" A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
" Of Phœdria (for so my name is red)
" Of Phœdria, thine own fellow-servant :
" For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

X.

" In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
" The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
" That knowes her port, and thether sayles by
" ayme,
" Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
" Or whether swift I wend or whether slow :
" Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne :
" Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud-thundring love,
" Can change my cheare, or make me ever
" mourne ;
" My litle boat can safely passe this perilous
" bourne.

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she
toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake ;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburnd her : their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce the him shewd, and plentifull
great store.

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a litle nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best :
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,

Nor arborett with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throw her sweete smells al
arownd.

XIII.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring ;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt ;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing ;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, branches, birds, and songes, were fram-
ed fitt

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soon woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please :
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire ap-
peale.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and fences fed
With false delights, and fil'd with pleasures vayne,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn,
And her sweete selfe, without dread or disdayn,
She sett beside, laying his head disarmed
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slombred, fearing not be harmd ;
The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly
charm'd :

XV.

" Behold, O man ! that toilesome paines doest
" take,
" The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
" grows,
" How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
" Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth
" throwes
" Out of her fruitful lap : how no man knowes
" They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and
" faire, [shows ;
" And decke the world with their rich pompous
" Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
" Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
" compare.

XVI.

" The lilly, lady of the howring field,
" The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
" Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labour yield,
" And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure,
" Loe, loe ! how brave she decks her bounteous
" boure,
" With silken curtens and gold coverletts,
" Therein to throwd her sumptuous belamour ;
" Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor
" fretts,
" But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

XVII.

" Why then doest thou, O Man, that of them a l
" Art lord, and eke of Nature soveraine,
" Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
" And waste thy ioyous howres in needlesse
" paine,
" Seeking for daunger and adventure vaine ?
" What bootes it al to have and nothing use ?
" Who shall him rewe that, swimming in the
" maine,

" Will die for thrift, and water doth refuse?
 " Refuse such fruitlesse toile and present plea-
 " sures chuse."

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did sleepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
 The slouthful wave of that great grisly lake;
 Soone shee that island far behind her lefte,
 And now is come to that same place where first
 she wete.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond
 Where she was rowing, and for passage fought:
 Him needed not long call; she soone to hound
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
 With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboard,
 But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price or prayers once asoord
 To ferry that old man over the perious foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
 For the flitt barke obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes, thicke as troubled
 mire,

Whom nether wind out of their seatt could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish
 course.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her merry fit shee freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iolity devise,
 Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest mirth and pleasure to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did for-
 sake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasant ile,
 Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight:
 But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said,
 " Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 " Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
 " Me little needed from my right way to have
 " straid."

XXIII.

" Faire Sir!" quoth she, " he not displeas'd at all;
 " Who fares on sea may not command his way,
 " Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 " The sea is wide, and easy for to stray,
 " The wind unstable, and doth never stay:

2

" But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 " Till season serve new passage to assay:
 " Better safe port, then be in seas distress."
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end
 in lest.

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelesse,
 Himselfe appease, and issew forth on shore;
 The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnessse,
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, yet she made much
 more.

The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told the gardin's pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And she, more sweeter than any bird on bough,
 Would ostentimes amongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilful art:
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprise,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noise of armes, or view of martiall guise
 Might not revive desire of nightly exercise.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart;
 Yet would not seeme so rude and thewed ill,
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 That gentle lady did to him impart;
 But fairly tempring fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart;
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles' howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreame;
 And shaking off his drowly dreriment,
 Gan him avize howe ill did him beseme
 In slouthful slepe his moulten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre;
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his damsell to inquire,
 But merched to the strond, there passage to re-
 quire.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
 Accompanyde with Phædris the faire;
 Eftsoones he gan to rage and inly frett,
 Crying, " Let be that lady debonaire,
 " Thou recreant knight, and soon thyselfe pre-
 " paire
 " To batteile, if thou meane her love to gaine.
 " Loe, loe, already how the fowles in aire
 " Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
 " Thy carcass for their pray, the guerdon of thy
 " payn."

XXIX.

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayled;
 Who soone prepar'd, to field his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall vallew counterwayld,

litic strokes their habericous disdainyd,
 d made each other's manly spalles;
 all Steele despitouſly enrayld
 heir flesh quite through the yron walles,
 ge purple ſtreame adownt their giarm-
 ex fallen.

XXX.

that had never mett before
 at foe, with envious deſpight
 more preſumed force increaſed,
 g to bee head ſo long in fight.
 , grudging not ſo much his might,
 knightly raytinges which he ſpoke,
 thfull fire his corage kindled bright,
 eviling ſhortly to be wroke,
 ſling all his powres, redoubled every
 ſk.

XXXI.

ſeem high atonce their hands enhaunk,
 atonce their huge blowes downe did
 ay:
 ſ' ſword on Guyon's ſhield y'g' ſuſt,
 of might one quarter ſwear'd away:
 m's angry blade ſo fierc did play
 her's helmet, which, as Titan ſhone,
 e it clove his plumed creſt in tway,
 d all his head into the bone,
 h aſtoniſ'd ſtill he ſtood as ſenſeleſſe
 me.

XXXII.

ſtood, fayre Phædria (that beheld
 lly daunger) ſoone atweene them ran,
 cur ſeete herſelfe moſt humbly ſeld,
 ith pittieus voyce and count'nance wan,
 ell away! moſt noble Lords, how can
 ruell eyes endure ſo pittieus fight
 d your lives on ground? wo worth the
 man
 rſt did teach the curſed ſteele to bight
 own fleſh, and make way to the living
 ſpight.

XXXIII.

love of lady did empierce
 ron breaſtes, or pettie could find place,
 dd your bloody handes from battaill
 fierce;
 h for me ye fight, to me this grace
 ield, to ſtay your deadly ſtryfe aſpace."
 rd a while, and forth inee gan procede;
 rched woman, and of wicked race,
 m the authour of this hainous deed,
 auſe of death between two doughtie
 knights do oreed.

XXXIV.

for me ye fight, or me will ſerve,
 is rude kind of battaill, nor theſe armes
 et, the which doe men in bale to ſerve,
 olefull ſorrow heape with deadly harmes:
 uell game my ſcarmoges diſarmes.
 r warre and other weapons I
 ve, where love does give his ſweete
 alarmes
 it bloodſhed, and where the enemy
 ield unto his foe a pleaſaunt victory.

XXXV.

"Debatofull ſtrife and cruell enmity
 "The famous name of Knighthood ſouly ſuand;
 "But lovely peace and gentle amity,
 "And in amours the paſſing howres to ſpend,
 "The mightie martiall handes doe moſt com-
 "mend;
 "Of love they ever greater glory bore
 "Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes friend.
 "And is for Venus' loves renowned more
 "Then all his wars and ſpoiles the which he did
 "of yore."

XXXVI.

Therewith the ſweetly ſayl'd. They, though full
 beat,
 To prove extremities of bloody fight,
 Yet at her ſpeech their rages gan relent,
 And calme the ſea of their tempeſtuous ſpight:
 Such powre have pleaſing wordes: ſuch is the
 might
 Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceaſt, the Faery Knight
 Befought that damzell ſuffer him depart,
 And yield him ready paſſage to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no leſſe glad then he deſirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her joy
 And vaine delight ſhe ſaw he light did paſ,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still ſolemn ſad, or ſtill diſdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her ſweet peace and pleaſures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
 That the well pleaſed was thence to amove him
 farre.

XXXVIII.

Tho him ſhe brought aboard, and her ſwift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further ſtrand,
 That which on the dull waves did lightly ſtote,
 And ſoone arrived on the ſhallow ſand,
 Where gladſome Guyon ſailed forth to land,
 And to that damſell thanks gave for reward:
 Upon that ſhore he eſpied Atin ſtand,
 There by his maſter left, when late he ſar'd
 In Phædria's ſitt bark over that perloous ſhard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, ſith of late
 He with Pyrochles ſharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
 As ſhepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges
 ſhade
 Hath tracted forth ſome ſalvage beaſtes trade:
 "Vile Miſcreant!" ſaid he, "whether doſt thou
 "ſlye [invade?
 "The ſhame and death, which will thee ſoone
 "What coward hand ſhall doe thee next to dye,
 "That art thus ſowly fledd from famous enemy?"

XL.

With that he ſtiſly ſhooke his ſteel-head dart;
 But ſober Guyon hearing him ſo rayle,
 Though ſomewhat moved in his mightie hart,
 Yet with ſtrong reaſon maſtered paſſion fraile,
 And paſſed fayrely forth: he turning taile,
 Backe to the ſtroud retrayd, and there ſtill ſtayd,

Awaiting passage, which him late did fail;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI

Whylest there the varlet flood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towards him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne speed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint and wan;
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
And soyld with durty gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hasty course towards the Ydle flood.

XLII

The varlet saw when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fierly lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his losie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely slasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

XLIII

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there
see?

His owne deare lord Pyrochles, in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight;
"Harrow now out, and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
"To see my Lord so deedly damnifyde?
"Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?"

XLIV

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowde he cryde,
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
"Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
"Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
"Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
"Ah! he is," said he, "from Pyrochles farre,
"After pursewing death once to requyre,
"Or think that ought those puiffant hands may
"marre:
"Deathe is for wretches borne under unhappy
"starre."

XLV

"Perdye, then is it fit for me," said he,
"That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
"Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
"And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
"O Atin! helpe to me last death to give."
The varlet at his plaint was grievd so fore,
That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive,
And his owne health remembreing now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI

Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread or danger doth despise)
And of him catching hold, him strongly sayd
From drowning: but more happy he then wife,
Of that sea's nature did him not avise;
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engroft with mud which did them fowle agrise,

That every weighty thing they did upheare,
Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom
there.

XLVII

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous fowne,
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging
lord.

XLVIII

Him Atin spyng, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, "Help, helpe, O Archimage!
"To save my lord, in wretched plight forlore;
"Helpe with thy hand or with thy counsell sage:
"Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in
"age."

Him, when the old man saw, he wondred fore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
Yet sithens helpe he saw he needed more
Then pity, he in haste approached to the shore;

XLIX

And cald, "Pyrochles! what is this I see?
"What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
"Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
"Yet never in this strange astonishment."
"These flames, these flames," he cryde, "doe
"me torment."
"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee pro-
"sent see
"In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
"Harrow! the flames which me consume," said
he,
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels
L

"That cursed man, that cruel seed of hell,
"Furor, oh! Furor has me thus bedight;
"His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
"And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralls
"bright,
"Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
"Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boate;
"That now I weene love's dreaded thunderlight
"Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damps
"ghoste
"In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

LI

Which when as Archimage heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him atonce disarmd;
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a
pricke
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd:
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto ap-
plyde,
And evermore with mightie spels then charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifide,
And him restord to helth, that would have
gates dyde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his threasure bore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

I.
Well expert in perilous wave,
A stedfast starre his course hath bent,
Whose eggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
No usefull light of that faire lampe yblent,
Which heerd heaven with hideous dreriment,
With card and compas firmes his eye
(The masters of his long experiment)
Whom them does the stedy helme apply,
His winged vessel fairely forward fly :

II.
On, having lest his trustie guyde,
Beyond that Ydle lake, procedes
In his way, of none accompanyde,
To remore himselfe with comfort feedes
In his own virtues and praise-worthie deedes.
He he yode, yet no adventure found,
The same of her shrill trompet worthy reedes ;
He he traveld through wide wastfull ground,
Which might but desert wildernesse shewd all
And end.

III.
He came unto a gloomy glade, [light,
With boughs and shrubs from heaven's
He he sitting found in secret shade
Which, with ruth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
By hew and fowle ill-favour'd fight;
Which with smoke was taud, and cies were
And end,
And beard with fout were ill bedight,
Whose blacke handes did seeme to have ben
And end [clawes appeard :
Which the fire-spitting forge, and nayles like
L. II,

IV.
His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistering glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery ;
And in his lap a masse of coyns he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury :

V.
And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
Of which some were rude owre, not purified
Of Mulciber's devouring element ;
Some others were new driven and distant
Into great ingowes and to wedges square ;
Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
But most were stampd, and in their metal bare
The antique shapcs of kings and Kefars straung
And rare.

VI.
Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hills from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full
Wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide ;
But Guyon lightly to him leaping, staid
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde ;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull
Said ;

VII.

"What art thou, man! (if man at all thou art)
 "That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 "And these rich heapes of welth doest hide apart
 "From the worldes eye, and from her right uf-
 "aunce?"

Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
 In great disdain he answerd, "Hardy Elfe,
 "That darst view my direful countenaunce,
 "I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe,
 "To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious
 "pelfe.

VIII.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 "Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
 "That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 "And unto none my graces do envye:
 "Riches, renowne, and principality,
 "Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 "For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
 "From me do flow into an ample flood;
 "And in the hollow earth have their eternall
 "brood.

IX.

"Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
 "At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
 "Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
 "All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 "Ten times so much be nombred francke and
 "free."
 "Mammon," said he, "thy godhead's vaunt is
 "vaine,
 "And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 "To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
 "Proffer thy giftes, and sifter servaunts enter-
 "taine.

X.

"Me ill bests, that in derdoing armes
 "And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 "Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charms,
 "With which weake men thou witchest, to at-
 "tend:
 "Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
 "And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 "That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-
 "tend:
 "Faire shields, gay feedes, bright armes, be my
 "Those be the riches fit for an adven'trous
 "knight."

XI.

"Vaine glorious Elfe," said he, "doest not thou
 "weet
 "That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 "Shields, feedes, and armes, and all things for
 "thee meet,
 "It can purvay in twinkling of an eye,
 "And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 "Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 "Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
 "And him that raignd into his rowme thrust
 "downe,
 "And whom I lust do heape with glory and re-
 "nowne?"

XII.

"All otherwise," said he, "I riches read,
 "And deeme them root of all disquietnesse,
 "First got with guile, and then preserv'd with
 "dread,
 "And after spent with pride and levynesse,
 "Leaving behind them gaine and heavynesse;
 "Infinite mischances of them do arise,
 "Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
 "Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize,
 "That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth de-
 "spize.

XIII.

"Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine,
 "But realmes and rulers thou doest both con-
 "found,
 "And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
 "Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd out on
 "ground,
 "The crowned often slaine, the slayer crownd,
 "The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
 "And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 "Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent;
 "So mak'it thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull
 "government.

XIV.

"Long were to tell the troublous stormes that
 "tosse
 "The private state, and make the life unweet:
 "Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth cross,
 "And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
 "Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."
 Then Mammon waxing wroth, "And why then,
 sayd,
 "Are mortall men so fownd and indiscreet
 "So evill thing to seeke unto their eyd,
 "And having not complaine, and having it up-
 "brayd?"

XV.

"Indeed," quoth he, "through fowle intemper-
 "aunce
 "Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
 "But would they thinke with how small allow-
 "aunce
 "Untroubled Nature doth herselfe suffice,
 "Such superfluities they would despise,
 "Which with sad carcs empeach our andwe
 "joyes.
 "At the well-head the purest streames arise;
 "But mucky silt his braunching armes annoyes,
 "And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
 "accloyes.

XVI.

"The antique World in his first flowing youth
 "Fownd no defect in his Creator's grace,
 "But with glad thanks and unreprieved trust,
 "The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
 "Like argels life was then mens happy case;
 "But later ages pride, like corn-fed feed,
 "Abuld her plenty and fat-swolne increase
 "To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 "The measure of her mean and naturall first
 "need.

XXIII.

curst hand the quiet wombe
grandmother with Steele to wound,
treasures in her sacred tombe
ge to dig; therein he fownd
of gold and silver to abound,
as matter of his huge desire
as pride estoones he did compowd;
as gan through his veins inspic-
flames, and kindled life-devouring

XXVIII.

he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
he rudenesse of that antique age
as liv'd therein in state forlorne:
loekt live in later times must wage
as for wealth, and life for gold as

list may offred grace to use,
thou please of all this surplussage;
not, leave have thou to refuse:
thou dost not afterward excuse."

XXIX.

"said the E'lin knight, "renewe
it, till I know it well be gott;
as thou didst these goods bereave
al owner by unrighteous loot,
as-guilkinesse, or galle them blott."
th he, "yet never eie did vew,
tall, ne hand these handled see;
asve them kept in secret mew,
n's fight, and powre of al which them
few."

XX.

t place," quoth he, "can safely
as, and hide from Heven's eie?
hast thou thy wombe, that so much

preserve from wrong and robbery?"
," quoth he, "and see." So by
by
thick covert he him led, and fownd
ay, which no man could descry,
cended through the hollow ground,
ith dread and horror compassed
h.

XXI.

came into a larger space,
fscle into an ample playne,
h a beaten broad high way did trace,
hid lead to Plutoes griesly rayne:
side there sat infernall Payne,
s him sat tumultuous Strife;
nd an yron whip did strayne,
ndished a bloody knife,
l gnash their teeth, and both did
a life.

XXII.

ide in one confust there fate
e, and rascorous Despight,
sea, and hast-burning Hate;
Gealofy, out of their sight
his bitter lips did bight;

And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shoud him
might;

Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
And shame him ugly face did hide from living
eye:

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim how
Did alwaies fore, beating his yron wings,
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celso, sitting on a chaire,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asunder could have rift,
Which having ended, after him the Syrch swift

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing spake unto them nought;
But th' E'lin Knight, with wonder all the way,
Did seed his eyes, and fid his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both but was a little slide,
That did the house of Richeffe from hell-mouth
divide.

XXV.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare lest Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoil the treasure there in gard;
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compar'd,
Therefore his house is unto his annex;
Here Sleepe, ther' Richeffe, and hel-gate them both
betwext.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way;
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore straightway
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there leapt
An ugly feard more fowle then dismal Day,
The which wich monstrosus stalks behind him
stept,

And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on things that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-slings did unrye,
Should be his pray; and therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell claws,
Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgress the fatal Stygian lawes.

XXVIII.

That houses forme with was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky chiffe,
From whose rough vault the ragged breeches hong
Emboist with massy gold of glorious guifte,

H ij

And with rich metall loaded every rife,
That heavy ruine they did seem to threath;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
then icth.

xxx.

Both rooffe and floore, and walls, were all of
gold
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light,
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the moone, clouthd with clowdey night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad
affright.

xxx.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none would
weene
Them to inforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along:
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were
flong,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

xxxii.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewed of richeffe such exceeding store,
As sic of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gather be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

xxxiii.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feedes it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranfacke did intend:
Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said,
"Loe here the worldes blifs, loe here the end
"To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
"Such grace now to be happy is before thee
"laid."

xxxiiii.

"Certes," sayd he, "I n'll thine offred grace,
"Ne to be made so happy doe intend;
"Another blis before mine eyes I place,
"Another happines, another end;
"To them that list these base regards I lend:
"But I in armes and in atchievements brave
"Do rather chouse my flitting houres to spend,
"And to be lord of those that riches have,
"Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile
"slave."

3

xxxiv.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greddie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then culver in the faulcon's fist;
(Eternal God thee save from such decay)
But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

xxxv.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open as it had bene taught:
Ther'in an hundred raunges weren pight,
An hundred furnaces all burning bright;
By every founace many feedes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

xxxvi.

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tong, and sprinkled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who maystring them renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metal
came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swincke, and every one did
sweat.

xxxvii.

But when an earthly wight they present saw,
Gliffring in armes and bataillous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves with-
draw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes, sparkling with fervent syre,
And ugly shapes, did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord
syre;

xxxviii.

"Behold, thou Faerie's sonne, with mortall eye,
"That living eye before did never see;
"The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly
"(To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by
"mee
"Proceeded), lo now is revealed to thee:
"Here is the fountaine of the worldes good;
"Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
"Avisc thee well, and change thy wilfull mood
"Least thou perhaps hereafter with, and be with
"stood."

xxxix.

"Suffice it then, thou Money-god," quoth he,
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse:
"All that I need I have; what needeth mee
"To covet more then I have cause to use?
"With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle
"buse,

me leave to follow mine emprise."
was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse
the rigour of his bold mesprise.
him forward ledd, him further to en-

XL.

him through a darksome narrow strait,
gate all built of beaten gold;
was open, but therein did wayt
villein, stryding stiff and bold,
highest God defy he would;
hand an yron club he held,
steffe was all of golden mould,
eh life and fence, and well could weld
d weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

called was, and did disdayne
ill, and whofo did him call;
his looke and full of stomacke vayne,
nee terrible, and stature tall,
; th' hight of men terrestriall,
age gyant of the Titans' race,
le him scorne all creatures great and
ill,
his pride all others powre deface;
amongst black fiendes then men to have
place.

XLII.

ose glitterand armes he did espye,
their brightnesse made that darknes
it,

ull club he gan to hurtle hye,
ten batteill to the Faery Knight;
rise gan himseife to batteill dight;
non did his hasty hand withhold,
eld him abstaine from perilous fight;
g might abath the villein bold,
l steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII.

him with reason pacifyde,
ers carle commaunding to forbearé,
it him in: the rowme was large and
de,

gyeld or solemne temple weare;
x golden pillours did upbeare
rooffe, and riches huge sustayne;
pillour decked was full deare
rnes and diademes, and titles vaine,
rtall princes wore whiles they on earth
rayne.

XLIV.

people there assembled were,
ort and nation under skye,
h great upore preaced to draw nere
er part, where was advanched bye
iege of soveraine maiclyte:
on fast a woman gorgeous gay,
r cladd in robes of royalte,
r earthly prince in such aray [play.
did enhaunce, and pompous pryde dif-

XLV.

ight wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
broad beauties beam great brightnes
cw

Through the dim shade; that all men might it
see;

Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfeted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall,
Thenceforth she fought for helpe to cloke her
crime withall.

XLVI.

There, as in gliftring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt;
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to fly,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degrees
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd;
Those that were up themselves kept others low,
Those that were low themselves held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow downe to
throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered, "That goodly one,
" Whom all that folke with such contention
" Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
" Honour and dignitie from her alone
" Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
" For which ye men doe strive; few gett, be
" many mis.

XLIX.

" And sayre Philotime she rightly hight
" The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
" But that this darksome neather world her light
" Doth dim with horror and deformity,
" Worthy of heaven and hys felicitie,
" From whence the gods have her for envy
" thrust;
" But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
" Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
" That she may thee advance for works and mo-
" rits iust."

L.

" Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
" For so great grace and offred high estate;
" But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
" Unworthy match for such immortal mate
" Myselfe well wote, and mine unequal fate
" And wete I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
" And love avowd to other lady late,
" That to remove the same I have no might:
" To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to war;
" like knight."

H iij

LII.

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath,
Yet forcing it to fayne him forth thence ledd,
Through grieſly ſhadowes by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garniſhed
With heards and fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be
redd;

Not ſuch as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, ſweet and well ſavored,
But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the dreery tombe.

LIII.

There mournfull cypreſſe grew in greateſt ſtore,
And trees of bitter gall, and heben ſad,
Deep ſleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortall ſannitis, and cicuta bad,
Which with th' uniuſt Athenians made to dy
Wiſe Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and laſt philoſophy,
To the fayre Critias his deareſt belamy.

LIII.

The garden of Proſerpina this hight,
And in the miſt thereof a ſiluer ſeat,
With a thicke arber goodly over-dight,
In which ſhe often uſd from open heat
Herſelfe to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat;
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad diſpredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote
ſee, [bec.
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
For thoſe which Hercules with conqueſt bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And thoſe with which th' Eubœan young man
wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-
ran.

LV.

Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time fought with fruitleſſe
ſuit;

Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongſt the gods ſalie Ate threw,
For which th' Idoean ladies diſagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus' dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Troians made to
bleed.

LVI.

The warlike elfe much wondred at this tree
So fayre and great, that ſhadowed all the ground,
And his broad branches, laden with rich ſee,
Did ſtretch themſelves without the utmoſt bound
Of this great garden, compaſt with a mound,
Which over-haunging, they themſelves did ſleepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round,

That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many ſoules do endleſſe wayle and
weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe ſaw many damned wightes
In thoſe ſad waves, which direfull deadly ſtancke
Plonged continually of cruell ſprightes,
Tha' with their piteous cryes and yelling ſprightes
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame ruefull ſightes,
One curſed creature he by chaunce eſpide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden
ſide.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And ſtretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the bancke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
mouth,
Did flye abacke, and made him vainely ſwincke;
The whiles he ſterv'd with hunger, and with
drouth
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The knight him ſeeing labour ſo in vaine,
Aſkt who he was, and what he meant thereby?
Who groning deepe, thus answered him againe;
" Moſt curſed of all creatures under ſkye,
" Lo, Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
" Of whom high love wont whylome feaſted be!
" Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
" But if that you be ſuch as I thee ſee,
" Of grace I pray thee give to cate and drinke to
" me."

LX.

" Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
" Abide the fortune of thy preſent fate,
" And unto all that live in high degree,
" Enſample be of mind intemperate,
" To teach them how to uſe their preſent ſtate."
Then gan the curſed wretch aloud to cry,
Accuſing higheſt love and gods ingrate,
And eke blaſpheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of iniuſtice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a little further, and eſpyde
Another wretch, whoſe carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the ſame did hyde;
But both his handes, moſt filthy ſeculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And ſaynd to waſh themſelves inceſſantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for ſuch intent,
But rather ſowler ſeemed to the eye;
So loſt his labour vaine and ydle induſtry.

LXII.

The knight him calling, aſked who he was?
Who liſting up his head, him answered thus;
" I Pilate am, the falſeſt iudge, alas!
" And moſt uniuſt, that by unrighteous
" And wicked doome, to ſewes deſpiteous,
" Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,

- " And did acquite a murderer felonous ;
- " The whyles my handes I waist in purity,
- " The whyles my soule was soyled with fowle ini-
" quity."

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told ;
Ne Mammon would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold ;
But roughly him bespake : " Thou fearefull foole,
" Why takest not of that same fruite of gold ?
" Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole
" To rest thy wearie person in the shadow
" coole ?

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt,
To which, if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him
 sweyts,
Would him have rent in thousand pieces strait ;
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,

Ne suffered lust his safety to betray ;
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraye life of man,
That none without the same charyren can ;
For now three dayes of mch were full out-wrought,
Since he this hardy enterprise began ;
For thy great Mammon fayrely he befought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him ;
brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constraind t' obey
For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay ;
So backe againe him brought to living light :
But all so foote as his enfeebled spright
Can sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might.
The life did slit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress.

[j iij]

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in frowde, is by
Acrates sonnes despoild;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And paynim brethren foild.

I.
AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case,
Of men then beasts: but O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

II.
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The fitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle scendes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such
regard?

III.
During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's house, the palmer, whom whyleare,
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in trance; when suddenly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, hether, O come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.
The palmer lent his ear unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely;
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame, which sight at first him set
aghast.

V.
Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire above his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus' face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his avery wayes.

VI.
Like as Cupido on Idaean hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody pray
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr merry glee.

VII.

the palmer saw, abasht he was
and wonder, that he nought could

ilde bespoke, " Long lackt, alas !
thy faithfull aide in hard assay
thy fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
thy heavy sight, thou reverend sire,
death and dolor doe away,
thy rage shall to her home retire,
thy breathlesse seems shall corage bold
e.

VIII.

which God doth unto me arett,
thy safety, I to thee commending ;
thy t forgoe, ne yett forgett
thy reof myselve unto the end,
thy e him succour and defend
thy oe and mine ; watch thou, I pray ;
thy t hand him to offend."
thy eeftfoones he gan display
thy imble wings, and vanisht quite

IX.

ing his lefte empty place,
his eyes beguiled of their sight,
his id, and standing still a space,
his n, as fowle escapt by sight :
his ruing to his charge behight,
his r hand his troubled pulse gan try,
his life not yett dislodged quight,
his st, and coud it tenderly,
his vly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

: where towards him did pace
his nights all armd as bright as skie,
his te an aged fire did trace,
his a light-foote page did flie,
his strife and troublous enmitie.
his e two founnes of Acrates old,
his earst with Archimago slie
his le stromd, of him were told
his h earst them combated was Guyon

XI.

ge on him they dearly vowd,
at on ground they mote him find ;
ge provokt their corage.prowd,
Atin in their stubborne mind
tion and whot vengeance tind.
r come whereas the palmer fate,
lombring corse to him assind,
y both his person, sith of late
loody armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

tyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
wyl bespake ; " Thou dotard vile,
thy brutenesse shendst thy comely

one, I read, the caytive spoile
e outcast carcas, that crewhile
famous through false trechery,
d his coward crest with knightly

" Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
" To proove he lived ill, that did thus lowly die."

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered,
" Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
" Thus for to blott the honour of the dead,
" And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
" Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
" Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
" And envy base to barke at sleeping fame :
" Was never wight that treason of him told ;
" Yourselve his prowesse prov'd, and found him
" fiers and bold."

XIV.

Then said Cymochles, " Palmer, thou doest dote,
" Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
" Save as thou seest or hearst ; but well I wote,
" That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme :
" Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme ;
" Ne al good knights that shake well speare and
" shield :
" The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
" And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield ;
" Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead
" on field."

XV.

" Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
" What do I rekk-, sith that he dide entire ?
" Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
" The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
" Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne
" desire ?
" Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
" I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
" And of that shield, more worthy of good knight ;
" For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
" bright ?"

XVI.

" Fayr Sir !" said then the palmer suppliant,
" For knighthood's love doe not so fowle a deed,
" Ne blame your honour with so shamefull waunt
" Of vile revenge : to spoile the dead of vaunt
" Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed ;
" But leave these relicks of his living might
" To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacks
" steede."
" What herce or steed," said he, " should he have
" dight,
" But be entombd in the raven or the kight ?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid ;
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben lance,
And coverd shield : well kend him so far space
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to
prauce ;

XVIII.

And to those brethren sayd, " Rise, rise bylive,
" And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse ;
" For yonder comes the prowess knight alive,

" Prince Arthur! flowre of grace and nobileffe,
 " That hath to paynim knights wrought great
 " distresse,
 " And thousand Sar zins fowly donne to dye."
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 That both estoones upstarte furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to battcill greedily.

xix.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to paine,
 And Archimage besought him that afford
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.

" So would I," said th' enchaunter, " glad and
 " faine

" Betecme to you this sword, you to defend,
 " Or ought that eles your honcur might main-
 " taine,
 " But that this weapon's powre I well have kend
 " To be contrary to the worke which ye intend :

xx.

" For that same knight's owne sword this is of
 " gore,

" Which Merlin made by his almightie art
 " For that his nourling, when he knighthood
 " swore,

" Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart :
 " The metall first he mixt with medaewart,
 " That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
 " Then it in flames of Actna wrought apart,
 " And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 " Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

xxi.

" The vertue is, that neither steele nor stone
 " The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
 " Ne ever may be used by his fone.
 " Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,
 " Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
 " Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
 " In vaine, therefore, Pyrochles should I lend
 " The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
 " For sure yt would deceiue thy labor and thy
 " might."

xxii.

" Foolish old man!" said then the pagan wroth,
 " That wecest words or charms may force with-
 " stand;

" Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeeve for thot,
 " That I can carve with this enchaunted brood
 " His lord's owne flesh." Therewith out of his
 " hond

That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And Guyon's shield about his wrest he bond,
 So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

xxiii.

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salued them; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became;
 But with sternc looks and stomachous disdain
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine;
 Then turning to the palmer he gan spy
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whole dead face he redd great magnanimity.

xxiv.

Sayd he then to the palmer, " Reverend fyre!
 " What great misfortune hath betidd this knight!
 " Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
 " Or did he fall by treason or by fight?
 " However, sure I rew his pitticous plight."
 " Not one nor other," said the palmer grave,
 " Hath him besafine, but clouds of deadly night
 " Awhile his heavy eyelids covered have,
 " And all his fences drowned in deepe senseless
 " wave :

xxv.

" Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
 " Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 " Would him difarme and treaten shamefully;
 " (Unworthise usage of redoubted knight)
 " But you, faire Sir! whose honourable fight
 " Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
 " Mote I beseech you to succour his sad plight,
 " And by your powre protect his feeble case?
 " Firist prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to
 " deface."

xxvi.

" Palmer," said he, " no knight so rude, I wote,
 " As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;
 " Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
 " That in advantage would his puissance best
 " Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.
 " May bee, that better reason will awage
 " The rash revengers heat. Words well dispel
 " Have secret powre t' appease inflamed rage;
 " If not, leave unto me thy knight's last po-
 " tronage."

xxvii.

The turning to those brethren thus bespoke;
 " Ye warlike payre! whose valorous great might,
 " It seemes, iust wronges to vengeance doe
 " provoke,
 " To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming
 " knight,
 " Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
 " And settle patience in so furious heat?
 " Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
 " But for his carkas pardon I entreat;
 " Whom Fortune hath already laid in lowch
 " feat."

xxviii.

To whom Cymochles said, " For what art thou,
 " That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 " The vengeance prest? or who shall let me now
 " On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 " And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
 " Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
 " The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
 " His life for dew revenge should deare aby?
 " The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

xxix.

" Indeed," then said the prince, " the evill done
 " Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;
 " But from the grandfyre to the nephewes fume,
 " And all his seede the curse doth often cleave;
 " Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
 " So strenghty God doth iudge. But gentle
 " knight

" That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
 " His honour stains with rancour and despite,
 " And great disparagement snakes to his former
 " night.

XXX.

Pyrrhules gan seely the second tyme,
 And to him said, " Now, felon, sure I read
 " How that thou art partaker of his cryme;
 " Therefore, by Terragaunt, thou shalt be dead."
 With that his hand, more sad than lemp of lead,
 Uphifting high, he weened with Merddure
 (His owne good sword Merddure) to cleave his
 head.

The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swearing from the snarke, his lordes life did
 assure.

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That those and man it made to reele asyde:
 Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his fell,
 (For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
 But full of anger fierly to him cryde;
 " False traitour, miscreant! thou broken haft
 " The law of armes, to strike foe undefide;
 " But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 " Right sovre, and seele the law, the which thou
 " hast defist."

XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely beat
 Against the pagan's brest, and therewith thought
 His curst life out of her lodg have rent;
 But ere the point arrived where it ought,
 That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon
 brought,
 He cast between to ward the bitter stound:
 Through all those foldes the steele-head passage
 wrought,
 And through his shoulder perst; wherewith to
 ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great
 grife
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And sowly saide, " By Mahoune, curst thiefe!
 " That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
 Then hurking up his harmefull blade on hy,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly;
 His mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence
 dispossest.

XXXIV.

Now was the prince in daungerous distresse,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should
 fight:
 His single speare could doe him small redresse
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any knight;
 And now the other, whom he erst did daunt,
 Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight,
 Three times more furious and more puiffant,
 Vaindeffull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either side:
 With hideous strokes and impertable powre,
 That forced him to his ground to travcrse wyde,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly slowre;
 For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quail,
 Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battery doth assaile,
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them
 nought availle.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay.
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poynted speare he thrust with puiffant sway
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did
 gryde:

He, swearing with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the lamoe, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple
 pleth.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
 Cursting his gods, and himselfe damning deepe;
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour scope,
 For very feloeffe lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, " Caytive! curst on thy cruell hond,
 " That twife hath spedd; yet shall it not thee
 " keepe
 " From the third brunt of this my fatall broad:
 " Lo where the dreadfull death behind thy backe
 " deth stond."

XXXVIII.

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke
 withall,
 That nothing feared mote beare so monstrous
 might:
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glancing downe would not his owne byte;
 But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which dividing with importane sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did
 stay.

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme
 flood,
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously,
 That when the paynim spyde the streaming blood,
 Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
 On th' other side in huge perplexity
 The prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly;
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
 Cymochles twife, that twife him forst his foot
 revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,

And said, "Fayre sonne! great God thy right
" hand blesse.

" To use that sword so well as he it aught."

Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
fraught,

Whenas again he armed felt his hond;

Then like a lyon, which had long time faught

His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond

Amongst the shepheard swayntes, then wexeth wood
and yond;

XLII.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes

On either side, that neither mayle could hold,

Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes;

Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;

Eft to Cymochles twise so many sold;

Then back againe turning his hufie hond,

Them both atonce compeld with courage bold

To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling broud;

And though they both stood stiff, yet could not
both withstand.

XLIII.

As salvage bull, whom two fiers mastives bayt,

When rancour doth with rage him once engore,

Forgets with wary ward them to awayt,

But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,

Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,

Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,

That all the forest quakes to hear him rore;

So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,

That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,

(Who Guyon's shield cast ever him before,

Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writt)

His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,

And his deare hart the picture gan adore,

Which oft the paynim sav'd from deadly stowre,

But him henceforth the same can save no more;

For now arriv'd is his fatall howre,

That no'te avoyded by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,

Which them appeach'd, prickt with guiltie shame

And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approach,

Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,

Or dye with honour and desert of fame;

And on the hauberg stroke the prince so fore,

That quite disparted all the linked frame,

And pierc'd to the skin, but bit no more,

Yet made him twise to reel, that never moov'd
afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,

He stroke so hugely with his borrowed blade,

That it empierst the pagan's burganet,

And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade

Into his head, and cruell passage made

Quite through his breyne: he tomling downe
on ground,

Breath'd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade

Fall flying, there eternall torment found,

For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did
abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare

Ran to his hart, and all his fence difmayd;

Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,

But as a man, whom hellish feendes have frayd,

Long trembling still he stooode; at last thus sayd,

" Traytour! What hast thou doen? how ever

" Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd [may

" Against that knight? harrow and well away!

" After so wicked dedde why liv'st thou longer

" day?"

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,

And with revenge desyring soone to dye,

Assembling all his force and utmost might,

With his owne swer! he ferce at him did flye,

And strooke, and soynd, and lasht outrageously,

Withouten reason or regard. Well knew

The prince with patience and sufferance fly

So hasty heat soone cooled to lubdew

Tho when this breathlesse woce, that battell

gan renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hyc,

That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,

The clowdes, as things afrayd, before him flye;

But all so soone as his outrageous powre

Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,

And as in scorn of his spent stormy spight,

Now all at once their malice forth do poure;

So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,

And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd

How that straunge sword refus'd to serve his neede,

But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,

He song it from him, and, devoyd of deed,

Upon him lightly leaping without heed,

Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,

Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tread;

But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,

And through his nimble sleight did under him
downcast.

L.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive;

For as a bittur in the eagle's clawe,

That may not hope by flight to scape alive,

Still waytes for death with dread and trembling

So he now subiect to the victour's law [aw;

Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,

For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw

His hart in twaine with sad melancholy.

As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,

The conqueror nought cared him to slay;

But casting wronges and all revenge behind,

More glory thought to give life then decay,

And said, " Paynim! this is thy dismal day;

" Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,

" And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,

" Life will I grant thee for thy valiaunce,

" And all thy wronges will wipe out of my se-

" renounce."

LII.

" Foole!" said the Pagan, " I thy gift defye;
 " But ufe thy fortune as it doth befall;
 " And fay, that I not overcome doe dye,
 " But in despight of life for death doe call."
 Wroth was the prince and fory yet withall,
 That he fo wilfully respced grace;
 Yet fith his fate fo cruelly did fall,
 His fhining helmet he gan foone unlace,
 And left his headleffe body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this Sir Guyon from his trounce awakt,
 (Life having maytered her senceleffe foe)
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lackt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe;
 But when the palmer, whom he long ygo
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
 And said, " Deare Sir! whom wandring to and
 " fro

" I long have lackt, I ioy thy face to vew;
 " Faine is thy faith, whom daunger never fro
 " me drew.

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 " Of my good sword and shield?" The palmer,
 glad
 With fo fresh hew upryng him to see,
 Him answered, " Fayre Sonne! be no whit sad

" For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whole carcasses on ground were horribly pro-
 strate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
 As to the patron of his life thus sayd:
 " My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 " I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 " What may suffice to be for meede repayd
 " Of fo great graces as ye have me shewd,
 " But to be ever bound?"

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, " Fayre Sir! what
 " need
 " Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
 " To bind their dooers to receive their meed?
 " Are not all knightes by oath bound to with-
 " stand
 " Oppressours powre by armes and puissant bond?
 " Suffise that I have done my dew in place."
 So goodly purpose they together fond
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,
 The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besieged of many foes, whom strange
or knightes to flight compell.

I.
O, all Gods workes, which doe this worlde
adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government ;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions base ;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.
After the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his stoln sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord ;
" Sir Knight ! mote I of you this court'fy read,
" To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
" Beare ye the picture of that ladies head ?
" Full lively is the semblaunt, though the sub-
" stance dead."

III.
" Fayre Sir !" sayd he, " if in that picture dead
" Such life you read, and vertue in vaine shew,
" What mote ye weene, if the trew livelyhead
" Of that most glorious visage ye did vew ?
" But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
" (That is her bounty and imperial powre,
" Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew)
" O how great wonder would your thoughts de-
" voure,
" And infinite desire into your spirite poure !

IV.
" She is the mighty Queene of Faery,
" Whose fayre retrait I in my shield do beare ;
" She is the flowre of grace and chastity,
" Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
" My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
" Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
" And with her light the earth enlightaines cleare ;
" Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
" As well in state of peace, as puissance in
" warre."

V.
" Thrife happy man !" said then the Briton
knight,
" Whom gracious lot and thy great valiance
" Have made thee soldier of that princeesse bright,
" Which with her bounty and glad countenance
" Doth blesse her seruaunts and them high ad-
" vance ;
" How many strange knight hope ever to aspire
" By faithfull service and meeke amenaunce,
" Unto such blisse sufficient were that hire
" For losse of thousand lives, to die at her de-
" sire."

VI.
Said Guyon, " Noble Lord, what meed so great,
" Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
" But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
" Ye well may hope, and easely attaine ?
" But were your will her sold to entertaine,
" And numbred be amongst the knights of May-
" denhed,
" Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine

" And in her favor high be reckoned,
" As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

VII.

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
" That sith I armes and knight hood first did plight,
" My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
" To serve that Queene with all my powre and
" might.

" Now ha h the sunne with his lamp-burning light
" Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
" Sith of that goddesse I have fought the fight,
" Yet no where can her find : such happinesse
" Heven doth to me envy and Fortune favour-
" lesse."

VIII.

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
" Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
" But in her way throwes mischief and mis-
" chaunce,

" Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
" But you, fayre Sir : be not herewith dismayd,
" But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
" Which were it not that I am els delayd
" With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
" I labour would to guide you through al Faery
" Land."

IX.

" Gramercy, Sir !" said he, " but mote I weete
" What strange adventure doe ye now purfue,
" Perhaps my succour or advisement meete
" Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
" Then gan Sir Gawayn all the story shew
" Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles;
" Which to avenge, the palmer forth drew
" From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles
" They walkt had much way, and measurd many
" miles.

X.

" And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haste
" His weary waggon to the western vales,
" Whens they spyde a goodly castle, plaste
" Beside a river in a pleasant dale,
" Which choosing for the evening's hospitale,
" They thither marcht; but when they came in sight,
" And from their sweaty couriers did avale,
" They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
" And every loop fast lockt, as learing faces de-
" spight.

XI.

" Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
" Was to them doen, their entrance to forestall,
" Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
" And wind his horns under the castle wall,
" That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall :
" Whens forth looked from the highest spire
" The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
" To weete what they so rudely did require :
" Who gently answered, they entrance did desire.

XII.

" Fly, fly, good Knights," said he; " fly fast away,
" If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should :
" Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
" Here may ye not have entrance, though we
" would :

" We would and would againe, if that we could ;
" But thousand enemies about us rave,
" And with long siege us in this castle hould ;
" Seven yeares this wise they us besieged have,
" And many good knights slaine, that have us
" sought to save."

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe with outrageous cry,
A thousand villains round about them swarmed
Out of the rockes and caves adjoining nye ;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatening death, all in strange manner armed;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd :
Sterne was their looks ; like wild amazed steeres,
Staring with holloweies, and stiff upstanding
knees.

XIV.

Fiercely at first these knights they did assaile,
And drove them to recooke ; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine ;
For with such puissance and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them
fly

Like scattered sheepe, whens the shepherd's swaine
A lyon and a tigre doeth cpye,
With greedy pace, forth rushing from the forest
nye.

XV.

A while they fled, but soone returned againe
With greater fary then before was found ;
And evermore their cruell captaine [rownd,
Sought with his raskill routs t' enclose them
And overronne to tread there to the ground ;
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
blades

Broke their rude troupes, and orlers did confownd,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades ;
For though they bodics seem, yet substance from
them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts fworden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies ;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne wind, with blustering
blast,
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean
cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous route dis-
perst,
Unto the castle-gate they came againe,
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perious paine,
And combrous consist which they did sustayne,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth issued with a goodly traine
Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That fought with her to lincke in marriage;
For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,
That even Heven rejoiced her sweete face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white shee was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loofe far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle, most richly
wrought,
And borne of two faire damfels, which were
taught
That service well: her yellow golden heere
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tirc shee on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiers.

XX.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle-hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought, of favour speciall,
Of that faire castle to afford them vew:
Shee graunted, and them leading forth, the same
did shew.

XXI.

First shee them led up to the castle-wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and sensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Aegyptian slime,
Whereof King Nine whilome built Babel Towre:
But O great pitty! that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure: [sure.
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is

XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place,
All which compacted made a godly diapase.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well;
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their
foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
(Stone more of walw and more smooth and fine
Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought)
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchafed with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the barbican a porter sat,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight, nor word, mote passe out of the gat,
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utters of secrets he from thence debar'd,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime;
His larum-bell might lowd and wide be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And round about the porch on every syde
Twice sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In gliftring steele, and strongly fortifyde;
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight:
By them as Alma passed with her guesstes,
They did obeyfaunce, as befecemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble giestes

XXVII.

Thence shee them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred,
At th' upper end there sat, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white roet menaged;
He steward was, hight Diet, rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, marshal of the faine,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guesstes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both anon
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guesstes anon
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse
none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw; and in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Actn', or flaming Mongihall;
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

XXX.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,

ded was, by goodly ordinaunce,
 the great payre of bellows, which did
 fyre
 ally, and cooling breath inspyre.
 he caudron many cookes accoyld
 nikes and ladles, as need did requyre;
 files the viandes in the vessel boyld,
 d about their businesse sweat and sorely
 voyld.

XXXI.

the cooke was cald Concoction,
 all man, and full of comely guffe;
 chis clerke, that hight Digestion,
 or all th' achates in seemly wife,
 them forth, as well he could devise.
 had severall offices allynd;
 remove the scum as it did rise,
 to beare the same away did mynd,
 here it to use according to his kynd.

XXXII.

the liquor, which was sowle and waste,
 not nor servicable elles for ought,
 in another great rownd vessel pisse,
 a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
 the rest, that noyous was and nought,
 it wayes, that none might it espy,
 he conveyd, and to the back-gate brought,
 uped was Port Esquiline, whereby
 avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII.

goodly order and great workmans skill
 those knightes beheld, with rare delight
 zing wonder they their mindes did fill,
 er had they seene so straunge a sight.
 backe againe faire Alma led them right,
 one into a goodly parlour brought,
 as with royall arras richly dight,
 it was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,
 sought not pourtrahed, but easie to be
 thought:

XXXIV.

the midst thereof, upon the floure,
 ly bevy of faire ladies fate,
 d of many a jolly paramoure,
 hich them did in modest wifc amate,
 ch one fought his lady to aggrate;
 te amongst them lile Cupid playd
 nton sportes, being retourned late
 his fierce warres, and having from him
 layd
 nell bow, wherewith he thousands hath
 dismayd.

XXXV.

: delights they fownd themselves to please;
 ong in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
 laid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease;
 her some could not abide to toy,
 asauce was to them griefe and annoy:
 ound, that faund, the third for shame did
 blush,
 er seemed envious or coy,
 er in her teeth did gnaw a rust;
 : these straungers presence every one did
 huff.

L. II.

XXXVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
 They all atonce out of their seates arose,
 And to her homage made with humble grace;
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
 Themselves to court, and each a damsell chose:
 The prince by chauce did on a lady light,
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle
 spright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
 Was fretted all about, she was arrayd,
 And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold;
 To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd,
 " Gentle Madams! why beene ye thus dismayd,
 " And your faire beautie doe with sadness spill?
 " Lives any that you hath thus ill aspayd?
 " Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will?
 " Whatever bee the cause, it fure besemes you
 " ill."

XXXVIII.

" Fayre sir!" said she, halfe in disdainful wife,
 " How is it that this word in me ye blame,
 " And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?
 " Him ill besemes another's fault to name,
 " That may unwarres be blotted with the same:
 " Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 " Through great desire of glory and of fame;
 " Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
 " That have twelve months fought one, yet no
 " where can her find."

XXXIX.

The prince was ioly moved at her speech,
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
 Yet with faire semblaunt fought to hide the breach,
 Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
 Tho turning soft aside he did inquire
 What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold?
 It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
 That by well doing fought to honour to aspyre.

XL.

The whilles the Faery Knight did entertaine
 Another damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew;
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight;
 Upon her fist the bird which shoneth vew,
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her
 dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
 Unto the grownd the cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anon with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye;
 That her became, as polishd yvory,
 Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With fayre vermilion or pure castory:
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

I

XLII.

"Fayre damzell! seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 "That either me too bold ye weene, this wife
 "You to molest, or other ill to feare,
 "That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 "From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise:
 "If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 "But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
 "I will, if please you it disclose, assay
 "To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

XLIII.

She answered nought, but more abash't for shame
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth case,
 'Till Alma him bespake, "Why wonder yee,
 "Fayre Sir! at that which ye so much embrace?
 "She is the fountaine of your modestie;
 "You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itself is
 "shee."

XLIV.

Thereto the else did blush in privitee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and saynd to oversee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
 Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
 'Till that great lady thence away them sought
 'To view her castles other wondrous frame:
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turret's frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it surweyd, as hills doen lower ground:
 But not on ground more like to this be found;
 Not that which antique Cadmus whylome built
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
 Nor that proud Towre of Troy, though richly
 guilt,
 From which young Hector's blood by cruell Greeces
 was spilt.

XLVI.

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance fly,
 'That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayes of that Maker's might!

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I say to tell
 This part's great workmanship and wondrous
 powre,
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,
 But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable fages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages

XLVIII.

Not he whom Greece (the nourice of all good arts)
 By Phœbus' doome the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts;
 Nor that sage Pylian fyre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old Priam's cittie fell,
 With these in praife of pollicies mote strive.
 These three in these three rowmes did sondry
 dwell,

And counselld faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
 The next could of things present best advise;
 The third things past could keep in memoree:
 So that no time nor reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 Forthy the first did in the fore-part sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
 He had a sharpe foresight and working wit,
 That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within
 With sondry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things disperst thin:
 Some such as in the world were never yit,
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene and knownen by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies do sit;
 Infernall hags, centaurs, scendes, hippodames,
 Apes, lyons, eagles, owles, fookes, lovers, children,
 dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
 That they encombred all mens cares and eyes;
 Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound.
 All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unfound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies,
 And all that fained is, as leadings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Amongst them all fate he which wonned there,
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle brows, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd; one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique Saturne fate in th' house of Ago-
 nyes:

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose
 wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses
 Of famous wisards, and with picturals
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of common wealthes, of states, of policy,
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all philosophy,
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittil

LIV.

at rowme was full; and them among
 a man of ripe and perfect age,
 them meditate all his life long,
 with continuall practise and usage
 was growne right wise and wondrous
 :
 were had those straunger knightes to see
 reason and grave personage,
 principles both desyrd to bee;
 hence them led to th' hindmost rowme
 were:

LV.

wer seemed ruinous and old,
 were was removed far behind,
 the wals, that did the same uphold,
 were and strong, though somewhat they
 were ind;
 there sat an old man, halfe blind,
 wept in his feeble corse,
 his rigour rested in his mind,
 he spak them with a better scorfe:
 why well is chang'd for mind's redoubled
 were.

LVI.

of infinite remembrance was,
 foregone through many ages held,
 recorded still as they did pas,
 them to perish through long eld,
 were els the which this world doth weld;
 were set up in his immortal scrine,
 for ever incorrupted dweld:
 were he well remembered of King Nine,
 were racus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

of Nestor nothing were to his,
 hufalem, though longest liv'd;
 were bred both their infancis:
 were then if that he were depriv'd

Of native strength, now that he them survivd':
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
 And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment
 scrolls,
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker
 holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was unable them to sett,
 A little boy did on him still attend
 To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and unto him did lend;
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,
 And that old man Eumnestes, by their propriety.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence
 dew;
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
 Then as they gan his library to view,
 And antique registers for to avise,
 There chaunced to the prince's hand to rise
 An auncient booke hight Briton Moniments,
 That of this land's first conquest did devize,
 And old division into regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one man's governements.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunft eke on another booke,
 That hight Antiquitee of Faery Lond,
 In which whenas he greedily did looke,
 Th' offspring of Elves and Faryes there he found,
 As it delivered was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
 Their countreys auncestry to understond,
 Crav'd leave of Alma, and that aged fire,
 To read those bookes, who gladly granted their
 desire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings
From Brute to Uther's rayne,
And rolls of Elia Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

f.
Who now shall give unto me words and sonnd
Equall unto this haughty enterprife?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit then hetherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestryes
Of my most dreaded soveraine I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

ii.
Ne under sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compare,
Which though from earth it be derived light,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heaven's hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How shall fraile pen. with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bounty
hed?

iii.
Argument worthy of Mizonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegrean love he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters wold to me report,
'To decke my song withall, I would assay [away.
Thy name, O soveraine Queene! to blazon far

iv.
Thy name, O soveraine Queene! thy realme
race,
From this renowned prince derived arte,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold,
As in that old man's booke they were in old

v.
The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein have there mighty empire rayd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmanured, unprovd, unprayd;
Ne was it island then ne was it payd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein prayd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke maye-
brought.

vi.
Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save
Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that fame his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it Albion; but later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade, [w
Gau more the same frequent and further to

VII.

In land a salvage nation dwelt
 As giants and halfe-beastly men,
 Nor tasted grace, nor goodnes felt,
 Like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
 As fast as roebucke through the fen,
 And without shame or care of cold,
 As mad by spoiling lived then,
 Of huge, and eke of corage bold,
 Of men amazed their sternesse to behold.

VIII.

How they sprong, or how they were be-
 gotten,
 How to assure; unceath to weene
 Of any error which doth some affort,
 Of the Christian's fifty daughters: these
 How land by chance have driven bene;
 How accompanying with fecnds and filthy sprights,
 Of vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
 How sought forth geaunts and such dreadful
 wights,
 How succeeded men in their immeasurd mighta.

IX.

How in this land, and with their filthinesse
 In this same gentle soyle long time,
 In their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
 How abhorre her brood's unkindly crime,
 How they borne of her owne native flume;
 How at Brutus anciently deriv'd
 How all stocke of old Assarac's line,
 How by fatal error here arriv'd,
 How in their uniuert possession depriv'd.

X.

How he had established his throne,
 How in his empire to the utmost shore,
 How he great batteills with his salvage sone,
 How he them defeated evermore,
 How by giants left on groning shore,
 How he can winnes yet unto this day
 How theerne Hogh, bepriuiled with the gore
 How by Goemot, whome in stout fray
 How conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

How that ample pitt, yet far renownd
 How large leape which Debon did compell
 How to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
 How which retourning backe he fell
 How the three monstrous stoues doe most ex-
 cell
 How that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
 How father Hercules in Fraunce did quell
 How the odmer threw in fierce contention
 How Canutus, but of him was slaine anon.

XII.

How of these great conquests by them gott,
 How he had that province utmost west
 How assigned for his worthy lott,
 How of his name and memorable gest;
 How he d Corpwaile, yet so called best;
 How the son's shayre was that is Devonshyre:
 How he had his portion from the rest,
 How he called Canutum, for his hyre,
 How the stium, which Keat we comenly inquire.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subde wd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'd of his frends, and of his foes eschewd:
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy,
 Amongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And Loctrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
 At last ripe age had him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

XIV.

Loctrine was left the soveraine lord of all;
 But Albanact had all the northerne part,
 Which of himselfe Albanna he did call;
 And Camber did possesse the weslerne quart,
 Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
 And each his portion peacably enjoyed,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart
 That once their quiet government annoyd,
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

XV.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
 And corage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarmd in every
 part,
 And overflowd all countries far away,
 Like Noyes great flood, with their importune
 sway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the North display
 Untill that Loctrine, for his realmes defeace
 Did head against them make and strong munifi-
 cence.

XVI.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
 Foreby the river that whylome was hight
 The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
 He them defeated in vict'orious fight,
 And chaake so fiercely after fearfull flight,
 That forst their chieftaine, for his safeties sake,
 (Their chieftain Humber named was aright)
 Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
 Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

XVII.

The king returned proud of victory,
 And insolent wax through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the icopardy
 Which in his hand he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd faire Lady Estrild, leudly lov'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart, from Guendolene remov'd
 From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faith-
 ful prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corincus
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force and corage valorous,
 Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
 In which him vanquish't she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
 Als his faire leman, flying through a brooke,
 She overhent, nought mov'd with her pitcouslooke.

XIX.

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure,
 'The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:
 Such was the end that to Dissyall love did fall.

XX.

'Then (for her sonne, which she to Loctrine bore,
 Madan was young, unmet to rule the sway)
 In her owne hand the crown she kept in store,
 Till riper years he raught and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme (the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But when her sonne to man's estate did wax,
 She it surrendred, ne herself would longer vex.

XXI.

'Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
 For with all shame that sacred throne he did:
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being comforted with Manild,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild;
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
 In Henault, where yet of his victories
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land
 envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny;
 For all so many weekes, as the year has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did ap-
 ply

Their miudes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight, but in the end their fyre
 With soule repulse from Fraunce was forced to
 retire.

XXIII.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second Brute, (the second both in name,
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame:
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered,
 Since which with sondrie spoiles she hath been
 ransacked.

XXIV.

Let Scalds tell, and let tell Hamia,
 And let the marsh of Esthambreges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did Brunchildis see
 The greene shield dyed in dolerous vermill?
 I hat not feuth guirish it mete seeme to bee,
 But rather y feuth gogh, signe of sad crueltec.

XXV.

His sonne King Leill by father's labour long
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
 Next Hudibras his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease;
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
 Excelld at Athens all the learned preare,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage
 parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborn
 parts.

XXVI.

Ensamble of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boiling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brimston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warmed upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreyne nation;
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through slight into fond
 chief fell.

XXVII.

Next him King Leyr in happie peace long raignd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well up-
 traind

In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed,
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided: tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love her par-
 tage?

XXVIII.

The eldest, Honorill, gan to protest
 That she much more than her owne life him lov'd;
 And Regan greater love to him profess'd;
 Then all the world, whicnever it were prov'd;
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd;
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdom whole
 did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
 And th' other to the king of Cambria,
 And twixt them shayrd his realm by equal loves;
 But without dowre the wife Cordelia
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtica.
 Their aged fyre, thus cased of his crowne,
 A private life ledd in Albania
 With Honorill, long had in great renouwe,
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule
 posd downe.

XXX.

But true it is that when the oyle is spent
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie wax of his continual stay:
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way;

of his departure she despayrd,
ie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

XXXI.

hed man gan then avise too late,
is not where most it is profest;
tryde in his extremest state:
sh'd likewise to prove the rest,
delia himselve adrest,
entyre affection him receav'd,
fyrre and king her seemed best;
all an army strong she leav'd,
those which him had of his realme be-
r'd.

XXXII.

owne she him restord againe,
e dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
wild it should to her remaine,
ably the same long time did weld,
his harts in dew obedience held;
er sisters children, woxen strong,
proud ambition against her rebeld,
women, kept in prison long,
of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

XXXIII.

the bloody brethren both to raine;
Cundah gan shortly to envy
r Morgan, prickt with proud disdain
pere in part of soverainty;
ing coles of cruell enmity,
e, and him in batteill overthrew:
he to those woody hilles did fly,
ht of him Glamorgan, there him flew;
he raigne alone, when he none equal
w.

XXXIV.

Rivall' his dead rowme did supply,
ad time blood did from heaven rayne:
Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
peace their kingdomes did containe:
m Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
obud, till far in years he grew;
ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
the rule, and from their father drew;
ex and sterne Porrex him in prison
cw.

XXXV.

ie greedy thirst of royal crowne,
ves no kindred, nor regards no right,
x up to put his brother downe:
him assembling forreigne might,
re on him, and selle himselfe in fight:
th t'avenge, his mother mercilesse
relesse of women! Wyden hight)
sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
most cruell hand him murdered pittie-
le,

XXXVI.

ed Brutus' sacred progeny,
d seven hundred years this scepter borne
renowme and great felicity:
branch from th' antique stocke was
rne
discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.

Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Briton's glorie auncient.

XXXVII.

Then uprose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stirrd with pity of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutus rightfull
hayres,

Gathered the princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did
choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or
loose.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And Ymner slew, of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies;
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through
variaunce.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men
say
Were unto him reveald in vision,
By which he freed the travcilers highway,
The churches part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious Numa of Great Britany:
For till his dayes the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicy;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dig-
nity.

XL.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes of pearelesse prowesse both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
To recompence of their periured oth,
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were
wroth;

Besides subiected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Britany.

XLI.

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus' sonne,
In rule succede, and eke in father's praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead father's daies:
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne
(Whom he at sea found wandring from their
waies)

A feate in Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him as subiect to Bri-
tayne.

XLII.

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
 (The iustest man and trewest in his daies)
 Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortal praise,
 Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome statutes to her husband brought :
 Her many deemd to have been of the Fayes,
 As was Aegerie, that Numa taught :
 Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd
 and thought.

XLIII.

Her sonne Sifilus after her did rayne,
 And then Kimarus, and then Danius ;
 Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour, dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deedes, should matched have the best,
 As well in that same field victorions
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest ;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

XLIV.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successively by turnes did rayne.
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life ;
 Next Archigald, who, for his proud disdayne
 Deposed was from principedome soverayne,
 And pitteous Elidure put in his sted,
 Who shortly it to him restored agayne,
 Till by his death he it recovered ;
 But Pheridure and Vigent him dethronized :

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they outraigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein re seized was againe,
 And ruled long with honourable state,
 Till he surrendered realme and life to Fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
 By due successe, and all their nephewes late ;
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlesse monuments of his great good :
 The ruin'd walls he did readifise
 Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,
 And built that gate which of his name is hight,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
 Androgeus and Tenanius, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him tooke the roiall diadame,
 And goodly well long time it governed,
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
 And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
 Of this sweet island, never conquered,
 And envying the Britons biased fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion !) hether came.

XLVIII.

Yet twise they were repulsd backe againe,
 And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly,

The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
 And the gray ocean into purple dy ;
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
 And envious of uncle's soveraintie,
 Betrayd his country unto foreine spoyle.
 Nought els but treason from the first this land
 did loyle.

XLIX.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
 Through great bloodshed and many a sad essay,
 In which himselfe was charged heavily
 Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
 T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
 Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd :
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly
 swayd.

L.

Next him Tenantius raignd ; then Kimbeline,
 What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshy forme
 Enwombed was, from wretched Adam's line
 To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd !
 O too high ditty for my simple rime !
 Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd,
 For that their tribute he refused to let be payd.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
 An army brought, and with him battaile fought,
 In which the king was by a treachetour
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought :
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought ;
 For Arvirage his brother's place supplyde
 Bot him his armes and crowne, and by that draught
 Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyd.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnifyde,
 Nor dredid of Romanes, then was Arvirage ;
 For which the Emperour to him allide
 His daughter Genuiss' in marriage ;
 Yet shortly he renouist the vassalage
 Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent
 Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
 Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

LIII.

He did ; and him succeeded Marius,
 Who ioyed his dayes in great tranquillity :
 Then Coyll ; and after him good Lucius,
 That first received Christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christs evangely.
 Yet, true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, (the
 say,
 And preacht the truth ; but since it greatly did
 decay.

LIV.

This good king shortly without issew did,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,

erfelfe in fondry parts divide,
her powre her owne felfe overthrew,
nanes daily did the weak fubdew :
ng, frou Banduca up arofe,
g armes, the Britons to her drew,
u fhe marched ftraight againft her foes,
unwares beides the Severne did en-

LV.

with them a cruell batteill tryde,
o good fuccesse as fhe deferv'd ;
hat the captaines on her fyde,
by Paulinus, from her fwerv'd :
were through former fight preferv'd,
againe, her hoft fhe did renew,
refth courage on the victor ferv'd ;
all defeaed, fave a few,
a fly, or be captiv'd, herfelfe fhe flew.

LVI.

noniment of women's praye !
either to Semiramis,
ique hiftory fo high doth rayfe,
fhuil', or to Thomiris :
wo hundred thoutand numbred is,
es good fortune favoured her might,
loft againft her enemies !
ough overcome in haplefle fight,
hed-on death, in enemies defpight.

LVII.

es Fulgent having gathered,
h Severus, and him overthrew ;
chance was flaine of them that fled,
em victors whome he did fubdew,
Caraufus tiranize anew
the Romanes bent their proper powre,
leetus treacheroufly flew,
on him the robe of Emperoure ;
the fame enjoyed but fhort happy
vre.

LVIII.

iodate him overcame,
glorious on the vanquifht playne,
r robe or rag to hide his shame ;
wards he in his ftead did raigne,
was by Coyll in batteill flaine ;
long debate, fince Lucius tyme,
e Britons firft crownd foveraine ;
this realme renew her paffed prime ;
name Coykcheftre built of ftone and
e.

LIX.

en the Romanes heard, they hether fent
s, a man of meikle might,
n King Coyll made an agreement,
n gave for wife his daughter bright,
ma, the faireft living wight,
l godly thewes and goodly praife
cell, but was moft famous hight
muffcke of all in her daies,
curious inftruments as cunning laics.

LX.

he did great Constantine begett,
ward was Emperour of Rome ;
whiles afent he his mind did fett,

Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it ufurped by unrighteous doome ;
But he his title iuftifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight ;
So fettled he his kingdome, and confirmd his
right :

LXI.

But wanting yflew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who loone by meanes thereof the empire wan,
Till murdered by the friends of Gracian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigme of Maximian ;
Who dying, left none heire them to withftand,
But that they over-ran all parts with eafy hand,

LXII.

The weary Britons, whofe war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miferyses and woefull ruth
Were to thofe pagans made an open pray,
And daily fpectacle of fad decay ;
Whom Romane warres, which now fowr hun-
dred yeares,
And more, had wafte, could no whit difmay ;
Till by confent of commons and of peares,
They crowed the fecond Constantine with ioyous
teares.

LXIII.

Who having oft in batteill vanquifht
Thofe fpoylefull Picts, and fwarming Eafterlings,
Long time in peace his realme eftablished,
Yet oft annoyd with fondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein fcatterlings,
With which the world did in thofe dayes abound ;
Which to out-barre, with painful pyonings
From fea to fea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alclud to Panwelt did that border
bound.

LXIV.

Three fonnes he dying left, all under age ;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Ufurpt the crowne during their pupillage ;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them clofely into Armorick did beare ;
For dread of whom, and for thofe Picts annoyes,
He fent to Germany ftraunge aid to reare,
From whence eftfoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his fafety employes.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
Hengift and Horfus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might,
Who making vantage of their civil iarre,
And of thofe forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realme ere long they ftronger arre
Then they which fought at firft their helping
hand,

And Vortiger enforft the kingdome to aband ;

LXVI.

But by the helpe of Vortimere his fonne,
He is againe into his rule reftord ;

And Hengist, seeming sad for what was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughter's face and flattering
word :

Soone after which three hundred lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th' eternal marks of treason may at Stonheng
vw.

LXVII.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne, which Vortiger did long detain ;
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne ;
And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull
death.

Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath :
So now entombed lies at Stonheng by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—there abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cesure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it ; that so untimely breach
The prince himselve halfe seemed to offend ;
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall offspring of his native land,
Cryde out, " Deare Country ! O how dearely
" deare

" Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall band
" Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
" Did common breath and nouriture receive !
" How brutish is it not to understand
" How much to her we owe that all us gave ;
" That gave unto us all whatever good we have !"

LXX.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended ; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leisure so long leaves here to repeat :
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
And then stole fire from heaven to animate
His worke, for which he was by love depriv'd
Of life himselve, and hart-strings of an aegle
ryv'd.

LXXI.

That man so made, he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd ;
Who, wandrin through the world with wearie
feet,

Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemed in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either spright
Or angell, th' author of all woman kynd ;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lign-
age right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissaunt kinges, which all the world war-
And to themselves all nations did subdew. [rayd,
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was Elfin ; him all India obeyd,
And all that now America men call :
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laide
Cleopolis' foundation first of all,
But Elfiline enclod it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field ;
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build :
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three ;
Then Elfinor, who was in magicke skild ;
He built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of bras, whose sound heven's thunder
seem'd to be.

LXXIV.

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their offspring in their dew descents ;
Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mightie dedes their sondry governments,
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall ;
Yet should they be most famous monuments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule to kings and states imperiall.

LXXV.

After all these Elfilceos did rayne,
The wife Elfilceos' in great maiestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery.
He left two sonnes, of which fayre Ellicrom,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy,
Whose empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplide in spoufall and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over all,
Which him before that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall.
He dying, left the fairest Tanaquill
Him to succede therein by his last will :
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre :
Long mayst thou, Glorian ! live in glory and great
powre.

LXXVII.

Begyvd thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of cuntryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate ;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite ;
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them
brought,
And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes sit
ought.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place
Prince Arthure them repells, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

I.
WHAT warre so cruel, or what sieg so fore,
As that which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of Reason evermore,
To bring the fowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

II.
But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reason's rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment:
There Alma, like a virgin queene most bright,
Doth flourish in all beautie excellent,
And to their guesstes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for de-
light.

III.
Early before the morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd iourney him prepar'd;
With him the palmer eke in habit sad
Himselfe address to that adventure hard;
So to the river's fyde they both together far'd:

IV.
Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: they go aboard,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
Doe serve their turnes; here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V.
For all so soon as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong sieg about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde:
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

VI.
Them in twelve troupes their captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that case.
Seven of the same against the castle-gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and enraunce did
awate.

VII.

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle;
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

VIII.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle mi-shapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like owles, with beekes uncemely bent;
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare;
And some had wings, and some had clawes to
teare;

And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt enyves,
And covetous aspects, all cruel enmyves.

IX.

Those same against the bulwarke of the fight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assaunt,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent,
That is each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that bulwarke sorely
rent.

X.

The second bulwarke was the Hearing fence,
Gainst which the second troupe desigment
makes;

Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late roud out of the brakes:
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
Leasinges, backbyttinges, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, praytes, and false flatteries;
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd,
Whose huceous shapcs were like to scendes of hell,
Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd,
Some like to puttockes all in plumes arayd;
All thap't according their conditions;
For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
Foolish delignts and fond abusions,
Which doe that fence besiege with light illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the Taste,
Was as the rest a gryllie rablement;
Some mouth'd like greecy cystriges, some faste
Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the waste
Like swine; for to defend is luxury,
Surfeat, mildiet, and unthifftic wate,
Vaine teastes, and ydle superintuity;
All these this fence's fort assayle incessantly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew,
And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like snailcs, some did like spyders shew,
And some like ugly urchin-, thick and short:
Cruelly they assayled that fift fort,
Armed with dartes of sensuall delight,
With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued
fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance
Against that castlle restless siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay;
And evermore their wicked capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to assay,
Sometmes with threats, somtimes with hope of
gayn,
Which by the ranfack of that peace they should
attayn.

XV.

On th' other syde, th' assiged castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and many hard
Atchievement, wrought with perill and with payne
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren gyaunts did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entraunce any durst pre'end,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did
send.

XVI.

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful fight,
(For never was she in so evill case)
Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offering his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe, and th' authour of the
strife:

She him remerciad as the patrone of her life.

XVII.

Eftsoones himselte in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well-proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowelt and most gent
That every brandished bright steele on hyc:
Whom soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay squire issewing did epye,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling
cry:

XVIII.

And therewithall atonce at him let fly
Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tumbling low
From the high mountaines threatens to overflow
With suddain fury all the fertile playne,

And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make
vayne;
Nor bounds, nor banks, his headlong ruine may
fastayne.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before,
As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
When the wroth western wind does reave their
looks,

And underneath him his courageous flect,
The fierce Spumador, trod them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador! borne of heavenly feed,
Such as Laomedon of Phoebus' race did breed.

XX.

Which suddaine horrour and confused cry
Whenas their captaine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a tyger swift and fierce he rode,
That as the wilde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtille substance and unbound,
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose grave-clothes
were unbound:

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was scene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide,
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had
cyde;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did
tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;
Thereas cold and drery as a snake,
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake;
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seemd a ghastly
fight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his name; and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary lockes all loose and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodics wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of little snags
She did support, and Impotence her name;
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with raging
flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde,
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,

His beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow fell readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent;
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;
Then he another and another did expell:

XXV.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whylcare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to pursue, the infant after hide,
So fast as his good courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were scene to tread;
Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his sight the villeine turn'd his face
(As wents the Tarter by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chase)
Unto his tygre's taile, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:
But when his uncooth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perious store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for
more.

XXVIII.

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought fresh batteille to renew;
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other hag did far away espye
Binding her siter, she to him ran hastily;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him as downe he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and gryfely grapplement;
Till that the villein coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted but he had him slaine,
And of the battrell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reikew ere his bitter bane.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is man's state, and life unbound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band.

Proofe be thou, Prince! the prowest man alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Britayne land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not
survive.

XXXI.

The squire arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one and then the other jade,
(His chiefeft letts and authors of his harmes)
And then perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochfull
shame,

As one awakte out of long slombing shade,
Revivying thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powrs to purge himselfe from
blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene under-kept and downe suppressd,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat,
All that did erst it hinder and molest,
Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror
great.

XXXIII.

So mightely the Briton prince him rounzd
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands;
And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and overthrowes; now had the
carle

Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe, flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turnd to disadvantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrathfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so fore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and sild his
place.

XXXV.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddain up the villain overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second batteill bend,
As hurt he had not beene; thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day,
Some land-marke seemed to bee, or signe of sundry
way:

XXXVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware

To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly leapt areare:
Este fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre.

XXXVII.

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the carle himselfe agayn addressd,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his chest;
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wound so wide and wondrous,
That through his carcas one might playnly see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him
quight,

That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly as at first prepard himselfe to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to do at all:
He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
Or acry spirite, under false pretence,
Or hellish seend rayd up through develish science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reason's reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach.
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great difmay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yflew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Morddure, that never sayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now awayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
And crusst his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull fowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest

With corse unto the fencelesse grownd ;
 he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 he againe it did aloft rebownd,
 he against his mother Earth a groneful
 wnd.

XLIII.

Love's harnesse-bearing bird from hyc
 t a flying heron with proud disdaync,
 dead quarry falls so forciblyc,
 ebownds against the lowly plaync,
 fall redoubling backe agaync.
 ight the prince all peril sure was past,
 the victor onely did remayne ;
 thought, then that the carle as fast
 huge strokes on him, as ere he down
 as cast.

XLIV.

Wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
 ght his labo: lost, and travell waync,
 his lifeles shadow so to fight :
 he saw, and felt his mighty maync,
 les he marveild still did still him paync :
 he gan some other wayes advize,
 take life from that dead-living swayne,
 ill he marked freshly to arize
 earth, and from her womb new spirits to
 prize.

XLV.

remembred well that had bene sayd,
 Earth his mother was, and first him bore ;
 often as his life decayd,
 rich usury to him restore,
 f him up much stronger then before,
 as he unto her wombe did fall ;
 : to grownd he would him cast no more,
 omitt to grave terrestrial,
 e him farre from hope of succour usuall.

XLVI.

he caught him twixt his puiffaunt hands,
 ing scrud out of his carrion corse

The iothfull life, now loosd' from sinfull bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Untill he came into a standing lake ;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake ;
 So end of that carle's dayes and his owne paynes
 did make.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked hags from far did spye,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands ;
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
 And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
 Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake ;
 But impotence with her owne wilfull hands
 One of Meleger's cursed darts did take,
 So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did
 make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines ;
 Tho cumming to his squire that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
 Through losse of blood which from his wounds did
 bleed,

That he began to faint, and life decay :
 But his good squire him helping up with speed,
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the caille by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many grooms and squyres ready were
 To take him from his steed full tenderly ;
 And eke the sayrest Alma mett him there,
 With balme and wine, and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity :
 Eftsoones she cauld him up to be conveyd,
 And of his armes despoyled easly ;
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
 And all the while his wounds were dressing by
 him stayd.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO XII.

Guyon, by palmer's governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Elis,
And Acrasy defeat.

I.
Now giuies that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest praye forth to aduaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast fetted
On firme foundation of true bountyhed;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sled,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mengt thousand dangers and ten thousand magick
mighta.

II.
Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
Tho when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roing far away they heard,
That all their fences filled with affright,
And freight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made
affcard.

III.
Said then the boteman, "Palmer stere aright,
" And keepe an even course, for yonder way
" We needes must pas; (God doe us well ac-
" quight!)
" That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
" That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray,
" Which having swallowed up excessiue,
" He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
" And belcheth forth his superfluity,
" That all the seas for feare doe seme away to fly.

IV.
" On th' other syde an hideous rock is sight
" Of mightie magnes stone, whose cragge doth
" Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight
" Over the waves his rugged armes doth list,
" And threatneth downe to throw his ragged list
" On whofo cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
" All passengers, that none from it can shift:
" For whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring waves,
" They on the rock are rent, and sunk in helpe
" wawes."

V.
Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowe,
Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryue,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes;
Then he with all his puissaunce doth stryue
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryue
The hollow vessel through the threatfull wave,
Which gaping wide to swallow them alyue
In th' huge abyffe of his engulging grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great ter-
roure rave.

VI.
They passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible than hell to see,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare deepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often
creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment;
But nought that fallis into this direful deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

r fide they saw that perilous rocke,
 it selfe on them to ruinate,
 tarp cliftes the rib. of vessels broke,
 d ships, which had bene wrecked late,
 ith carcafes exanimate
 having all their substance spent
 ioyes and lustes intemperate,
 rdes make shipwrack violent
 r life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

VIII.

hight the Rock of vile Reproch,
 us and detestable place,
 or fish nor fowle did once approach,
 meawes, with seagulles hoars and bace,
 rraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
 fat wayting on that wastfull clift
 f wretches, whose unhappy cace,
 redit and consumed thrift,
 a driven hath to this despairefull drift.

IX.

seeing them in safetic past,
 " Behold th' ensamples in our sightes
 l luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
 w is left of miserable wightes,
 xent their looser daies in leud delightes,
 e and sad reproch, here to be red
 rent reliques speaking their ill plights?
 hat live hereby be counselled
 e Rock of Reproch, and it as death to
 read."

X.

ey rowed, and that ferryman,
 iffe oares, did bruth the sea so strong,
 ware waters from his frigot ran,
 ight bubbles daunced all along,
 eak brine out of the billowes sprong.
 eef they many islandes spy
 ide floting the floodes emong;
 the knight, " I. o l the land descry,
 re, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto
 apply."

XI.

ay not be," said then the ferryman,
 e unweeting hap to be serdonne;
 e same islandes, seeming now and than,
 firme land, nor any certain wonne,
 ging plots, which to and fro doe ronne
 ide waters; therefore are they hight
 andring islandes; therefore doe them
 bonne;
 y have oft drawne many a wandring
 ight
 R deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII.

l they seeme to him that farre doth vew
 re and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
 asy greene of delectable hew;
 tall trees, with leaves appareled,
 et with blossoms dyde in white and red,
 te the passengers thereto allure;
 soeuer once hath fastened
 thereon may never it recure,
 idreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

XIII.

" As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
 " Amid th' Egzean sea long time did flay,
 " Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
 " Till that Latona, travelling that way,
 " Flying from lunoos wrath and hard affay,
 " Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
 " Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 " Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 " And for Apolloos temple highly herryed."

XIV.

They to him hearken, as befecemeth meete,
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those same islandes, which doe flect
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
 Upon the bauck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damfcell dressing of her heare,
 By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV.

She them espying loud to them gan call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
 For she had cause to busy them withall,
 And therewith lowdly laught; but nathemore
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and
 might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry fort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
 Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
 Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke for being loose and light;
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully
 Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,
 She turned her bote about, and from them rowed
 quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phædris, which late
 Did ferry him over the idle lake;
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake:
 When them the wary boteman thus bespake;
 " Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
 " And of our safety good heede to take,
 " For here before a perloous passage lyes,
 " Where many mermayds haunt, making falso
 " melodies:

XVIII.

" But by the way there is a great quicksand,
 " And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy,
 " Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
 " For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
 Scarce had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh, with water covered,
 But by the checked wave they did descry
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured;
 It called was the Quickefand of Unthrestybed,

XXV.

They passing by, a goodly ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or surprize,
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pittieous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor travaill might her backe
recoyle.

XXI.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay,
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Boone funkce, of whom no memorie did stay;
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restless wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them
dround.

XXI.

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
His braunie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeine they see from middt of all the mains
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, putt up with proud disdain,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatening to devour all that his powre de-
spise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outrageously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive !-fore
His whirling charet far exceeding feare,
For not one pufte of winde there did appeare;
That all the three therat woxe much afraid,
Unwecting what such horrour straunge did reare:
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living fence dis-
mayd:

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee;
Spring-headed hydres, and sea-shouldring whales,
Great whirpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright scolopendras arm'd with silver scales,
Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

XXIV.

The dreadfull fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew;
The grieisly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to purlew;
The horrible sea-fatyre, that doth thew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners echew
No lesse then rockes, as travellers informe,
And greedy rosmarines, with visages desowme:

XXV.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seemd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold
Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

XXVI.

"Feare nought," then said the palmer, well
aviz'd,

"For these same monsters are not these in deed,
"But are into these fearefull shapes disguis'd
"By that same wicked witch, to worke us deed,
"And draw from on this journey to proceed."
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with spede,
And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger, forth their counse they
kept;

And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espy
A seemely maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his palmer had
To stee the bote towards that dolefull mayd,
That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad;
Who him avizing better, to him say'd;
"Faire Sir! be not displeas'd if disobayd;
"For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
"For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
"But onely womanish sine forgery,
"Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile inf-
"mity:

XXIX.

"To which when she your courage hath inkind
"Through foolish pitty, then her guiltfull kynt
"She will embosome deeper in your mind,
"And for your ruine at the last await."
The knight was ruled; and the boteman streyt
Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toyle some wearinesse,
But with his oares did swcepe the watry wilde-
nesse.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the sted
Wher as those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On the other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fullfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

XXXL

the ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 onian maides for maystery;
 over-comen, were depriv'd
 beasie, and th' one moyity
 fith, for their bold furquedry;
 unke their hew retayned still;
 it skill in wonted melody,
 er they abus'd to ill,
 e travellers, whom gotten they did

XXXII.

red, as he pass'd by,
 tunces they sweetly thus applyde;
 e sonne of gentle Faery,
 mightie armes most magnifyde
 ights that ever battoll tryde;
 radder hetherward awhile!
 y forme-bett vessel safely ryde;
 ort of rest from trubles toyle,
 sweet in from paine and wearisome
 oyle."

XXXIII.

rolling sea resounding soft,
 them sitly answered,
 ke the waves breaking aloft,
 me unto them measured;
 et Zephyrus lowd whistled
 raunge kinde of harmony,
 's senses softly tickled,
 teman bad row easily,
 heare some part of their rare me-

XXXIV.

almer from that vanity
 te advice discourfelled,
 ast, and shortly gan desery
 hich their course they levelled;
 y a grosse fog over-spread
 vapour all that desert has,
 chearefull face enveloped,
 one, and one as nothing was,
 : univérse seemd one confus'd mas.

XXXV.

reatly were dismayd, ne wist
 theyr way in darkenes wide,
 ander in that wastefull mist,
 into mischiefe unespide:
 langer hidden then discride.
 nnumerable flight
 owles about them fluttering cride,
 cir wicked wings them ofte did
 yed, groping in that grisly night.

XXXVI.

ation of unfortunate
 ds about them flock'd were,
 ture men abhorre and hate;
 wle, death's dreadfull messengere;
 ht-raven, trump of dolefull dreere;
 nged batt, daye's enemy;
 rich, still waiting on the bere;
 hrill, that whoe hears doth dy;
 uppyes, prophets of sad destiny:

XXXVII.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
 About them flew, and fild their fayles with feare:
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stify feare;
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land itselfe did playnly show.
 Said then the palmer, "Lo where does appeare
 " The sacred soile where all our perills grow,
 " Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready armes about
 " you throw."

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble bote so well her spede,
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke;
 Then ferth the noble Guyon sallied,
 And his sage palmer that him governd;
 But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
 They march'd fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay, [dismay.
 With constancy and care, gainst danger and

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that Hunger's poynt, or Venus' sting,
 Had them enraged with fell furquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
 Who all atonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
 Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guesls.

XL.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat;
 Esteemes their stubborne corages were quell'd,
 And high-advanced crests downe meekely feld:
 Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld;
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
 Of which Caduceus whileome was made,
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
 With which he worts the Stygian realmes invade
 Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
 Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
 And Orcus tame, whom nothing can perswade,
 And rule the furies when they most doe rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
 Whereat the Bowre of Blisse was situate,
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
 That Nature's worke by Art can imitate;
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may deyncest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 As well their entred guesstes to keep within,

K ij

As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard they force that fortilage to win,
 But Wifedome's powre and Temperaunce's might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin;
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance
 light,
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt,
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the Golden Fleece,
 His falsed fayth; and love too lightly flitt,
 The wondrous Argo, which in venturous peece
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of
 Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves, were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,
 Yt seemd th' enchanted flame which did Creusa
 wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all
 Which thether came; but in the porch there fate
 A comely peronage of stature tall,
 And semblance pleasing, more than naturall,
 That travelers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heels in wanton wize,
 Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call;
 Not that celestiall powre to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And strange phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware,
 That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us
 see;

He of this garden had the governall,
 And Pleasure's porter was devisd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formaltee.

XLIX.

With diverse floweres he daintily was deckt
 And throwed rownd about, and by his side

A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice,
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyside;
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
 But he his ydle courtsey deside,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charged in
 blants fly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine on every side
 Strowed with pleasures: whose fayre gra
 grownd
 Mantled with Greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraces pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art (as halfe in forme
 Of riggard Nature) like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes
 th' early morne.

LI.

Therewith the heavens, alwayes joviall,
 Lookte on them lovely still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and hold
 smell:

LII.

More sweet and holesome then the pleasant hill
 Of Rhodope, ou which the nimphe that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phœbus' hart with love did gaine;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forsook;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses sayre;
 Or Eden felle, if ought with Eden more
 payre.

LIII.

Much wondrous Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sense, nor mind affect;
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will, and maystering his might;
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and branches, which did
 dilate
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathing
 tricate:

LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vice,
 Whose bounces hanging downe seemd to
 All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered;
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
 Some as the rubine, laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened

LV.

It amongst some were of burnisht gold,
 by art to beautify the rest,
 id themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
 ig from the vew of covetous guest,
 : weake houghes, with so rich load op-
 rest,
 adowne as overburdened.
 at porch a comely dame did rest,
 ayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
 ments loose, that seemd unmeet for wo-
 mshed :

LVI.

It hand a cup of gold she held,
 a her right the riper fruit did reach,
 ppy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 cup she seruzd with daintie breach
 ne fingers, without fowle empeach
 faire wine-presse made the wine more
 sweet :
 she wld to give to drinke to each,
 passing by she happened to meet :
 et. galle all strangers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

Guyon offered it to tast ;
 ing it out of her tender hond ;
 to ground did violently cast,
 in peeces it was broken fond,
 h the liquor stained all the lond :
 Excesse exceedinly was wroth,
 : the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 red him to passe, all were she loth,
 ight regarding her displeasure, forward
 oth.

LVIII.

e most daintie paradise on ground
 th offer to his sober eye,
 all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 e does other's happinesse envye ;
 ted floweres, the trees upshooting hye,
 s for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 ibling groves, the christall running by ;
 t, which all faire workes doth most ag-
 race,
 which all that wrought appeared in no
 lace.

LIX.

ld have thought, (so cunningly the rude
 ned partes were mingled with the fine)
 ture had for wantonnesse ensude
 that Art at Nature did repine ;
 g each th' other to undermine,
 the other's worke more beautify,
 ng both in willes agreed in fine :
 reed, through sweete diversity,
 din to adorne with all variety.

LX.

he midst of all a fountaine stood
 t substance that on the earth might bee,
 and shiny; that the silver flood
 every channell running one might see :
 dly it with curious ymagereee
 r-wrought, and shapen of naked boyes,
 h some seemd with lively iollitee

To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid
 ioyes.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spred
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
 That themselves, dipping in the silver dew
 Their fleecy slowres, they fearefully did steepe;
 Which drops of christall seemd for wantones
 weep.

LXII.

Infinite streames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a litle lake it seemd to bee,
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom
 see,
 All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
 upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was sett
 With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.
 As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing seemd to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them
 eyed.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 Above the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,
 And each the other from to rise restraine ;
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a velle,
 So through the christall waves appeared plaine ;
 Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes re-
 velle.

LXV.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
 His dewy face out of the sea doth reare,
 Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
 Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare,
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
 Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasure to em-
 brace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying stood
 Gazing awhile at his unworred guise ;
 Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht that her a stranger did avise ;

K ij

But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lese,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,
And th' yorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it no lesse faire was fownd;
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many fights that corage cold
could reare:

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And counfeld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Bliss,
(Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis)
When thus the palmer; "Now, Sir, well avide,
" For here the end of all our travell is:
" Here wones Acrasia, whom we must surprize,
" Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

LXX.

Estfoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a daintie care,
Such as atonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elswhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To reade what manner musicke that mote bee,
For all that pleasing is to living care
Was there consorted in one harmonie;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemptred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trombling voyces made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witcher herkselke now solacing
With a new lover, whom through forcece,
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now laid a slumbering
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing

Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious
toyes.

LXXIII.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sacke his sight,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd,
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she reud.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay,
" Ah! see, whose sayre thing doest faine to see,
" In springing slowre the image of thy day;
" Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
" Doth first peepe fourth with bashfull modestie,
" That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may;
" Lo! see soone after, how more bold and free,
" Her bared become she doth broad display;
" Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls
" way!

LXXV.

" So passeth, in the passing of a day,
" Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the slowre;
" Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
" That carft was sought to deck both bed and
" bowre
" Of many a lady and many a paramour:
" Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
" For soone comes age that will her pride
" flower;
" Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
" Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equal
" crime."

LXXVI.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasaunt sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee;
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wovon see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' ayre more light
ly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her snowey brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry cies, which no'te therewith be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyse
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distill'd
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,

d their fierie beames, with which she
rild
ts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
arckling on the silent waves does seeme
are bright.

LXXIX.

g man sleeping by her seemd to be
dly swayne of honorable place,
es it great pittie was to see
obility so fowle deface:
egard and amiable grace,
th manly sterneffe, did appeare
ng in his well proportiond face;
is tender lips the downy heare [beare.
but freshly spring, and silken blossoms

LXXX.

ke armes (the ydle instruments
g praise) were hong upon a tree,
rave shield, full of old monuments,
y ra'ft, that none the signes might see:
em, ne for honour, cared hee,
that did to his advauncement tend;
nd loves and wastfull luxurie
his goods, his bodie, he did spend;
: enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI.

: elfe and carefull palmer drew
them (minding nought but lustfull
me)
lein forth they on them rusht, and threw
net, which only for that fame
ill palmer formally did frame,
sem under fast; the whiles the rest
way for feare of fowler shame.
enchautresse, so unwares opprest,
her arts and all her sleighs thence out
wrest;

LXXXII.

ner lover strove; but all in vaine;
ame net so cunningly was wound,
her guile nor force might it diffraine.
ce them both, and both them strongly
und

: bandes, which there they readie found;
: chaines of adamant he tyde,
ng elfe might keepe her safe and sound;
ant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
nfull sage instead thereof to him ap-
pde.

LXXXIII.

ste pleasaunt bowres and pallace brave,
oke downe with rigour pittilesse;
their goodly workmanship might save
in the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,

But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbors spoyle, their cabinets suppressse,
Their banket-houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late now made the fowle
place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they
right,

Till they arrived where they lately had [mad;
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie,
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse rekkew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soon did pacify.

Than Guyon askt, what meant those beastes
which there did ly?

LXXXV.

Sayd he, "These seeming beastes are men indeed,
" Whom this enchautresse hath transformed
" thus,

" Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
" Now turned into figuers hideous,
" According to their mindes like monstrousous."
" Sad end," quoth he, " of life intemperate,
" And mournful meed of ioyes delicious:
" But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
" Let them returned be unto their former state."

LXXXVI.

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them
strooke,

And streight of beastes they comely men became,
Yet being men, they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame;
But one above the rest in speciall,
That had an hog beeme late, hight Grylle by name,
Repynd greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to
naturall

LXXXVII.

Saide Guyon, "See the mind of beastly man!

" That hath so soone forgot the excellence
" Of his creation, when he life began,
" That now he cheafeth with vile differences
" To be a beast, and lacke intelligence."
To whom the palmer thus: "The donghill
" kinde

" Delights in filth and fowle incontinence;

" Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish
" minde;

" But let us hence depart, whilest weather serves
" and winde."

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.
It falls me here to write of chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest;
For which what neede me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest,
Sith it is shrined in my soveraine's brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art?

II.
But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-sembling pencill it can paynt,
All were Zeuxis or Praxiteles;
His daedale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfection with his error taynt:
Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to
marre.

III.
How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my lucklesse lott doth me constrain

Hereto perforce; but, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fit.

IV.
But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinckled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven's fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V.
But let that same delicious poet lend
A little leave unto a rasilicke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more than one herselfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chasty
tee.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart;
Fayre Florimell is chased;
Dueffaces traines, and Malecastors
Champions, are defaced.

8.
mous Briton prince and Faery knight,
ing wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
their weary limbes to perfect plight
l, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
faire Alma greatly were procur'd
e there lenger sojourne and abode;
en thereto they might not be allur'd
eking praise and deedes of armes abroad,
urteous conge tooke, and forth together
rode.

9.
captivd Acrasia he sent,
of travell long, a nigher way,
strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
r to Faery Court safe to convey;
r for witnes of his hard assay
s Faery Queene he might present;
himselfe betooke another way,
e more triall of his hardiment,
ke adventures, as he with Prince Arthur
went.

10.
o they trevelled through wastefull wayes,
daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
it for glory and renowned prayse.
ny countreyes they did overronne,
he uprising to the setting sunne,
any hard adventures did achieve;
the which they honour ever wonne,
g the weake oppressed to relieve,
o recover sight for such as wrong did
grieve.

11.
At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight towards pricked fayre,
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-square;
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield;
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme address'd his goodly shield,
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

12.
Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought
The prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His sorny steed, whose fiery feet did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backs his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the other's
head.

13.
They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have
riv'd;
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well;
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbe
did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd himselfe dishonored so fore.
Ah! gentlest knight that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grive dismounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd, that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene;
That speare enchanted was which laid thee on
the greene.

VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett;
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britayne sett
To seeke her lover (love far sought, alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus' looking-
glas.

IX.

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce uprofe,
For to revenge that fowle reprochfull shame,
And, snatching his bright sword, began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he then endure that fame.
Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and untoward blame,
Which by that new encounter he should reare;
For Death fate on the point of that enchanted
speare.

X.

And hasting towards him, gan sayre perswade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie science he had seene
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstand;
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene:
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI.

By such good meanes he him discourtelled
From prosecuting his revenging rage,
And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to awage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swar'd a syde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde;
So is his angry corage sayrly pacifyde.

XII.

Thus reconciliation was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection
chaste,
And either vowd with all their power and witt
To let not other's honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
Ne armes to bear against the other's syde;
In which accord the prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII.

O goodly usage of those antique times!
In which the sword was servaunt unto right,
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and proove of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honor was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruell surquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus travailed in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dearnly tryde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd
Full grislyly feemd; therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they sownd,
Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them
arownd.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone;
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with finell trappings shone,
Which fledd fo fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leisure gave her passing to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fledd, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that pourfwd her fast,
And her faire yellow lockes behind her flew,
Loosely disperit with puff of every blast,
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wizard telles (as he has redd)
That it importunes death and doleful dreery hood.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,
Lo! where a grisly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle;
His tyreling jade he fierly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and
bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he
shooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage, when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealofy,
They stayd not to avize who first should see,
But all spurd after fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The prince and Guyon equally bylve
Herselfe perswewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive;
But after the soule foster Timias did seeve,

XX.

As faire Britomart, whose constant mind
: so lightly follow beauties chace,
: of ladies love, did stay behynd,
: awarted there a certaine space,
: if they would turne backe to that place;
: she saw them gone, she forward went,
: journey, through that perious pace,
: with courage and stout hardiment;
: ing the feard, she evill thing she ment.

XXI.

Right out of the wood she came,
: asle far away the spyde,
: her steps directly she did frame:
: was most goodly edifyde,
: for pleasure nigh that forest syde;
: before the gate a spacious playne,
: with greene, it selfe did spredde wyde,
: she saw six knights, that did darrayne
: still against one with cruell might and
: yne.

XXII.

They all attonce upon him laid,
: beset on every side arownd,
: he breathlesse grew; yet nought dis-
: id,
: them yielded foot of grownd,
: he lost much blood through many a
: rownd;
: he dealt his blowes, and every way
: he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
: n to recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
: of all the six before him burst asay.

XXIII.

Heard curres, that having at a bay
: he beast embost in wearie chace,
: adventure on the stubborn pray,
: before, but come from place to place,
: match when turned is his face:
: tresse and doubtfull icopardy
: to mart him saw, she ran aspace
: askew, and with earnest cry
: she same sixe forbore that single enemy.

XXIII.

They cry they list not lenden care,
: the more their mightie strokes sur-
: use;
: ring him rownd about more neare,
: full rancour rather did encrease;
: he, rushing through the thickest preasse,
: lisparted their compacted gyre,
: compelled to hearken unto peace:
: he myldly of them to inqyre
: of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV.

That single knight did answere frame;
: heix would me enforce, by oddes of might,
: unge my liefc, and love another dame,
: each me liefer were then such despight,
: wrong to yield my wrested right;
: we one, the truest one on grownd,
: me change; she th' Errant Damzell
: hight;

"For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
: "I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody
: "wound."

XXV.

"Certes," said he, "then beene ye fix to blame,
: "To weene your wrong by force to iustify;
: "For knight to leave his lady were great shame,
: "That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
: "All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
: "Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
: "Ne may love be compelled by maistry;
: "For soone as maistry comes, sweet Love alone
: "Taket hys nimble wings, and soone away is
: "gone."

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth
: "here,
: "Within this castle wall, a lady sayre,
: "Whose soveraine beauty hath no living pere,
: "Thereto so bounteous and so debonsyre;
: "That never any mote with her compayre;
: "She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
: "That every knight which doth this way re-
: "payre,
: "In case he have no lady nor no love,
: "Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

XXVII.

"But if he have a lady or a love,
: "Then must he her forgoe with foule desayme,
: "Or els with us, by dint of sword, approve
: "That she is fairer then our fairest dame,
: "As did this knight before he hether came."
: "Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard;
: "But what reward had he that overcame?
: "He should advanced bee to high regard,"
: Said they, "and have our ladies love for his
: "reward:

XXVIII.

"Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love."
: "Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady
: "none;
: "Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
: "Ne to your lady will I service done,
: "But wreake your wronges wrought to this
: "knight alone,
: "And prove his cause." With that her mortall
: speare

She mightily aventred towards one,
: And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare;
: Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did
: beare.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on grownd she layd,
: That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
: The fourth was by that other knight dismysd,
: All were he wearie of his former paine,
: That now there do but two of six remaine;
: Which two did yield before she did them smight.
: "Ah," sayd she then, now may we all see plaine
: "That truth is strong, and true love most of
: might,
: "That for his trusty servants doth so strongly
: "fight."

xxx.

"Too well we see," saide they, "and prove too well

"Our faulty weakenes and your matchlesse might:
"Forthy faire Sir! your's be the damozell,
"Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
"And we your ligemen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And after her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She granted; and then in they all together far'd.

xxxI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Caste Ioyeous,
(For so that castle hight by comun name)
Where they were entertaynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who through a chamber long and spacious,
Estfoones them brought unto their ladies fight,
That of them cleped was the Lady of Delight.

xxxII.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and precious stones embost,
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did
appare.

xxxIII.

These stranger knights, through passing forth were led

Into an inner rowme, whose royaltie
And rich purveyance might unceah be red;
Mote princes place beseme so deekt to bee:
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
(The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree)
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize,
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely
devize.

xxxIV.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure,
In which with cunning hand was pourtraied
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre
Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie
smit.

xxxV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she

Entyst the boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her paramoure to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes, and from bright heaven's vew,

Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

xxxVI.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft armes lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty eyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him:

xxxVII.

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And ioyd his love in secret unspyde;
But for the saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him beyde,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breed him scath unwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that Dett'ny doth
ordaine?

xxxVIII.

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore,
And by his side the goddesse groveling,
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garments wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull brow:
But when the saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transfew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it livyng
grew.

xxxIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wyze,
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique wordes guize;
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,
And Cupid still amongst them kindled lustful
fyres.

xl.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulest melody,
Ay caroling of love and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort;
Which when those knights beheld with scornfull
eye,
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton
fort.

xli.

Thence they were brought to that great ladies view;
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold, and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountied,
And of rare beautie, saving that allasuite

Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devise
Their goodly entertainment and great glee;
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheered well with wine and spicerie:
The Red-crosse knight was toone disarmed there;
But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
But only vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia in darksome night
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Beckes forth her silver beames, and her bright
hed

Shewers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beautie and the shining ray
Wh which fayre Britomart gave light unto the
day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unfought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all six brethren borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civilltee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in
fee.

XLV.

The first of them, by name Gardante hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight;
And next to him locante did ensue;
Basciante did himseife most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchante seemed too fell and keene;
And yet in armes Noctante greater grew;
All were faire knights, and goodly well besene:
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes
beene:

XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stirrd up affections base,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in error fall:
As hee that bath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way for-
shall,

Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her wend a frish and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wax,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:

Her sickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire that fall in sclander fiert,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ranfackt all her veines with passion entyre:

XLVIII.

Esfoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence,
Ne reekt shee who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight;
So shamelesse beauty soon becomes a leathly fight.

XLIX.

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
'Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find:
Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds;
For this was not to love, but lust inclin'd;
For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous
deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this loofer dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name;
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and down they satt,
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus satt
Poured out their plenty without spight or spare;
Nought wanted there that dainty was, and rare:
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betwene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guiltfull message
know.

LII.

So when they flaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort;
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe, under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine appaurance shonne)
In playner wize to tell her grievance she be-
gonne;

LIII.

And all atonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous
griefe:
(The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire)
Which spent in vaine; at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did let, her short reliefe,

And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never prife
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Dyd safely beleve her strong extremitye.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have beleife,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sene,
And by long triall of the inward griefe
Wherewith impicions love her hart did vexen,
Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexen.

Who meemes no guile, be gussed soonest shall,
And to faire semblance doth light faith annexen:
The birde that knowes not the false fowler's call,
Into his hidden nett full easily doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wife
Scorn the faire offer of good will professe,
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sleigne a gentle hart's request;
But with faire countenance, as besecmed best,
Her enterwoud; nath'lesse shee inly deemed
Her love too light to wooe a wandering guest;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemed
That from like inward fire that outward smoke
had steemd.

LVI.

Therewith a while she her fit fancy fedd,
Till the mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false inflidled fire
Did spread it selfe, and vainease claime inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Can choose his dame with balsomani gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meryment,
As diverse wits to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire Malocasta bent
Her crafty engines to her close intent.
By this th' eternal lampes wherewith high love
Doth light the lower worlde, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxes torches wren light
Unto their bowres to guyden everie guest:
Tho when the Brittonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fettered nest;
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary
toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite
affoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the worlde in silence deepe
Ythrownd was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Fairst Malocasta, whose engravied spright

Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And under the blacke veile of guilty night
Her with a scarlott mantle covered,
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling every ioint,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And to her bed approaching, first she prov'd
Whether she slept or wakte; with her soft hand
She softly felt if any member mov'd,
And lent her weary care to understand
If any puffle of breath or signe of sense she found.

LXI.

Which whenas none she found, with easy shifte,
For feare lest her unwaies she should abrayd,
Th' emborder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
Of every finest finger's touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd: at last the royall mayd
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And changed her weary side, the better easie
to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She slightly leapt out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour; but the dame, halfe dedd
Through suddaine feare and ghastly dretchedd,
Did shriek alowd, that through the hous it rung,
And the whole family therewith adredd,
Rashly out of their roused couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did
throng.

LXIII.

And those six knights, that ladies champions,
And eke the Red-crosse knight, ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attownd
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the fencelesse ground:
On the other side they saw the warlike mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terror they were all dis-
mayd.

LXIV.

About their lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen frownd,
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch;
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:
Her succourd eke the champion of the Bloody
Crosse.

LXV.

But one of those six knights, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:

stal Steele stayd not, till it was scene
 : her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
 why ras'd her soft silken skin,
 rups of purple blood thereout did weepe,
 did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil
 keep.

LXVI.

with enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
 in her flaming sword about her layd,
 one of them soule mischief could eschew,
 in her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd :
 these, and every where about her, swayd
 with full Steele, that nene mote it abyde ;
 in the Red-crosse knight gave her good
 ayd,

Ay ioyning foot to foot, and fyde to fyde,
 That in short space their foes they have quite
 terrifyde.

LXVII.

The whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
 The noble Britomartis her arayd,
 And her bright armes about her body dight :
 For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
 Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade
 Was vs'd of knightes and ladies seeming gent :
 So early ere the grosse earthes gryefy shade
 Was all disperit out of the firmament,
 They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their
 journey weat.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO II.

The Red-crosse knight to Britomast
Describeth Artegall ;
The wondrous mirrhour by which shee
In love with him did fall.

I.

HERE have I cause in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gesses and prowesse martiall :
Scarfe doe they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing
small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glo-
ries all.

II.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till envious men, (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty :
Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke
t' envy.

III.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart! whose prayse I wryte,
But of all wisedom bee thou precedent,
O soveraine Queene! whose prayse I would en-
dyte :

Endyte I would as dewtie doth excyte :
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,

When in so high an object doe lyte,
And striving fit to make, I feare do marre;
Thyselfe thy prayse tell, and make them knowe
farre.

IV.

She travailing with Guyon, by the way
Of sondry things faire purpose gan to find,
T' abridge their journey long and lingring day,
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To aske this Briton maid what uncouth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what way
Made her dissemble her disguised kind :
Faire lady she him seemd like lady dress,
But fairest knight alive when armed was
brest.

V.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answer make,
But with hart-shrilling throbs and bitter sorrow
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horror shake;
And ever and anon the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had been a shew
Of lightning through bright heven fulmin'd ;
At last the passion past, she thus him answered

VI.

“ Faire Sir! I let you weete that from the
“ I taken was from nourse's tender pap,
“ I have been trained up in warlike stowes,
“ To tosse speare and shield, and to assay
“ The warlike ryder to his most mishap ;

ice I loathed have my life to lead,
lies wont, in Pleasure's wanton lap,
to pierce the fine needle and nyce thread;
never were with point of foe-man's speare
to be dead.

VII.

My delight on deedes of armes is sett,
I hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
both by land, wherefo they may be mett,
for honour and for high regard,
without respect of riches or reward:
I chuse intent into these partes I came,
to witen compasse, or withouten card,
of my native soyle, that is by name
the greater Brytane, here to seeke for praise
and fame.

VIII.

Blazed hath that here in Faery Lond
many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
many straunge adventures to bee fond,
which high great worth and worship may be
to wonne,
I heere to provc, I this voyage have begonne.
I wote I wect of you, right courteous
Knight,
of one that hath unto me dapne
and dishonour and reprochful spight,
which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he
to hight."

IX.

Hee gone out, shee backe againe would call,
opening so to have mislayd,
shee uptaking ere the fall,
heerly answered: " Faire martiall Mayd;
I ye misfavord beche to upbrayd
the knight with so unknighly blame;
I wect ye well, of all that ever playd
in tourney, or like warlike game,
that noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X.

I great wonder were it if such shame
I ever enter in his bounteous thought,
I wote doe that mote deserven blame:
that noble corage never weeneth ought
to be unworthy of it selfe he thought:
I fore, faire Damzell! be ye well aware,
that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
I wote of your country both I wish welfare,
and honour both, for each of other worthy
to be care."

XI.

All maid wote inly wandrous glad,
to see her love so highly magnifyde,
and that ever shee affixed had
to a knight so goodly glorifyde,
and so finely shee it faine to hyde,
I wote of her mother that nine monthes did beare,
and care closett of her painefull syde,
to see her der babe, it seeing safe appeare,
and so much reioyce as shee reioycyd there.

XII.

Occasion him to further talke,
to see her humor with his pleasing style,
and in stryfe full termes with him to balke,
to see,

And thus replyde; " However, Sir, ye fyle
" Your courteous tongue his prayes to compyle,
" It ill becomes a knight of gentle fort,
" Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
" A simple maide, and work so heinous tort,
" In shame of knighthood, as I largely can re-
" port.

XIII.

" Let bee therefore my vengeance to disswade,
" And read where I that faytour false may find."
" Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
" To flake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
Said he, " perhaps you should it better find;
" For hardie thing it is to weene by might
" That man to hard conditions to bind,
" Or ever hope to match in equal fight {wight.
" Whose prowesse paragone saw never living

XIV.

" Ne foothlich is it easie for to read
" Where now on earth, or how he may be found,
" For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
" But restless walketh all the world around,
" Ay doing things that to his fame redound,
" Defending ladies cause and orphans right;
" Wherefo he beares that any doth confound
" Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
" So is his soveraine honour raise to heven's
" hight."

XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart:
Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay:
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faine gainesay;
(So dishord ofte in musick makes the sweeter
lay.)

XVI.

And sayd, " Sir Knight, these ydle termes for-
" beare;
" And sith it is unceath to find his haunt,
" Tell me some marks by which he may appeare;
" If chauce I him encounter paravaunt,
" For perdy one shall either slay or daunt:
" What shape, what shield, what armes, what
" speed, what speed,
" And whatso else his person most may vaunt?"
All which the Red-crosse knight to point arced,
And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in everie part before shee knew,
However list her now her knowledge fayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne shee did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruit more sweetnesse did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour shee mote waste,
And yield the prey of love to lothsome death at last.

XVIII.

By strange occasion shee did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to love his fight,

As it in bookes hath written beene of old,
In Dechenbarth, that now South-wales is hight,
What time King Ryence reign'd, and dealed
right,

The great magitian Merlin had devis'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguizd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone
were solemniz'd.

XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect fight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd
Betwixt the lowest earth and heven's hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd ;
Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had saynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd ;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world it selfe, and seemd a world of
glas.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke ?
But who does wonder, that has red the towre,
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her dis-
course,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre ?
Great Ptolomæe it for his leman's sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make ;
Yet when his love was false he with a pease it
brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Ryence for his gard,
'That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debarr'd :
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince :
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
Into her father's closet to repayre,
(For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre)
Where when she had espyde that myrrhour fayre,
Herselfe a while therein the vewd in vaine ;
'Tho her avizing of the virtues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe per-
taine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest hartes
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smartes
Of them that to him buxome are and prone :
So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom Fortune for her husband would ailot ;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same
knot.

XXIV.

Estfoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wise,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frendes to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt fourth. as Phœbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arise ;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sounnd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Artobogall did win :
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin,
That deckte the azure field with her faire pur-
dred skin.

XXVI.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way ; ne her unguilty age
Did weene unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot ;
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound ;
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So sily that she did not feele the wound,
Did smile full smoothly at her weetelesse wound
found.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe,
And her proud portance and her princely gest,
With which she cast triumphed, now did quite
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe, yet wist the nether how nor why ;
She wist not (silly mayd) what she did sile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but some male-
choly.

XXVIII.

So soone as Knight had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beauty of the shyning skye,
And reste from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her nourse adowns to sleepe did hye ;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly :
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often scope
Her dainty couch with tearcs, which closely she
did weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chauce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble Nature felt herselfe oppress,
Streight way with dreames and with fantastick flight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly scends affright ;
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

XXX.

on she was tost with such unrest,
 fe, whose name was Glaucer hight,
 pe out of her loathed nest,
 eble armes her quickly keight,
 aine in her warme bed her dight :
 re daughter, ah ! my dearest dread,
 uth fit," sayd she, " what evill
 t
 pprest, and with sad drearyhead
 ry lively cheare, and living made
 dead ?

XXXI.

ought these suddain ghastly feares
 list thy natural repose,
 ay, whenas thine equall pearcs
 ports with faire delight doe chose,
 corners doest thyself inclose,
 inces pleasure, ne doest spred
 fresh youth's fayrest flowre, but

nd fruite, both too untimely shed,
 ifull bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

at mortall men their weary cares,
 ; and all wilde beastes do rest,
 iver eke his course forbears,
 his wicked evill thee infest,
 wick thousand throbs, thy thrilled
 ;
 e Aten' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
 aped in thy hollow chest,
 th it breakes in fighes and anguish
 id sulphure mingled wick confused
 .

XXXIII.

r much I feare least love it bee !
 love it be, as sure I read
 n signes and passions which I
 y of thy race and royall seed,
 v by this most sacred head
 e foster childe, to ease thy griefe,
 y will : therefore away doe dread,
 o daunger from thy due reliefe
 arre : tell me therefore my liefest
 .

XXXIV.

le, her twixt her armes twaine
 straynd, and colled tenderly,
 mbling joint and every vaine
 , and rubbed busily,
 sen cold away to fly ;
 dewy eies with kisses deare
 arthe, and ofte againe did dry ;
 inportune not to feare
 ret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV.

pausd ; and then thus fearfully :
 what needeth thee to eke my paine ?
 ough that I alone doe dye,
 t doubled bee with death of twaine ?

" For nought for me but death there doth re-
 " maine."

" O daughter deare," said she, " despire no
 " whit,

" For never fore but might a false obtayne :
 " That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
 " Another arrow hath your lover's hart to hit."

XXXVI.

" But mine is not," quoth she, " like others
 " wovnd ;

" For which no reason can finde remedy."
 " Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,"

Said she ; " and though no reason may apply

" Salve to your sore, yet love can higher flye

" Then reason's reach, and oft hath wonders
 " donne."

" But neither God of Love, nor God of Skye

" Can do," said she, " that which cannot be
 " donne."

" Things oft impossible," quoth she, " seeme ere
 " begonne."

XXXVII.

" These idle wordes," said she, " doe nought
 " aswage

" My stubborne smart, but more annoiuaunce
 " breed :

" For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage

" Yet is, O Nourse ! which on my life doth feed,

" And sucks the blood which from my hart doth
 " bleed.

" But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde

" My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.

" Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde

" My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound
 " wyde ?

XXXVIII.

" Nor man it is, nor other living wight ;

" For then some hope I might unto me draw ;

" But th' only shade and semblent of a knight

" Whose shape or person yet I never saw,

" Hath me subiected to Love's cruell law :

" The same one day, as me Misfortune led,

" I in my father's wondrous mirrhour saw,

" And pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,

" Unwares the hidden hookes with baite I swal-
 " lowed ;

XXXIX.

" Sithens it hath infixd faster hold

" Within my bleeding bowells, and so fore

" Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshy
 " mould,

" That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous
 " gore,

" And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more ;

" Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,

" Other then my hard fortune to deplore ?

" And languish as the leafe fain from the tree,

" Till death make one end of my daies and mi-
 " screc."

XL.

" Daughter," said she, " what need ye be dis-
 " mayd ?

" Or why make ye such monster of your minde ?

" Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
 " Of filthy lust, contrary unto Finde,
 " But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
 " For who with reason can you aye reprove
 " To love the semblant pleasing most your
 " minde,
 " And yield your heart whence ye cannot re-
 " move?
 " No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

XLI.

" Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd,
 " Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart,
 " But lov'd their native sith against al kynd,
 " And to their purpose used wicked art;
 " Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
 " That lov'd a bull, and learned a beast to bee:
 " Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which de-
 " part
 " From course of Nature and of modestee?
 " Sweete Love such lewdnes bands from his faire
 " companee.

XLII.

" But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my
 " deare)
 " Though strange begining had, yet fixed is,
 " On one that worthy may perhaps appeare,
 " And certes seemed bestowed not amis;
 " Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis."
 With that upleaning on her elbow weake,
 Her alabaster brest she soft did kis,
 Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
 As it an earthquake were: At last she thus be-
 spake:

XLIII.

" Beldame, your words do worke me little ease;
 " For though my love be not so lewdly bent
 " As those ye blame, yet may it nought ap-
 " pease
 " My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 " But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment:
 " For they, however shamefull and unkinde,
 " Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
 " Short end of sorrowes they thereby did finde;
 " So was their fortune good, though wicked were
 " their minde.

XLIV.

" But wicked fortune mine, though minde be
 " good,
 " Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
 " But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
 " And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
 " Affection I doe languish and expire.
 " I fonder then Cepheus' foolish chylid,
 " Who having vewed in a fountaine there
 " His face was with the love thereof beguyld;
 " I fonder love a shade, the body far exyld."

XLV.

" Noughtlike," quoth shee, " for that same
 " wretched boy
 " Was of himselve the ydle paramoure,
 " Both love and lover, without hope of loy,
 " For which he faded to a watry flowre;
 " But better fortune thine, and better howre,

" Which lov'd the shadow of a warlike knight;
 " No shadow but a body hath in powre;
 " That body, wherefoever that it light,
 " May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke
 " might.

XLVI.

" But if thou may with reason yet repressie
 " The growing evill, ere it strength have got,
 " And thee abandond wholly to possesse,
 " Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not,
 " Til thou in open field adown be smott;
 " But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
 " So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
 " Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
 " To compass thy desire, and find that lov'd
 " knight."

XLVII.

Her chearfull words much cheard the scelle
 spright
 Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
 In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might,
 And the old woman carefully displayd
 The clothes about her round with busy syd,
 So that at last a little creeping sleepe
 Surpris'd her fence: shee therewith well aspyd,
 The dronken lamp downe in the oyl did sleepe,
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to
 weepe.

XLVIII.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world revele,
 They both uprose, and tooke their ready way
 Unto the church, their praiera to appele,
 With great devotion and with little zeke;
 For the faire damzell from the holy herle
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steake;
 And that old dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughter's hart fond fancies to
 verfe.

XLIX.

Returned home, the royall infant fell
 Into her former fit; for why? no powre
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell:
 But th' aged nurse calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre,
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
 All which she in an earthen pot did poure,
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and blood through
 did spill.

L.

Then taking thrise three heares from off
 head,
 Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pot's mouth bound
 thread;
 And after having whispered a space
 Certaine sad words with hollow voice and lace,
 Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt,
 " Come, daughter! come, spitt upon my face,
 " Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
 " Th' uneven number for this busines is
 " fitt."

LII.

ayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
 and her contrary to the sunne;
 she her turnd contrary and returnd;
 contrary; for she the right did shunne,
 ever what she did was freight undonee:
 might she to undoe her daughter's love,
 we that is in gentle brest begonne,
 le charmes so lightly may remove;
 well can witness who by tryall it does
 prove.

LIII.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
 Ne flake the fury of her cruell flame,
 But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
 That through long languor and hart-burning
 brame
 She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian stonde;
 That when old Glauce saw, for fear least blame
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to with
 stonde.

L iij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall;
And shewes the famous progeny
Which from them springen shall.

III.
Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brefts, ykindled first above
Emongt th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poured into men, which men call Love;
Not that fame which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never-dying
fame :

II.
Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,
That ovr mortall mindes hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright ;
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirred'st up th' heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous
moniments.

III.
But thy dredd dartes in none do triumph more,
Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall mayd of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure
From the world's end, through many a Litter
flowre,
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have spredd their living
prayse,
That Fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV.
Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name,
The warlike worthies from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of eternitye ;
Begin, O Clío ! and recount from hence
My glorious soveraine's goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees and long proteste,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

V.
Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glauce cast to cure this ladies grieffe ;
Full many wayes she sought, but none could finde
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that
chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick hart's reliefe ;
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle reprove,
And fore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughter's hard misfortune
heare.

VI.
At last she her avifde, that he which made
That mirrhour wherein the sick damosell
So straungely vewed her strange lover's shade,
To weete the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best
wrought ;
For though beyond the Africk Ismael,
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to
sought.

VII.

themselves disguising both in straunge
 attyre, that none might them bewray,
 inum, that is now by chaunge
 sayr-Merlin cald, they tooke their way;
 wife Merlin whylome wont (they say)
 his wonne, low underneath the ground,
 delve, farre from the vew of day,
 living wight he mote be found,
 counsell, with his sprights encompass
 and.

VIII.

u ever happen that same way
 , go to see that dreadful place:
 leous hollow cave (they say)
 ck that lies a little space
 swift Barry, tumbling downe apace
 he woody hilles of Dyncowwre:
 ou not, I charge, in any case,
 nto that same balefull bowre,
 the cruel fecendes should thee unware
 soure.

IX.

ng high aloft, low lay thine care;
 such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
 a caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 ousand sprights with long-enduring
 nes
 that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
 times great grones and grievous hownds,
 huge toyle and labour them constraines,
 times loud strokes and ringing foundes
 ler that deepe rocke most horribly re-
 wndes.

X.

, some say, is this: A litle whyte
 t Merlin dyde, he did intend
 wall in compas to compyle
 irmardin, and did it commend
 : sprights to bring to perfect end;
 hich worke the Lady of the Lake,
 ng he lov'd, for him in hast did send,
 rby forst his workemen to forsake,
 wnd till his retourne their labour not to
 ke.

XI.

an time through that false ladies traine
 rprissd, and buried under beare,
 o his worke returnd againe;
 o those fecends may not their work for-
 are,
 his commandement they feare,
 doe toyle and travell day and night,
 t brasen wall they up doe reare;
 in had in magick more insight
 r him before or after living wight:

XII.

r wordes could call out of the sky
 ae and moone, and make them him obey;
 to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
 som night he eke could turne to day;
 ftes of men he could alone dismay,
 es of men of meanest things could frame,
 him list his enemies to fray,

That to this day for terror of his fame
 The fecendes do quake, when any him to them does
 name:

XIII.

And sooth men say that he was not the sonde
 Of mortall fyre or other living wight,
 But wondrously begotten and begonne
 By false illusion of a guilefull spright
 On a faire lady nonne, that whilome hight
 Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
 Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
 And chosen unto king Ambrosius,
 Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous

XIV.

They here arriving, staid awhile without,
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new dout
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend,
 Untill the hardy mayd (with love to frend)
 First entering, the dreadful mage there fownd
 Deepe busied 'bout werke of wondrous end,
 And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
 With which the stabberne fecendes he to his service
 bound.

XV.

He naught was moved at their entranche bold,
 (For of their comming well he wist afore)
 Yet list them bid their business to unfold,
 As if ought in this world in secrete store
 Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
 Then Glauce thus, " Let not it thee offend,
 " That we thus rashly through thy darksome dove
 " Unwares have prest; for either fatal end,
 " Or other mightie cause, us two did hether
 " send."

XVI.

He bad tell on; and then she thus began;
 " Now have three moones with borrowd brother's
 light
 " Thrife shined faire, and thrife seemd dim and
 " wan,
 " Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
 " Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 " First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote
 " bee,
 " Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright;
 " But this I read, that but if remedee
 " Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
 see."

XVII.

Therewith th' enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
 And to her said, " Beldame, by that ye tell
 " More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell
 " Then of my skill: who helpe may have else-
 " where,
 " In vaine seekes wonders out of magic spell."
 The old woman vox half blanck those words to
 heare,
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare;

XVIII.

And to him said, " Yf any leaches skill,
 " Or other learned meanes could have redrest

" This my déare daughter's deepe-engraffed ill,
 " Certes I should be loth thee to molest ;
 " But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
 " Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 " And housed is within her hollow brest,
 " That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
 " Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment
 " breed.

XIX.

The wizard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But brushing forth in laughter to her sayd,
 " Glauce, what needes this colourable word
 " To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd ?
 " Ne ye, fayre Britomartis ! thus arayd,
 " More hidden are then sunne in cloudy vele,
 " Whom thy good fortune, having Fate obeyd,
 " Hath hether brought for succour to appele,
 " The which the powres to thee are pleased to
 " revele."

XX.

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
 Into a cleare carnation fuddeine dyde ;
 As fayre Aurora ryng hastily
 Doth by her blushing tell that she did ly
 All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly ;
 But her old nourse was nought dishartened,
 But vantage made of that which Merlin had
 arcd ;

XXI.

And sayd, " Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
 " (For what dost not thou knowe ?) of grace I
 " pray,

" Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe."
 With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his spirite thus gan fourth display ;
 " Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
 " Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay,
 " The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
 " And with sharpe sith thy tender hart oppresseth
 " fore.

XXII.

" For so must all things excellent begin ;
 " And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
 " Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
 " Till they to heven's hight forth stretched be ;
 " For from thy wombe a famous progence
 " Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
 " Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
 " Of those same antique peres, the heavens brood,
 " Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with
 " their blood.

XXIII.

" Renowned kings and sacred emperours,
 " Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend ;
 " Brave captaines and most mighty warriours,
 " That shall their conquests through all lands
 " extend,
 " And their decayed kingdomes shall amend ;
 " The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 " They shall upreare, and mightily defend
 " Against their forren foe that comes from farre,
 " Till universall peace compound all civill jarre.

XXIV.

" It was not, Britomart ! thy wandring eye
 " Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glas,
 " But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
 " Led with eternall Providence, that has
 " Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas :
 " Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 " To love the prowest knight that ever was ;
 " Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
 " And doe by all dew means thy destiny fulfill."

XXV.

" But read," said Glauce, " Thou magitian,
 " What means shall she out-seeke, or what waies
 " take ?
 " How shall she know, how shall she finde the
 " man ?
 " Or what needes her to toyke, sith fates can make
 " Way for themselves their purpose to perake ?"
 Then Merlin thus ; " Indeed the Fates are firme,
 " And may not shrink, though all the world do
 " shake ;
 " Yet ought mens good endeovrs them confesse
 " And gyde the heavenly causes to their constant
 " terme.

XXVI.

" The man whom hevens have ordayned to be
 " The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall ;
 " He wgneth in the land of Fayerce,
 " Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
 " To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 " And whylome by false Faries stoln away,
 " Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall ;
 " Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day ;
 " But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fary :

XXVII.

" But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
 " And brother unto Cador, Cornish king,
 " And for his warlike feates renowned is
 " From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 " Untill the closure of the evening :
 " From thence, him firmly bound with fabled
 " band,
 " To this his native soyle thou backe shak bring,
 " Strongly to ayde his cuntry, to withstand
 " The powre of forreine paynimis which invade
 " thy land.

XXVIII.

" Great ayd thereto his mighty puissance
 " And dreaded name shall give in that sad day ;
 " Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce
 " Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy lover's
 " pray ;
 " Long time ye both in armes shall beare great
 " sway,
 " Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
 " And his last fate him from thee take away,
 " Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
 " Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischiefes
 " fall.

XXIX.

" With thee yet shall he leave for memory
 " Of his late puissance his ymage dead,
 " That living him in all adivity
 " To thee shall represent : he from the head

" Of his coulen Constantius without dread
 " Shall take the crowne that was his father's right,
 " And therewith crowne himselfe in th' other's
 " "stead:
 " Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
 " Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

xxx.

" Like as a lyon that in drowfie cave
 " Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
 " And coming forth, shall spred his banner
 " "brave
 " Over the troubled South, that it shall make
 " The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
 " Thrice shall he fight with them, and twise shall
 " "win,
 " But the third time shall sayre accordaunce make;
 " And if he then with victorie can lin,
 " He shall his dayes with peace bring to his
 " "earthly in.

xxxii.

" His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succede
 " In kingdome, but not in felicity;
 " Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
 " And with great honour many batteills try;
 " But at th' last to the importunity
 " Of froward Fortune shall be forit to yield;
 " But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
 " Avenge his father's losse with speare and shield,
 " And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

xxxiii.

" Behold the man, and tell me Britomart,
 " If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
 " How like a gyzant in each manly part
 " Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
 " That one of th' old heroes seemes to be!
 " He the six islands, comprovinciall
 " In sunient times unto Great Britaine,
 " Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 " Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

xxxiiii.

" All which his sonne Careticus awhile
 " Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,
 " Untill a straunger king from unknowne foyle
 " Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
 " Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
 " Irelande subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 " Like a swift otter (fell through emptinesse)
 " Shall over-swim the sea with many one
 " Of his Norweyfes, to assist the Britons sone.

xxxv.

" He in his furie all shall over-ronne,
 " And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,
 " That thy sad people, utterly sordonne,
 " Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
 " Was never so great waste in any place,
 " Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
 " For all thy cities they shall sacke and race,
 " And the greene graffe that groweth they shall
 " "bren,
 " That even the wilde beast shall dye in starved
 " "den.

xxxvi.

" Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
 " Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,

" Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
 " And passing Dee, with hardy enterprife
 " Shall backe repulse the valiant Brockwelc twife,
 " And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill;
 " But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise;
 " For Cadwin pitying his peoples ill,
 " Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons
 " "kill.

xxxvii.

" But after him, Cadwallin mightily
 " On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall
 " "wreake;
 " Ne shall avail the wicked forcery
 " Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
 " But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
 " Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire:
 " Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
 " From their long vassallage gin to respire,
 " And on their paynim foes avenge their rancled
 " "ire.

xxxviii.

" Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 " Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
 " Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
 " Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
 " Together with the king of Louthiane,
 " Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
 " Both ioynt partakers of the fatal payne;
 " But Penda, fearefull of like destuecy,
 " Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweate
 " "sealty:

xxxix.

" Him shall he make his fatal instrument
 " T' afflicke the other Saxons unsubdewd,
 " He marching forth with fury insolent
 " Against the good King Oswald, who indewd
 " With heavenly powre, and by angels reskewd,
 " All holding crosses in their hands on hyc,
 " Shall him defeat withouten blood imbrowd;
 " Of which that field for endless memory
 " Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

xl.

" Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
 " And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
 " With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
 " And crowne with martyrdome his sacred
 " "head;
 " Whose brother Ofwin, daunted with like
 " "dread,
 " With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;
 " And Penda seeking him adowne to tread,
 " Shall tread adowne and doe him fowly dye,
 " But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

xli.

" Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
 " Of Britons eke with him atonce shall dye;
 " Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,
 " Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
 " When the full time prefix by Destiny
 " Shall be expird of Britons regiment;
 " For Heven itselfe shall their successe envy,
 " And them with plagues and murrins penitent.
 " Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be
 " "spent.

XL.

" Yet after all these forrowes, and huge hills
 " Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
 " Cadwallader not yielding to his ill,
 " From Armoricke, where long in wretched case
 " He liv'd, returning to his native place,
 " Shall be by vision staide from his intent;
 " For th' Heavens have decreed to displace
 " The Britons for their finnes dew punishment,
 " And to the Saxons over-give their government.

XLII.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
 " Be to the Briton babe that shall be borne,
 " To live in thraldome of his father's foe;
 " Late king, now captive; late lord, now for-
 " lorne;

" The world's reproch, the cruell victor's scorn,
 " Banisht from princely bowre to wastefull wood;
 " O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
 " The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
 " Whose empire lenger here than ever any stood?"

XLIII.

The damzell was full deepe empaffioned
 Both for his griefe and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woos so plaine he fashioned,
 And fighting fore at length him thus bespake;
 " Ah! but will Heven's fury never flake,
 " Nor vengesance huge relent it selfe at last?
 " Will not long misery late mercy make?
 " But shall their name for ever be defalte,
 " And quite from off the earth their memory be
 " raste?"

XLIV.

" Nay but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,
 " That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
 " And the just revolution measured,
 " That they as strangers shall be notified:
 " For twife fowre hundred yeares shal be sup-
 " plide
 " Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
 " And their importune fates all satisfide;
 " Yet during this their most obscuritee,
 " Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men
 " them faire may see.

XLV.

" For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
 " Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
 " That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
 " And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
 " The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew:
 " Then Griffyth Conan also shall up-reare
 " His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 " Of native corage, that his foes shall feare
 " Least backe againe the kingdom he from them
 " should beare.

XLVI.

" Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
 " Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons
 " wonne
 " First ill, and after ruled wickedly;
 " For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
 " There shall a Raven, far from rising funne,
 " With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
 " And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne

" The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
 " In their avenge tread downe the victors fur-
 " query.

XLVII.

" Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew:
 " There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
 " Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
 " Of hungry whelpes, his bartailous bold brood,
 " Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy
 " blood;
 " That from the Daniske tyrant's head shall read
 " Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 " And the spoile of the countrey conquered
 " Emongs his young ones shall divide with beut-
 " tyhed.

XLVIII.

" Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
 " There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-
 " while
 " Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
 " Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull isle
 " Of Mona, where it lurked in exile,
 " Which shall breake forth into bright-burning
 " flame
 " And reach into the house that beares the stile
 " Of royall maicesty and soveraine name:
 " So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe
 " reclaime.

XLIX.

" Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
 " Betweene the nations different afore,
 " And sacred Peace shall lovingly perswade
 " The warlike mindes to learne her goodly lore,
 " And civile armes to exercise no more:
 " Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
 " Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
 " And the great castle smite so fore withall,
 " That it shall make him shake, and shortly leare
 " to fall;

L.

" But yet the end is not"—There Merlin sayd,
 As overcome of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet not discourse;
 Which suddain sitt, and halfe extaticke stoure
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
 Greatly confusid in behavoure:
 At last the fury past, to former hew
 Hee turnd againe, and chearfull lookes as earth did
 shew.

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all that needed them to be inquired,
 They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts unto their home retired;
 Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
 How to affect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possess the purpose they desired:
 Now this, now that, twist them they did devise,
 And diversie plots did frame to make in strangest
 disguise.

LII.

At last the nurse in her fool-hardy wit
 Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake

Daughter, I deeme that counsel ay most fit,
 That of the time doth dew advantage take :
 Ye see that good King Uther now doth make
 Strong warre upon the paynim brethren, hight
 Oth and Oza, whome hee lately brake
 Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
 That now all Britany doth burne in armes
 bright.

LIII.

That therefore nought our passage may em-
 peach,
 Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise,
 And our weake hands (need makes good schol-
 lers) teach
 The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise :
 No certes, Daughter, that same warlike wife,
 I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene
 tall
 And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard em-
 prize;
 No ought ye want but skil, which praetize
 small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd mar-
 tiall.

LIV.

And sooth it ought your corage much inflame
 To heare so often in that royall hous,
 From whence to none inferior ye came,
 Birds tell of many wemen valorous,
 Which have full many feats adventurous
 Performed, in paragone of proudest men :
 The bold Bauduca, whose victorious
 Employts made Rome to quake, stout Guen-
 dolen,
 Renowned Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.

LV.

And that, which more then all the rest may
 sway,
 Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld;
 In the last field before Menevia,
 Which Uther with those forrein pagans held,
 I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
 Great Ulfm thrife upon the bloody playne;
 And had not Carados her hand withheld
 From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;
 Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with
 payne."

LVI.

Ah read," quoth Britomart, "how is shee
 hight?"
 "Fayre Angela," quoth she, "men do her call,
 No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight :
 She hath the leading of a martiall
 And mightie people, dreaded more then all
 The other Saxons, which doe for her take
 And love themselves of her name Angles call :
 Therefore faire Infant! her ensample make
 Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take."

LVII.

Her hasty wordes so deepe into the mynd
 Of the young damzell sunke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspyre,
 That she resolv'd, unwecting to her fyre,

Advent'rous knight hood on herselfe to don,
 And counsell with her nurse her maides at-
 tyre

To turne into a massy habergeon,
 And bad her all things put in readines anon.

LVIII.

Th'old woman nought that needed did omit,
 But all things did conveniently purway.
 It fortun'd (so time their turne did fit)
 A band of Britons ryding on forray
 Few dayes before had gotten a grtat pray
 Of Saxon goodes, amongst the which was scene
 A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
 Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel be-
 scene.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
 King Ryence caused to be hang'd by
 In his chiefe church, for endless monuments
 Of his successe and gladfull victory;
 Of which herselfe avising readily
 In th' evening late old Glauce thether led
 Faire Britomart, and that same armory
 Downe taking, her therein appareled,
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick
 garnished.

LX.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
 Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
 And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
 Sith which it had beene here perserv'd in store,
 For his great vertues proved long afore;
 For never wight so fast in fell could sit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
 Both speare the tooke and shieldes which hang
 by it;
 Both speare and shield of great powre for her pur-
 pose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
 Another harnesse which did hang thereby
 About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her squire attend her carefully :
 Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full
 light,
 And through back waies, that none might them
 espy,
 Covered with secret cloude of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward
 right.

LXII.

Ne rested they till that to Faery Lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late;
 Where meeting with this Red-crosse knight, she
 found
 Of diverse thinges discourtes to dilate,
 But most of Arthegall and his estate :
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part :
 Then each to other, well affectionate,
 Friendship profess'd with unfained hart,
 The Red-crosse knight divers't, but forth rode
 Britomart.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the rich strand;
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

i.

WHERE is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the battelles, where the shieldes and
 sperre,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

ii.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy fore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greckish blood so often in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade how stout Debora strake
Proud Sifera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

iii.

Yet these and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare:
Well worthy stock, from which the branches
 sprong

That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare
As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along.

iv.

Who when through speaches with the Red-crosse
 knight,
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point herselfe informd aright,
A frendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and conge tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chief
 meed.

v.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever doste her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Red-crosse knight did earst display
Her lover's shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashions in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest she for love could find,
Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

vi.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous bred,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII.

ghted from her light-foot beast,
lowne upon the rocky shore,
squyre unlace her lofty creast;
vewd awhile the surges hore,
the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
raging surquedry disdaynd
earth affronted them so fore,
vouring covetize restraynd,
fighed deepe, and after thus com-
d.

VIII.

ff sorrow, and tempestuous grieffe,
ny feeble barke is tossed long,
he hoped haven of reliefe,
thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
moyst mountaines each on others
ong,
g to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
allay, and stint thy stormy stryfe,
hytroubled bowels raignes and rageth
e;

IX.

feeble vessell, craz'd and crackt
thy strong buffets and outrageous
wes,
dure, but needes it must be wrackt
gh rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
s that Love it steres, and Fortune
wes;
lewd pilott) hath a restlesse mind,
ne (botcswaine) no assurance knowes,
withouten starres gainst tyde and
nde:
they other doe, sith both are bold and
nde?

X.

l of windes, that raigest in the seas,
rest also in the continent,
w up some gentle gale of ease,
y may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
glad some port of her intent;
n I shall myselfe in safety see,
r eternall monument
at grace and my great ieorpardee,
ntune! I avow to hallow unto thee."

XI.

g softly fore and inly deepe,
ill her plaint in privy grieffe,
at courage would not let her weepe)
Glauce gan with sharpe reprice
ine, and give her good reliefe,
pe of those, which Merlin had her

r name and pation be chiefe,
eir being from the sacred mould
rtall womb, to be in heaven enrold.

XII.

her recomforted, she spyde
way one all in armour bright
allop towards her did ryde:
oone she ceast, and on her dight
to her courser mounting light:

Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path;
Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heaven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darknes dwels, till that at last
The watry south-winde from the sea-bord coste
Ublowing doth disperfe the vapour losse,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the fayre Britomart, having discloste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieffe dissolv'd did into vengeance
powre.

XIV.

Estfoone, her goodly shield addresssing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.
The knight approaching sternely her bespake;
" Sir Knight, that doest that voyage rashly make
" By this forbidden way in my despight,
" Ne doest by others death ensample take,
" I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
" Least afterwards it be too late to take thy
" sight."

XV.

Ythrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; " Fly they that need to fly;
" Wordes fearen babes; I meane not thee entreat
" To passe; but maugre thee will pass or dy."
Ne lenger stay'd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly
knowne:
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downs
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her
crown.

XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissance,
That through his three-square scuchin percing
quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly fousing on the sandy shore
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his
gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred oxe, that carelesse stands
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddainly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore,

XVIII.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strand; which, as she over-went,

She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all, for all was in her powre.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly astonishment,
Tydings hercof came to his mother's care;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymōent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare,
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
(As he by chaunce did wander that same way)
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father Marinell did name,
And in a rocky cave (as knight forlorne)
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne;
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strand to travell whereas he did wonne.
But that he must do battail with the sea-nymphes
sonne.

XXI.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Farie Lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous
glade:
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes
ybere.

XXII.

The god did graunt his daughter's deare demanda,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow;
Estfoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from
them did keepe.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches, and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian
kings;
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
As was in all the Lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might;

The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life;
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear
The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife:

XXV.

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mightie spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell;
Who through foresight of his eternal skill,
Bad her from woman-kind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or
kill.

XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
(A lesson too too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refrain,)
Yet he his mother's lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine
That they for love of him would algates dy e
Dy, whofo list for him, he was love's enemy.

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And sindeeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.
His mother had him womens love to hate,
For she of woman's force did feare no harme;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite dis-
arme.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That Proteus prophicide should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay:
So tickle be the termes of mortal state,
And full of subtile soppisimes, which doe play
With double fences and with false debate,
T' approve the unknownen purpose of eternal
Fate.

XXIX.

Too trow the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who through late triall on that wealthy strand
Inglorious now lies in senselesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond;
Which when his mother deare did understand,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds, from the sun their forheads fayre
shade;

XXX.

Estfoones both floweres and girlonds far away
She song, and her faire dewy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesome merrh to grievous dreiment:

W herfelfe downe on the continent,
did fpeake, but lay as in a frowne,
ll her fifters did for her lament
ling outcries and with flurking fowne,
ry one did teare her girlond from her
towne.

XXXI.

She up out of her deadly fitt
e hadd her charett to be brought,
er fifters, that with her did fitt,
atonce their charett to be fought :
of bitter griefe and penfiv thought
r waggon clombe; clombe all the reft,
a together went, with sorrow fraught ;
es obedient to their becheft
dded ready paffage, and their rage fur-
caft.

XXXII.

Optuse ftoode amazed at their fight,
e his broad rownd backe they foftly flied,
himfelfe mourned at their mournfull plight,
; not what their wailing ment, yet did,
at compaffion of their sorrow, bid
hty waters to them buxome bee ;
es the roaring billowes fill abid,
the grieftly monfters of the fee [fee
ping at their gate, and wondred them to

XXXIII.

of dolphins raunged in aray
e smooth charett of fad Cymöent ;
ere all taught by Triton to obay
ong raynes at her commaundement :
e as swallowes on the waves they went,
eir broad flaggy finnes no fomes did reare,
ing rowndell they behind them fent ;
of other fifhes drawn weare,
with their finny oars the swelling fea did
heare.

XXXIV.

they bene arriv'd upon the brim
ich ftrood, their charets they forlore,
their temed fifhes foftly fwim
he margent of the fomy fhore, [fore,
cy their finnes fhould bruze, and furbate
nder feete upon the ftony grownd ;
nming to the place, where all in gore
ddy blood enwallowed they fownd
kleffe Marinell lying in deadly fownd.

XXXV.

her frown'd thrife, and the third time
arce recovered bee out of her paine ;
; not bene devoide of mortall flime,
ld not then have bene rely'd againe ;
e as life recovered had the raine,
ide fo piteous mone and deare wayment,
e hard rocks could fcarce from teares re-
fraine,

her fifters nymphes with one confent
e her fobbing breaches with fad comple-
ment.

XXXVI.

e image of myfelfe," fhe fayd, " That is
wretched fonne of wretched mother borne,
is thine high advancement? O is this

" Th' immortal name, with which thee yet un-
" borne

" Thy grandfire Nereus promitt to adorne ?

" Now lyest thou of life and honor reffe ;

" Now lyest thou a lump of earth forlorne ;

" Ne of thy late life memory is left ;

" Ne can thy irrevocable deftey bee wefte.

XXXVII.

" Fond Proteus, father of falfe prophesie,

" And they more fond that credit to thee give,

" Not this the worke of woman's hand ywis,

" That fo deepe wound through thefe deare

" members drive.

" I feared love ; but they that love doe live ;

" But they that dye do nether love nor hate :

" Nath'leffe to thee thy folly I forgive,

" And to myfelfe, and to accurfed Fate,

" The guilt I doe afcribe ; deare wifedome bought

" too late.

XXXVIII.

" O what avails it of immortall feed

" To benee ybredd and never borne to dye ?

" Farre better I it deeme to die with fpeed,

" Then waffe in woe, and waifal miferie :

" Who dyes the utmost dolor doth aby,

" But who that lives is left to waile his loffe ;

" So life is loffe, and death felicity :

" Sad life worfe than glad death ; and greater

" croffe

" To fee friends grave, then dead the grave felfe

" to engroffe.

XXXIX.

" But if the heavens did his dayes envie,

" And my fhort blis maligne, yet mote they well

" Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,

" That the dim eies of my deare Marinell,

" I mote have clofed, and him bod farewell,

" Sith other offices for mother meet

" They would not graunt :

" Yet manltre them, farewell my sweeteft sweet ;

" Farewell my sweeteft fonne, fith we no more

" fhall meet."

XL.

Thus when they all had forow'd their fill,

They foftly gan to fearch his grieftly wovnd ;

And that they might him handle more at will,

They him difarm'd, and fpredding on the grownd

Their warchet mantles fringed with filver rownd,

They foftly wipt away the gelly blood

From th' orifice ; which having well upbownd,

They pourd in foveraine balme and neftar good,

Good both for erthly med'cine and for havenly

food.

XLI.

Tho when the lilly-handed Liagore

(This Liagore whilome had learned skill

In leaches crafe by great Apolloes lore,

Sith her whilome upon high Pindus' hill

He loved, and at laft her wombe did fill

With heavenly feed, whereof wife Paeon fprong)

Did feele his pulfe, fhee knew there ftayed ftill

Some little life his feeble fprites emong,

Which to his mother told, defpeyre fhe from her

fong.

XLII.

Tho' up him taking in their tender hands,
They safely unto her charett beare;
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare;
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage
sheare;
Upon great Neptune's necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And wanted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally;
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might,
For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is
hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphes sit all about him rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight,
And ofte his mother vewing his wide wound,
Curst the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight;
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maide, th' ensample of that might,
But fayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought
forsooke.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still purswe,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince, and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee leste, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zele, him followed long, [wrong.
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her

XLVI.

Through thicke and thin, through mountains and
through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce purswe
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from wew
Of hunters swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way,
Where doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII.

But Timias, the prince's gentle squyre,
That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignat yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went,
So becaue they three three sondry wayes ybent;
But sayrest fortune to the prince besell,
Whose chauce it was that soone he did repent
To take that way in which that damozell
Was fledd afore afraid of him as scend of bell.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew;
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dread;
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her
withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight.
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule fwaine
Was carst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearefull dove which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a taffell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her haft for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid firm-
ment.

L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dread,
That fearefull ladie fledd from him, that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly sbent
Carried her forward with her first intent;
And though, oft looking backward, well she
vewde
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewde:
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that vilen
rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her off
mayd,
Whose like in Faery Lond were seldom seene,
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afraid
Then of wilde beasts if she had chased beene;
Yet he her followed still with corage keene,
So long that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warned his other brethren ioyous
To light their blessed lamps in love's eternal
hous.

LII.

All suddenly dim wexe the dampish ayre,
And grisly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
Which when the prince beheld, (a lothfull sight)
And that perforce for want of lenger light
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowle wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And curst Night, that rest from him so goodly
scope.

LIII.

Tho' when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd,
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddently
Covered with clouds her pilott hath dismayd,
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his lostie speed dismounting low,

rage; down himselfe he layd
 By ground to sleepe a throw;
 He was his couch, the hard Steele his

LIV.

He envye him any rest;
 Of sad sorrow and disdain
 As did vex his noble brest,
 Fancies bett his ydle brayne
 Ght wings, the fights of semblants

In that lady faire mote bee
 eene, for whom he did complain;
 Every Queene were such as thee,
 y Night he blamed bitterlie:

LV.

A foule mother of annoyances sad,
 Avie Death and nurse of Woe,
 Begot in heaven, but for thy bad
 Shape thrust downe to hell below,
 The grim floud of Cocytus flow,
 As is in Herebus black hous,
 ebus, thy husband, is the foe
 (ods) where thou ungratious
 dayes doest lead in horreur hideous:

LVI.

h' eternall Maker need of thee
 in his continuall course to keepe,
 all things deface, ne lettest see
 of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
 all body that doth love to sleepe,
 limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
 : thee oft, and oft from Stygian

his goddesse in his errour blind,
 Dame Nature's handmaide chearing
 y kind.

LVII.

vote that to an heavy hart
 : roote and nurse of bitter cares,
 ew, renewer of old smarts:
 est thou lendest rayling teares,
 epe thou sendest troublous feares:
 ill visions, in the which alive
 image of sad Death appears:

" So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
 " Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII.

" Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
 " Light-shonning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
 " Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
 " Shamefull Deceipt, and Daunger imminent,
 " Fowle Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment:
 " All these I wote in thy protection bee,
 " And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent;
 " For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
 " And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light
 " to see.

LIX.

" For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,
 " And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
 " The prayes of high God he faire displays,
 " And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
 " Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
 " Which darknesse shall subdue, and heaven win:
 " Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
 " Most sacred Virgin! without spot of sinne:
 " Our life is day; but death with darknesse doth
 " begin.

LX.

" O when will Day then turne to me againe,
 " And bring with him his long expected light?
 " O Titan! hast to reare thy ioyous waine,
 " Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,
 " And chase away this too long lingring Night;
 " Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell.
 " She, she it is, that hath me done despight;
 " There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 " And yield her rowme to Day, that can it go-
 " verne well."

LXI.

Thus did the prince that wearie night outwearie
 In restless anguish and unquiet paine;
 And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
 His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
 He up arose, as halfe in great disdain,
 And clombe unto his steed: so forth he went
 With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
 In him bewraide great grudge and malalent;
 His steed eke seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

M

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOKE V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell
Three sisters Timius wound;
Belphoebe finds him almost dead,
And reareth out of sword.

I.
Wonders it is to see in diuers minde
How diuersly Love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes;
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to waite his carelesse day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II.
Ne suffereth it uncomely Idleneffe
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleneffe
Ever to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarce this prince to breache at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

III.
Who long time wandred through the forest wyde
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked whence he lately came,
And whether now he travciled so fast?
For fore he swat, and roanng through that same
Thicke forest was bescratcht, and both his feet
nigh lame.

IV.
Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The dwarfe him answerd, " Sir, ill mote I
" To tell the same: I lately did depart
" From Faery Court, where I have many a
" Served a gentle lady of great sway
" And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land
" Who lately left the same, and tooke this way
" Her now I seeke, and if ye understand
" Which way she fared hath, good Sir! tell
" of hand."

V.
" What mister wight," saide he, " and how
" rayd?"
" Royally clad," quoth he, " in cloth of gold;
" As meetest may besecme a noble mayd;
" Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
" A fayrer wight did never sunne behold;
" And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow
" Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold:
" The surest signe whereby ye may her know,
" Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

VI.
" Now certes, Swaine," saide he, " such one
" weene
" Fast flying through this forest from her so,
" A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene;
" Herselfe (well as I might) I reskewd thee,
" But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
" Carried away with wings of speedy feare."
" Ah! dearest God," quoth he, " that is g

was ruth to all that shall it heare :
 "ead, Sir, how I her may finde, or
 e?"

VII.

er were to weeten that,"
 en ranfome of the richest knight,
 ood that ever yet I gat :
 i fortune, and too forward night,
 esse did (maulgre) to me spight,
 rest both life and light attone.
 e, aread what is that lady bright
 h this forest wandreth thus alone ?
 rroure straunge I have great ruth
 none."

VIII.

," quoth he, " wherefo she bee,
 ft virgin, and most debonaire,
 iving eye, I weene, did see ;
 this day that may with her compare
 halitic and vertue rare
 r ornaments of beauty bright),
 ped Florimell the fayre,
 ell, belov'd of many a knight,
 s none but one, that Marinell is
 it :

IX.

hes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
 e dame is loved dearly well ;
 ne but him she sets delight ;
 ight is set on Marinell,
 nought at all by Florimell :
 ove his mother long ygoe
 hey fay) forwarne through sacred
 l ;
 ow flies, that of a forreine foe
 ie, which is the ground of all our
 :

X.

here be-since he (they say) was flaine,
 since Florimell the Court forwent,
 l never to returne againe,
 ive or dead she did invent :
 faire Sir! for love of knighthood
 t,
 ir of trew ladies, if ye may
 od counsell or bold hardiment
 her, or me direct the way,
 other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI.

gaine to you full great renowme
 l ladies through the worlde so wide,
 in her hart finde highest rowme
 ye seeke to be most magnifide ;
 small meede shall you abide."
 e prince ; " Dwarfie, comfort to thee
 ce,
 ou tidings learne what her betide,
 w thee never to forsake :
 he armes that mill them use for ladies
 e."

XII.

lwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
 lady where he mote her finde ;
 way he greatly gau complaine

The want of his good squire late left behinde,
 For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,
 For doubt of daunger which mote him betide ;
 For him he loved above all mankinde,
 Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
 And bold, as ever squyre that waited by knight's
 side.

XIII.

Who all this whyle full hardly was assayd
 Of deadly daunger which to him betidd ;
 For whiles his lord purfwd that noble mayd,
 After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd,
 To bene avenged of the shame he did
 To that faire damzell : him he chased long
 Through the thicke woods, whercin he would
 have hid
 His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
 wrong.

XIV.

Nathlesse the villain sped himself so well,
 Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beaft,
 Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
 That shortly he from daunger was releaft,
 And out of sight escaped at the least ;
 Yet not escaped from the dew reward
 Of his bad deedes, which dally he increaft,
 Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
 The heavie plague that for such leachours is pre-
 pard.

XV.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
 And cast t'avenge him of that fowle despight
 Which he had borne of his bold enimee ;
 Tho to his brethren came (for they were threed
 Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre),
 And unto them complayned, how that he
 Had used bene of that foole-hardie squyre ;
 So them with bitter words he stir'd to bloodie yre

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
 Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
 And with him foorth into the forest went,
 To wreake the wrath which he did carst revive
 In their sterne breasts, on him which late did drive
 Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight ;
 For they had vow'd that never he alive
 Out of that forest should escape their might ;
 Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such
 despight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
 Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
 Through which it was uncaeth for wight to wade,
 And now by fortune it was overflowne ;
 By that fame way they knew that squyre un-
 knowne
 Mote algates passe ; forthy themselves they fet
 There in await, with thicke woods overgrowne,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruell threats his passage through the ford
 to lct.

XVIII.

It fortun'd, as they deziv'd had,
The gentle squire came riding that same way,
Unwecting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly fourth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly had his passage there to slay,
Till he had made amends and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen
afore.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With to fell force and villicinous despite,
That through his habercion the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy squire did fore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite,
For by no means the high banke he could seafe,
But labourd long in that deepe ford with vaine
discafe.

XX.

And still the foster, with his long bore-speare,
Him kept from landing at his wished will:
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fettered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to
fight.

XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeance making
way,
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did fore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did
flow.

XXII.

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did
bite
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin:
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both atonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villayn he avyvd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he clesste his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;

His sinfull fowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV.

That seeing now the only last of three,
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootlesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the bad,
Which fayndly fluttrifig scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyd
naught.

XXV.

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backward on the continent;
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne:
They three be dead with shame, the squire livd
with renowne:

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so fore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne,
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowed all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive!
Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst
chive.

XXVII.

Providence hevenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For lo! great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochia did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus'
sunne.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as she pursew'd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrow
keene

She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinkled all the grassy greene;
By the great perue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have beceav'd;
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swound,
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The cristall humor stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves, fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely raw,

weete lips, on which before that stownd,
if youth to blossome faire began,
their rosy red, were woxen pale and
un.

xxx.

living eie more heavy sight,
I have made a rocke of stone to rewe
twaine; which when that lady bright
hope, with melting eies did vew,
nly abasht she changed hew,
sterne horror backward gan to start;
she better him beheld, she grew
passion and unwonted smart;
of pittie perced through her tender hart.

xxxii.

he bowed downe, to weete if life
frosen members did remaine,
g by his pulse's beating rife
veake fowle her feat did yett retaine,
o comfort him with busy paine:
-folded necke she reard upright,
his temples and each trembling vaine;
I habericon she did undight,
his head his heavy burganet did light.

xxxiii.

oods thenceforth in haste shee went,
or herbes that mote him remedy,
herbes had great intendiment,
the nympe which from her infancy
d had in trewe nobility;
ether yt divine tobacco were,
ea, or polygony,
and brought it to her patient deare,
while lay bleeding out his heart-blood
re.

xxxiiii.

ine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
ded small, and did in peeces bruze,
twene her lilly handes twaine
und the juice thereof did scruze,
about (as she could well it uze)
herewith she suppled and did steepe,
I spafme, and soke the swelling bruze;
aving searcht the intuse deepe,
er scarf did bind the wound, from cold
cepe.

xxxv.

had sweet life recur'd agayne,
g inly deepe, at last his eies,
ies, drizzling like dewy rayne,
liste toward the azure skies,
ce descend all hopelesse remedies:
he sighd; and turning him aside,
maide, full of divinities
f heavenly grace, he by him spide,
d gilden quiver lying him beside.

xxxv.

leare Lord!" said he, "what grace is
is

u hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
hine angell from her bowre of bliss
ort me in my distressed plight?
r goddesse, doe I call thee right?
vice may I doe unto thee meete,

" That hast from darkenes me returned to light,
" And with thy heavenly salves and medicines
" swete
" Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blef-
" sed feete."

xxxvi.

Thereat she blushing said, " Ah! gentle Squyre,
" Nor goddesse I, nor angell, but the mayd
" And daughter of a woody nympe, desire
" No service but thy safety and ayd,
" Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
" We mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes
" bee
" To commun accidents stil open layd,
" Are bownd with commun bond of fraitee,
" To succor wretched wights whom we captived
" see."

xxxvii.

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphoebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followed fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

xxxviii.

Where, when they saw that goodly boy with
blood

Defowled, and their lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
And rekwed out of the heavy stownd:
Estfoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in
fownd,
She made those damzels searh; which being
stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them
convayd.

xxxix.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did req-
graine.

xl.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves
teene,

As it an earthly paradise had beene;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

M iij

XLII.

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest :
He rested him a while, and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest ;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish that the might,
That shortly he his dolour had redrest,
And his soule sore reduced to faire plight ;
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLIII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound ;
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance :
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despayre without aleggeaunce ?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd ;
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole :
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wound the layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd :
Ah, God ! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a lady, that his life releast ?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And Love for to dislodge out of his nest :
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was contraynd ;
But when his meane estate he did rewev,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd :

XLV.

" Unthankfull wretch," said he, " is this the meed
" With which her soverain mercy thou dost
" quight ?
" Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
" But thou dost weene with villicious despight
" To blot her honour and her heavenly light :
" Dye, rather dye, then so disloyally
" Derme of her high desert, or seeme so light :
" Fayre death it is to shonne more shame to dy ;
" Dye, rather dye, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

" But if thy love disloyalty it be,
" Shall I then hate her that from Deathes dore
" Me brought ? ah ! farre be such reproch fro
" mee !
" What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
" Sith I her dew reward cannot receive ?
" Dye, rather dye, and dying doe her serve,
" Dying her serve, and living her adore ;
" Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve ;
" Dye, rather dye, then ever from her service serve.

XLVII.

" But, foolish Boy ! what bootes thy service base
" To her, to whom the heavens doe serve and
" few ?
" Thou a mean squire, of meeke and lowly
" place,
" She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
" How then ? of all love taketh equall vew ;
" And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
" The love and service of the basest crew ?
" If she will not, dye meckly for her sake ;
" Dye, rather dye, then ever so faire love see
" sake."

XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which as a victour proud gan rancke fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart,
It left, but both did quite drye up and blast,
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fayre Belphoebe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoynd were ;
Little she weend that love he close conceald ;
Yet still he wasted as the snow congeald,
When the bright sunne his beams thereon dost
beat ;

Yet never he his hart to her reveald,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonourable termes her to entreat,

L.

She (gracious lady) yet no paines did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy ;
Many restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly cordialles, she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady :
But that sweet cordiall which can restore
A love-sick hart she did to him envy ;
To him and all th' unworthy world forlore
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

LI.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne
More deare then life she tendered, whose flower
The girlond of her honour did adorne ;
Ne suffred she the middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thercon to shewe,
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayne,
Whenso the siward skeye began to lowre ;
But soone as calmed was the chrystall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred, and let to flourish there.

LII.

Eternal God in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flower ;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stecke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admire ;
In gentle ladies breste, and bounteous rare
In gentle ladies breste, and bounteous rare
Of woman-kind, it fayrest flower doth ipyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beantie, whose bright shining
beames

Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdew through conquest of your wondrous
might,

With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds
dight

Of chastity and vertue virginal;
That shall embellish more your beantie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the angels weer before God's tribunall.

LIV.

To your faire selues a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre,
To whom in perfect love and spotlesse fame

Of chastic none living may compayre;
Ne poyfnous envy iustly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh-flouring maydenhead;
Forthy she standeth on the hiest sayre
Of th' honourable stage of womanhead;
That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

lv.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemd those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman-kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphebe, and
Of Amorett, is told;
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.
WELL may, I weene, faire Ladies! all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great school-mistresse of all courtesy;
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II.
But to this faire Belphebe in her berth
The hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gistes of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Love laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III.
Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshy slime:
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountihed,
Till to her due perfection she were ripened.

IV.
Her mother was the faire Chryfogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore Belphebe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place;
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two
The heritage of all celestiall grace,
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty and of beauty, and all vertues rare.

V.
It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident fair Chryfogonee
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare;
In this wilde forest wandering all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone;
For not as other womens commune brood
They are enwombd in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body, nor with commune food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

VI.
But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' heaven's fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommer's shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display
In a fresh fountaine, far from all men's view
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew, [grew
And all the sweetest flowers that in the fore

VII.

rough yrkesome wearines, adowne
 affy ground her selfe she layd
 he whiles a gentle slombing swoone
 ll, and naked bare displayd;
 mes bright upon her body playd,
 gh former bathing mollifide,
 nto her wombe, where they embayd
 et fence and secreet powre unspide,
 r pregnant flesh they shortly fruc-
 .

VIII.

may seeme to him that reades
 ensample of conception;
 eacheth that the fruitfull seades
 s living, through impressiõ
 beames in moyst complexion,
 ceive, and quickned are by kynd;
 s' inundation
 cs of creatures men do fynd
 the mud in which the sunne hath
 l.

IX.

r he of Generation
 ld, th' author of life and light;
 e sister for creation
 atter fitt, which tempred right
 nd humour breeds the living wight.
 ese twinnes in womb of Chryfogone,
 : nought thereof, but fore affright
 see her belly so upblone,
 increast till the her terme had full
 gone.

X.

nceiving shame and foule disgrace,
 illesse conscience her cleard)
 the wilderness a space,
 weeldy burden she had reard,
 lishonour, which as death she feard;
 ie of long travcill, downe to rest
 set, and comfortably cheard;
 cloud of sleepe her over-keft,
 every fence, with sorrow fore opprest.

XI.

aire Venus having lost
 ne, the winged god of Love,
 ie light displeasure, which him crost,
 r fled, as flit as ayery dove,
 blisful bowre of ioy above;
 r often he had fled away,
 : ought him sharply did reprove,
 d in the world in straunge aray,
 thousand shapcs, that none might
 cewray).

XII.

eeke, she left her heavenly hous,
 of goodly formes and faire aspect,
 he world derives the glorious
 ceaurie, and all shapcs select,
 high God his workmanship hath
 :)
 d everie way, through which his
 im, or his tract she mote detect;

She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
 Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
 But many there she found which fore accus'd
 His falshood, and wick fowle infamous blot
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
 Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare
 Complayning, how with his empoyned shot
 Their wofull harts he wounded had whylcare,
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and
 feare.

XIV.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
 And everie one did aske, Did he him see?
 And everie onc her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree;
 And everie one threw forth reproches rise
 Of his mischievous deedes, and said, that hee
 Was the disturber of all civill life,
 The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

XV.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
 How he their heedlesse bartes with love had fir'd,
 And his false venom through their veins inspir'd;
 And eke the gentle shepherd swaynes, which sat
 Keeping their fleecy flockes, as they were hyr'd,
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile
 thereat:

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan avize where els he mote him hyde;
 At last she her bethought that she had not
 Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
 In which full many lovely nymphes abyde,
 Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
 Or that the love of some of them him tyde;
 Forthly she thether cast her courset' apply,
 To search the secreet hauntes of Dianas company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
 Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
 Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweate
 And foyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
 Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
 The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII.

She having hong upon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
 Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lank loynes ungirt, and breasts unbraste,
 After her heat the breatching cold to taste;
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
 Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
 And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

XX.

Soone as the Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd,
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels flake,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
Be overtaken : soone her garments loose
Uppath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose,
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her en-
close.

XXI.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures
fraught ;
That suddain chaung she straung adventure
thought ?

To whom halfe weeping she thus answerd,
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his forwardnes from her was fled,
That she repented fore to have him angered.

XXII.

Thereat Diana gan to smile in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd,
" Great pittie, sure, that ye be so forlorne
" Of your gay sonne, that gives you so good ayd
" To your disports ; ill mote ye beene apayd."
But she was more engrieved, and replide,
" Faire Sister ! ill becomes it to upbrayd
" A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;
" The like that mine may be your paine another
" tide.

XXIII.

" As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
" Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
" So my delight is all in ioyfullnesse,
" In beds, in bowres, in banquetts, and in feasts ;
" And ill becomes you, with your lostie creasts,
" To scorne the ioye that love is glad to seeke ;
" We both are bound to follow Heaven's bechasts,
" And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke ;
" Spare, gentle Sisters ! with reproch my paine
" to eke ;

XXIV.

" And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
" To lurke amongst your nymphes in secret wize,
" Or keepe their cabins : much I am affeard
" Least he like one of them himselve disguise,
" And turne his arrowes to their exercize ;
" So may he long himselve full easie hide,
" For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
" As any nimphe ; let not it be envide."
So saying, every nimph full narrowly thee eide.

XXV.

But Phœbe therewith fore was angered,
And sharply saide, " Goe, Dame, goe seeke your
" boy,

" Where you him lately leste, in Mars his bed :
" He comes not here ; we scorne his foolish ioy,
" Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy ;
" But if I catch him in this company,
" By Scygian Lake I vow, whose sad annoy

" The gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby ;
" He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall
" flye."

XXVI.

Whom whenas Venus saw so fore displeas'd,
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said : so her she soone appeas'd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels feet
Through all the woods, to search from place to
place.

If any tract of him, or tidings they mote trace.

XXVII.

To search the God of Love her nymphes she sent,
Throughout the wandering forest every where,
And after them herselfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere,
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert, whereas lay
Faire Cryfogone in slombry traunce whylere,
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes as faire as spring
ing day.

XXVIII.

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore :
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure : ne her need implore
Lucinae aide : which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of fence bereav'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake :
At last they both agreed, her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie iwowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to
take.

XXIX.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostered ;
Dame Phœbe to a symph her babe betooke,
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And of herselfe her name Belphebe red ;
But Venus her's thence far away convey'd
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her litle love's stead which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXX.

She brought her to her ioyous paradize,
Wher most her wonnes when she on earth doe
dwell,

So faire a place as Nature can devise ;
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well ;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her lost lover's name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renown'd by Fame

XXXI.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht ; there is the first seminary
Of all things that were borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds : long worke it were

account the endlesse progeny
 e weeds that bud and blossome there;
 such as doth need must needs be counted
 ere.

XXXI.

as in fruitfull soyle of old,
 in with two walls on either side,
 of yron, the other of bright gold,
 e might thorough breake, nor over-stride;
 ble gates it had, which opened wide,
 a both in and out men moten pas;
 faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
 us the porter of them was,
 us, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

th in, he letteth out to wend
 to come into the world desire;
 and thousand naked babes attend
 m day and night, which doe require
 with fleshy weedes would them attire:
 him list, such as eternall Fate
 l bath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
 death forth to live in mortall state,
 agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

XXXIII.

at they againe returned beene,
 that gardin planted be agayne,
 w afresh, as they had never scene
 corruption, nor mortall payne:
 ousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
 n of him are clad with other hew,
 into the changefull world agayne,
 ther they retourne where first they grew;
 a wheele arownd they ronne from old to
 new.

XXXIV.

is their gardiner to sett or sow,
 e or prune: for of their own accord
 gs as they created were doe grow,
 : remember well the mighty word
 first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
 id them to increase and multiply:
 they need with water of th' fford,
 be clouds, to moysten their roots dry,
 themselves eternall moisture they imply.

XXXV.

shapes of creatures there are bred,
 outh formes, which none yet ever knew,
 ery sort is in a sondry bed
 itselfe, and rancet in comely rew;
 it for reasonable fowles t' indew,
 made for beasts, some made for birds to
 weare
 the fruitfull spawnne of fishes hew
 esse rancs along enraunged were,
 emd the ocean could not containe them
 there.

XXXVI.

hey grow, and daily forth are sent
 e world, it to replenish more;
 the stocke not lessened nor spent,
 ll remains in everlasting store,
 t first created was of yore;

2

For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
 The substances of Nature's fruitfull proge-
 nyes.

XXXVII.

All things from thence doe their first being
 fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
 Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a body, and doth them invade
 The state of life out of the grieffly shade:
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
 Ne when the life decays, and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
 But changed is, and often alked to and froe.

XXXVIII.

The substance is not chaungd nor altered,
 But th' only forme and outward fashion,
 For every substance is conditioned
 To change her hew, and sondry formes to don,
 Meet for her temper and complexion;
 For formes are variable, and decay
 By course of kinde, and by occasion,
 And that fayre flowre of beautie fades away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Time, who, with his scyth adrest,
 Does mow the flowering herbes and goodly things;
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they do wither, and are sowly mard;
 He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without re-
 gard,
 Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mard and spoiled quight,
 And their great mother Venus did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
 Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
 When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight,
 For all that lives is subiect to that law:
 All things decay in time and to their end doe
 draw.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull gardin growes
 Should happy bee, and have immortall blis,
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweete Love gentle sits emongst them
 throws,
 Without fell rancor or fond gealofy;
 Franckly each paramotr his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
 Continual, both meeting at one time;
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,

And with fresh colours decke the wanton prync,
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
 Which seeme to labor under their fruites lode;
 The whyles the ioyous birds, make their pastyme
 Emongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode)
 And their trew loves without suspicion tell
 abrode.

XLIII.

Right in the midst of that paradise
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round
 top

A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp Steele did never lop,
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the height,
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did
 drop,

That all the ground, with pretious a
 Threw forth most daintie odours and most sweet
 delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasaunt arber, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke braunches part to
 part,

With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
 And eglantine and caprifole emong,
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,
 That nether Phoebus' beames could through them
 thrang,
 Nor Aeolus' sharp blast could worke them any
 wropg.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phoebus' paramoure
 And dearest love;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Me seemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
 To whom sweet poets verse hath given endlesse
 date.

XLVI.

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy
 Her deare Adonis' ioyous company,
 And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
 There yet (some say) in secret he does ly,
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
 But she herselfe, whenever that the will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetneske takes her
 fill:

XLVII.

And sooth it seemes they say; for he may not
 For ever dye, and ever buried bee
 In balefull night, where all things are forgot,
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
 And by succession made perpetuall,
 Transformed oft, and changed diverslie;

For him the father of all formes they call,
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living
 to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal blis,
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd;
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly droyd
 For that wilde bore, the which him once an
 She firmly hath imprisoned for ay
 (That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd)
 In a strong rocky cave, which is (they say)
 Hewen underneath that mount, that none
 losen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting ioy,
 ith many of the gods in company,
 hich thether haunt, and with the winged b
 sporting himselfe in safe felicity;
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
 Ranfact the world, and in the wofull harts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hyc,
 Thether resorts, and laying his sad dartes
 Afyde, with faire Adonis playes his wa
 partes.

L.

And his trew love, faire Psyche, with
 playes,
 Fayre Psyche! to him lately reconcyld,
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
 With which his mother Venus her reuyld,
 And, eke himselfe her cruelly exyld;
 But now in stedfast love and happy state
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a chy
 Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrat
 Pleasure! the daughter of Cupid and Psycho!
 LI.

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
 The yonger daughter of Chryfogonee,
 And unto Psyche, with great trust and care,
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,
 And trained up in trew feminitee;
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered
 Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to w
 shee

Made her companion, and her lessoned
 In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.
 LII.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
 Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
 To be th' ensample of true love alone,
 And lodestarre of all chaste affectione
 To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd:
 To Faery Court she came, where many one
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
 His feeble hart wide launched with Love's c
 wownd.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
 Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
 To whom' her loving hart she linked fast
 In faithfull love, t'abide for evermore;

his dearest sake endured fore,
 able of an hainous enemy,
 r would forced have to have forlore
 ner love and stedfast loialty,
 ay elsewhere reade that rucfull history :

LIV.

| I weene ye first desire to learne
 id unto that fearefull damozell
 ftedd so fast from that fance foster
 learne,

Whom with his brethren Timias flew) befell;
 That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell,
 Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
 Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle
 feare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell :
She flies; he faynes to dy :
Satyrane saves the squire of Dames
From gyaunts tyranny.

I.
LIKE as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away, of her owne feete asfeard,
And every lease that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde her terror hath encreast ;
So fled fayre Florimell from her vayne feare,
Long after she from perill was releast ;
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

II.
All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed ;
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest ;
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried whereever he thought best.

III.
So long as breath and hable puiffaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all icopardy ;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby :
He having through incessant travcill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move ; the lady gent
Thereat was suddaine strook with great astonish-
ment ;

IV.
And forst t'alight on foot mote algates fare ;
(A travciler unwonted to such way)
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she travcild, till at length she came
To an hillside, which did to her bewray
A little valley subiect to the same,
All covered with thick woodes, that quite it over
came.

V.
Through the tops of the high trees she did desc
A little smoke, whose vapour, thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky ;
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last, in weary wretched plight,
Unto the place to which her hope did gayde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syd

VI.
There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weedes
And willfull want, all carelesse of her needes ;
So choosung solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish dedde
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she envi

VII.

all there arriving entred in;
 ing on the flore the hag she found
 eem'd) about some wicked gin;
 e as she beheld that suddain ffound,
 started from the dustie ground,
 fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
 her awhile as one astound,
 e word to speake for great amaze,
 by outward signes that dread her sence
 daze.

VIII.

ring her feare to foolish wrath,
 hat devill had her thether brought,
 she was, and what unwonted path
 d her, unwelcomed, unfought?
 the damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
 y answer'd; " Beldame, be not wroth
 ly virgin by adventure brought
 our dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 rave but rowme to rest while tempest
 overblo'th."

IX.

adowne, out of her christall cyne,
 ling teares she softly forth let fall,
 two orient perles did purely shyne
 snowy cheeke; and therewithall
 l soft, that none so bestiall
 ge hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 ke to melt, or piteously appall;
 vile hag, all were her whole delight
 fe, was much moved at so piteous sight;

X.

recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
 nanish compassion of her plaint,
 e teares from her suffused eyes,
 ng her sit downe to rest her faint
 e limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
 nful of so homely fashion,
 ht she was now to so hard constraint,
 e upon the dusty ground anon,
 f that small rest as bird of tempest gon-

XI.

he gather up her garments rent,
 ose lockes to dight in order dew
 len wreath and gorgeous ornament;
 h whenas the wicked hag did vew,
 stonisht at her heavenly hew,
 ted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 ne goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
 ght her to adore with humble spright;
 hing so divine as beauty were but right.

XII.

ed woman had a wicked sonne,
 ort of her age and weary dayes,
 ord, for nothing good to donne,
 hed forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
 ast his mind to covet prayse,
 nselfe to any honest trade,
 e day before the sunny rayes
 o slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade;
 inesse both lewd and poore attouce him
 ade.

XIII.

He comming home at undertime, there found
 The fayrest creature that he ever saw,
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground,
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his base thought with terrour and with aw
 So inly smot, that as one, which hath gazd
 On the bright sunne unware, doth soone with-
 draw

His feeble cyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
 That in so straunge disguisement there did make,
 And by what accident she there arriv'd?
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
 From Stygian shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
 That she to them vouchsafe to embace
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
 Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place:
 During which time the chorle, through her so
 kind

And courtesie use, conceiv'd affection bace,
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly kind,

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As unto her to utter his desire;
 His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
 But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread; many resemblaunces
 To her he made, and many kind remembraunces

XVII.

Oft from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
 His maistrisse praises sweetly caroled;
 Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel
 wild

He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow servant vild;
 All which the of him tooke with countenance meeke
 and mild.

XVIII.

But past a while, when the fit season saw
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
 Might by the witch or by her sonne compass;
 Her wearie palfrey closely, as she might,
 Now well recovered after long repast,

In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandered wayes now to remeasure
right.

XIX.

And earely ere the dawning day appear'd
She forth issued, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne,
Who when too late awaking well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding none, as they had beene un-
donne.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke
hight.

XXI.

All wayes she sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with
teares,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell,
might
Asswage the fury which his entrails teares;
So strong is passion that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turned herselfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall
bale.

XXII.

Esfoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours quaint clect;
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pas;
Like never yet did living cie detect;
But likest it to an hyena was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on
gras.

XXIII.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to pourfewe apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her hee had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornfull grace.
The monster, swift as worde that from her
went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly through his perfect tent
And passing speede, that shortly hee overhent.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espyde,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,

That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceaved feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him sup-
ply,
From perill free he her away did beare;
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan we-
areare.

XXV.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful fore,
And of her safety greatly grew affrayd:
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse;
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forelore,
From her dull horse in desperate distresse,
And to her secte betooke her doubtfull sicknesse.

XXVI.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging father's hond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Egzean strood,
As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught;
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught;
Thereto feare gave her wings, and need her corage
taught.

XXVII.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roaring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand;
Into the same she lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand;
So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not
land.

XXVIII.

The monster, ready on the pray to feast,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight,
Ne durst assay to wade the perious seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame;
Yet to avenge his devilish dispight,
He sat upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came:

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he travelld;
Yt was a goodly swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vaine sheows, that wont young knights
bewitch,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather ioyd to see than seemen sich;
For both to be and seem to him was labor lich.

XXX.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abroad to seecke adventurys wile,

is wont in forest and in plaine :
 ill armed in rugged Steele aside,
 : smoky forge it was compild,
 is furchin bore a Satyre's bedd :
 ning present, where the monster wilde
 it milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
 reskew ran, and greedily him speedd.

XXXI.

ill perceivd he that it was the horse
 faire Florimell was wont to ride,
 that seed was rent without remorse ;
 red he lest ought did ill betide
 aire maide, the floure of women's pride,
 ie dearly loved, and in all
 us conquests highly magnificid :
 golden girdle, which did fall
 in flight, he fownd, that did him sore
 all.

XXXII.

d feare and doubtfull agony,
 he flew upon that wicked foend,
 huge strokes and cruell battery
 to leave his pray, for to attend
 from deadly daunger to defend :
 y wounds in his corrupted flesh
 grave, and mushell blood did spend,
 not doe him die : but aie more fresh
 he still appeared, the more he did him
 rest.

XXXIII.

not how him to dispoile of life,
 to win the wished victory,
 he saw still stronger grow through strife,
 else weaker through infirmity :
 e grew enrag'd, and furiously
 his sword away, he lightly leapt
 beast, that with great cruelty
 l raged to be under-kept ;
 rforce him held, and strokes upon him
 pt.

XXXIV.

t strives to stop a suddein flood,
 long banks his violence encluse,
 swell above his wonted mood,
 ly overflow the fruitfull plaine,
 he country seems to be a maine,
 rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne ;
 ll husbandman doth lowd complaine
 whole yeares labor lost so soone,
 to God he made so many an idle boone :

XXXV.

: held, and did through might amate :
 e held him, and him bett so long,
 he last his fiercenes gan abate,
 rely flou up unto the victor strung ;
 avenge the implacable wrong
 supposed donne to Florimell,
 r all meanes his dolour to prolong,
 of Steele his carcas could not quell ;
 r with her charmes had framed him so
 ell.

XXXVI.

an ribband, which that virgin wore
 slender waste, he tooke in hand,
 .. II.

And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did rore
 For great despight of that unwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
 But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray ;
 And all the way him followd on the strand,
 As he had long bene learned to obey,
 Yet never learned he such service till that day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
 He spide far off a mightie giauntesse
 Fast flying on a courser daped gray
 From a bold knight, that with great hardineffe
 Her hard perfw'd, and fought for to suppress ;
 She bore before her lap a dolesull squire,
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cordes of wire,
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her
 desire.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
 He leste his captive beast at liberty,
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
 Her to encounter ere she passed by ;
 But she this way shund nathemore forthy,
 But forward gallopt fast ; which when he spyde,
 His mighty speare he couched warily,
 And at her ran ; she having him descryde,
 Herselfe to fight adrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a gothauke, that in foote doth beare
 A trembling culver, having spide on hight
 An eagle, that with plummy wings doth sheate
 The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
 The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
 And to the battell doth herselfe prepare :
 So ran the geauntesse unto the fight ;
 Her syrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces
 tare.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
 Wherewith the many had of life depriv'd,
 But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
 His speare amide her sut-brode shielde arriv'd ;
 Yet nathemore the Steele asonder riv'd,
 All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd ;
 But glsuncing on the tempered metall, braff
 In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI.

Her speed did stagger with that puissaunt stroke ;
 But she no more was moved with that might ;
 Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
 Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
 Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
 For the brave youthly champions to assay
 With burning charet wheelies it nigh to smite ;
 But who that smites it mars his ioyous play ;
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII.

Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with sterne regard
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him adrest,
 Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
 That made him low incline his lofty crest,

N

And bowd his battred visour to his brest;
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west;
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

XLIII.

And on his collar laying puiffaunt hand,
Out of his wavering feat him pluckt perforce;
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her horse
In loathly wise, like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away; which when the knight
That her pursued saw with great remorse,
He nere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encrease her
flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily,
For she list not the battell to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nye,
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblance of faire fight did
make,
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her
take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
Which rest from him so faire a chevifaunce:
At length he spyde whereas that wofull squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

XLVI.

To whom approaching well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile ladies hart with love's consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him up, and loosed his yron bands,
And after gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the gyaunt's hands,
And who that was which chased her along the
lands?

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare the squire be-
spake;
"That geaunteffe Argante is behight,
"A daughter of the Titans, which did make
"Warre against heven, and heaped hills on hight
"To scale the skyes, and put love from his
"right:
"Her syre Typhoeus was, who (mad through
"merth,
"And dronke with blood of men slaine by his
"might)
"Through incest her of his own mother Earth
"Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that
"berth;

XLVIII.

"For at that berth another babe she bore,
"To weete the mightie Ollyphant, that wr
"Great wreake to many errant knights of
"And many hath to foule confusion broug
"These twinnnes, men say, (a thing far
"thought)
"Whiles in their mother's wombe enclos'
"were,
"Ere they into the lightsom world were br
"In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere,
"And in that monstrous wise did to the
"appere.

XLIX.

"So liv'd they ever after in like sin
"Gainst Nature's law and good behavoum
"But greatest shame was to that maiden w
"Who not content so fowle to devour
"Her native flesh, and slaine her br
"bowre,
"Did wallow in all other fleshy myre,
"And suffred beastes her body to deflowr
"So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre:
"Yet all that might not shake her sensu
"fyre:

L.

"But over all the countrie she did rounge,
"To seeke young men to quench her
"thurst,
"And feed her fancy with delightfull chaur
"Whomso she fitteft findes to serve her lud
"Through her maine strength, in which
"doth trust,
"She with her brings into a secret ile,
"Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
"Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
"And in all shamefull fort himselfe with be

LI.

"Me, seely wretch! she so at vantage cau
"After she long in waite for me did lye,
"And meant unto her prison to have broug
"Her loshsom pleasure there to satisfye;
"That thousand deatnes me lever were to
"Then breake the vow that to faire Colu
"I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly.
"As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
"Call me the Squyre of Dames; that me b
"eth well.

LII.

"But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing
"That geaunteffe, is not such as she seemd
"But a faire virgin, that in martiall law
"And deedes of armes above all dames is
"And above many knightes is eke esteemd
"For her great worth; she Palladine is hi
"She you from death, you me from dre
"deemd;
"Ne any may that monster match in fight
"But she, or such as she, that is so d
"wight."

LIII.

"Her well besceemes that quest," quoth Sat
"But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what
"this

on upon thyselfe hast lately ta'ne?"
I you recount," quoth he, "ywis,
leas'd to pardon all amis.
The lady whom I love and serve,
I suit and wearie servicis,
Howe, how I could her love deserve,
She might be sure that I would never
serve?"

LIV.

any meanes her grace to gaine,
I commaund my life to save or spill;
She badd me with incessant paine
I through the world abroad at will,
I where, wherewith my powre or
I
I service unto gentle dames,
I same should faithfully fulfill,
I twelve monethes end should bring
I their names
I get, as the spoiles of my victorious
I me.

LV.

to faire ladies service did,
I such favour in their loving hartes,
I he yeare his course had compassid,
I adred pledges for my good desertes,
I three hundred thanks for my good
I tes,
I brought, and did to her present;
I when she saw, more bent to eke my
I artes

I ward my trusty true intent,
I t me devise a grievous punishment;

LVI.

but I my trevill should resume,
I like labour walke the world arownd,
I her presence should presume,
I any other dames had fownd
I , for all the suit I could propownd,
I refuse their pledges to afford,
I ide for ever chaste and fownd."
I e Squire," quoth he, "tell, at one
I rd,
I fownd'st thou such to put in thy
I rd?"

LVII.

I knight," said he, "one word may

I ver fownd so wisely stayd;
I seee they were dispos'd so well,
I seee yeares I now abroad have stayd

"To fynd them out." "Mote I," then laughing
I sayd

The knight, "inquire of thee what were those
I three

"The which thy proffred curtisie denyd?

"Or ill they seem'd sure avizd to bee,

"Or bruttishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions
I see."

LVIII.

"The first which then refus'd me," said hee,

"Certes was but a common courtifane,

"Yet flat refus'd to have adoe with mee,

"Because I could not give her many a jane."

(Thereat full hartely laugh'd Satyrane)

"The second was an holy nunne to chose

"Which would not let me be her chappellane,

"Because she knew, she said, I would disclose

"Her counsell, if she should her trust in me re;
I pose.

LIX.

"The third a damzell was of low degree,

"Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chance;

"Full litle weened I that Chastitee

"Had lodgin in so meane a maintenance:

"Yet was she fayre, and in her countenance

"Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion:

"Long thus I woo'd her with due observance,

"In hope unto my pleasure to have won,

"But was as far at last as when I first begon

LX.

"Safe her, I never any woman found

"That chastity did for itselfe embrace,

"But wert for other causes firme and sound,

"Either for want of handsome time and place;

"Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.

"Thus I am hopelesse ever to attaine

"My ladies love in such a desperate case,

"But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,

"Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste

"ladies traine."

LXI.

"Perdy," said Satyrane, "thou Squire of Dames,

"Great labour fondly hast thou bent in hand,

"To get small thanks, and therewith many

"blames,

"That may amongst Alcides' labours stand."

Thence backe returning to the former land,

Where late he left the beast he overcame,

He found him not; for he had broke his band,

And was return'd againe unto his dame,

To tell what tyding of fayre Florimell became,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a flowy lady,
Like to Florimell
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

I.
So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causeless of her owne accord
This gentle damzell (whom I write upon)
Should plunged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her grieffe,
For misery craves rather mercy then reprice.

II.
But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late sooth she sent, she backe retourning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart ap-
plyde :

III.
And with it ronning hastly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd,
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieffe with furie fresh reviv'd,
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest; for sith her dedd
He surely demyt, himseife he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misfedd.

IV.
With thought whereof exceeding mad he got
And in his rage his mother would have flout
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprites to entere
The maisters of her art; there was she flout
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternal paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne, whose
were decayd.

V.
By their advise and her own wicked wit,
She there devis'd a wondrous worke to fra
Whose like on earth was never framed yet,
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should be
The thing i selfe: in hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI.
The substance whereof she the body made
Was purest snow, in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphæan hills, to her reveald
By errant sprites, but from all men conce
The same she tempred with fine mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermyly,
That like a lively languine it seemd to the

VII.

Two burning lampes she set
As, shynng like the skyes,
moving spirit did arret
roll them like to womens eyes;
low lockes, she did devyse
wyre to weave her curled head;
fye was not so yellow thrife
fayre heare; and in the stead
at a spright to rule the carcas dead;

VIII.

ght, yfraught with sawning guyle,
emblance above all the rest,
the Prince of Darknes fell some-

blifs and everlasting rest:
ot instruct which way were best
shion likest Florimell,
ake, ne how to use his gest,
nterfeausance did excell,
nyles of women's wits knew pas-
-ill.

IX.

us she deckt in garments gay,
ell had left behind her late,
en her saw, would surely say
, whom it did imitate,
her selfe, if ought algate
e; and then the forth her brought
e, that lay in feeble state,
er, gan streight upstart, and thought
lady selfe whom he so long had

X.

ipping twixt his armes twayue,
ed in so happy sight,
got his former sickely payne;
ore to seeme such as the light,
l his embracement light;
gentle countenance retain'd,
d a foole in vaine delight:
so with shadowes entertain'd,
he had in charge to her ordaind:

XI.

as he disposed was
woodes with that his idole faire,
, and idle time to pas
shines of the gentle aire,
way there chaunced to repaire;
was not, but a boastful swaine,
armes had ever in despair,
locchio, that in vaunting vaine
repose, and credit did maintaine.

XII.

That chorle so faire a wight,
nany a costly ornament,
ed thereat, as well he might,
hat match a fowle disparagement:
are estfoones he boldly bent
illy clowne, who, dead through
ground in great astonishment;
d he, "this lady is my deare;
it gainesay: I will away her beare."

XIII.

The fearefull chorle durst not gaine say nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding litle leisure her to wooe,
On Trompart's steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men
esteem'd.

XIV.

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his dame,
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speeces frame
To such vaine uses, that him best became;
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sorry that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard
To reave her honor, which she more than life
prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did high affray
That capon's corage; yet he looked grim,
And saynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim;
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed
him.

XVI.

Fiercely that straunger forward came, and nigh
Approchiug; with bold words and bitter threat
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bid him battell without farther treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fid his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him icopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

XVII.

Saying; "Thou foolish Knight, that weestst with
" words
" To scale away that I with blowes have wonne,
" And brought through points of many perilous
" swords;
" But if thee list to see thy courset sonne,
" Or prove thyselfe, this sad encounter shonne,
" And seeke esse without hazard of thy hedd."
At those prowde wordes that other knight begonne
To wax exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be
dodd.

XVIII.

"Sith then," said Braggadocchio, "needes thou
" wilt
" Thy daies abridge through proove of puissance,
" Turne we our steeds, that both in equai tilt
" May meete againe, and each take happy
" chance."
This said, they both a furlong's mountenance,
N iij

Retir'd their steeds, to run in even race;
But Braggadocchio, with his bloody lance,
Once having turn'd, no more return'd his face,
But leste his love to losse, and fled himselfe
space.

XXIX.

The knight him seeing sie, had no regard
Him to pursue, but to the lady rode,
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courser set the lovely lod,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in heven, that was
in hell,

XX.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune strange,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to change:
The land for sea, at random there to range;
Yett there that cruell queene avengeresse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estrange
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretched-
nesse.

XXI.

For being fled into the fisher's bote,
For refuge from the monster's cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly,
For th' ayre was milde, and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes Dan Æolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe,

XXII.

At last, when drowne with drowinesse he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreme;
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yett did
dreame,

Not well awake, or that some extasye
Assorted had his sense, or dazed was his eye,

XXIII.

But when her well avizing he perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantastick sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright;
Tho rudely awoke her, how she thether came?
" Ah!" said she, " Father, I note read aright
" What hard misfortune brought me to this fame,
" Yett am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

XXIV.

" But thou, good Man! fish far in sea we bee,
" And the great waters gin aspace to swell,
" That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
" Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
" Least worse on sea than us on land befell."

Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell;
But his deceptfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy
skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secreete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth burst;
The driest wood is sooneest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he leapt' and his rough hand,
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust,
But she, with angry scorne, him did withstood,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenes fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trewe:
The inward smoke that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme:
And now his strength gan adde into his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseme:
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all
did fill.

XXVII.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vaine revild;
She strugled strongly both with foote and hand
To save her honour from that villaine vild,
And cride to Heven, from humane help exild,
O ye brave Knights! that boast this ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may the you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may be
hove.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her fery state,
How soone would yee assemble many a flecte,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late?
Towres, citties, kingdomes, you would ruinate
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burping fury mote abate;
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty aswage.

XXIX.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the Heavens, of voluntary grace,
And soveraine favour towards chastity,
Doe succour send to her distressed cace!
So much high God doth innocence embrace,
It fortun'd whilest thus she sly strowe,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad did rowe,
Along the somy waves driving his finny drowe.

XXX.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty hore
An aged sire, with head all frowy hore,
And sprinckled frost upon his dewy beard;
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas fo rudely reflownd,

swifte in hast he thether steard,
 a teeme of scaly phocas bownd,
 upon the waves that fomed him
 and :

XXXI.
 to that fisher's wandring bote,
 it will withouten card or sayle,
 saw that yrkefome fight, which smote
 nation and compassion frayle
 t attonce : streight did he hayle
 villcin from his hoped pray,
 e now did very litle sayle,
 is staffe, that drives his heard astray,
 fore, that life and sence did much dif-

XXXII.
 the pitteous lady up did ryse,
 fowly raid with filthy soyle,
 ed face with tear^s of her fayre eyes;
 igh broken was with weary toyle,
 selfe from that outrageous spoyle;
 he looked up, to weat what wight
 m so infamous fact affoyld,
 but more for feare of his grim sight,
 er lap she hid her face, and lowdly
 ght.

XXXIII.
 t saved yet from daunger dredd
 it, but chaung'd from one to other
 e.

rarefull partridge, that is fledd
 harpe hauke which her attached deare,
 o ground to seeke for succor theare,
 e hungry spaniels she does spye
 y iawes her ready for to teare;
 resse and sad perplexity
 sell, when Proteus she did see thereby.

XXXIV.
 eavored with speeches milde
 omfort, and accourage bold,
 r feare no more her foeman vilde,
 himselfe; and who he was her told:
 could not from affright her hold,
 nfort her at all prevayld;
 at heart was with the frozen cold
 so inly, that her wits nigh sayld,
 r senses with abasment quite were
 yld.

XXXV.
 wixt his rugged hands he reard,
 is frory lips full softly kist,
 cold yickles from his rough beard
 lowne upon her yvory breast;
 selfe so busily adrest,
 ut of astonishment he wrought,
 that same fisher's filthy nest
 her, into his charet brought,
 with many gentle termes her faire be-
 ght.

XXXVI.
 d leachour, which with bold assault
 ie durst presume to violate,
 punish for his hainous fault;
 e he him, yet trembling sith of late,

And tyde behinde his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abuse so fore;
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull
 state,

And after cast him up upon the shore;
 But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII.
 His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
 Under a mighty rocke, gainst which do rave
 The roing billowes in their proud disdain,
 That with the angry working of the wave
 Therein is eaten out in hollow cave,
 That seemes rough mafons hand, with engines
 keene,

Had long while laboured it to engrave:
 There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene,
 Save one old nymph, hight Panops, to keepe it
 cleane.

XXXVIII.
 Thether he brought the sory Florimell,
 And entertained her the best he might;
 And Panope her entertained eke well,
 As in immortall mote a mortall wight,
 To winne her liking unto his delight:
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despyde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.
 Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
 And never suffred her to be at rest;
 But evermore she him refused flat,
 And all his fained kindnes did detest,
 So firmly she had sealed up her breast.
 Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight,
 But she a mortall creature loved best;
 Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
 But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery
 knight.

XL.
 Then like a Faery knight himselfe he drest,
 For every shape on him he could endew;
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,
 And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
 To be his leman and his lady trew:
 But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
 And with sharp threats her often did assayle;
 So thinking for to make her stubborn corage
 quayle.

XLI.
 To dreadfull shaps he did himselfe transforme;
 Now like a gyaunt, now like to a scend,
 Then like a centaure, then like to a storme
 Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
 Her will to wis unto his wished end;
 But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
 He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
 Downe in a dungeon deepe he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternall
 thrall.

XLII.
 Eternall thraldome was to her mor^e liefe
 Than losse of chastite^e, or chaung^e of love;

Dye had the rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that the lightly did remove.
Most vertuous Virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with faintes
above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes
exceed;

XLIII.

Fit song of angels caroled to bee;
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame:
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane, where I him left of late:

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squire of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures wayne,
The which himselte then ladies more defames,
And fynding not th' byens to be flayne,
With that same squire retourned backe agayne
To his first way; and as they forward went,
They spide a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he wens on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest;
And comming nigh, estwoones he gan to gesse,
Both by the burning hart which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was; tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as besetmed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode,
And afterwarde on what adventure now he rode?

XLVI.

Who thereto answering, said, "The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery Court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning
" sad,
" Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
" And suddain parture of faire Florimell
" To find him forth; and after hey are gone
" All the brave knightes that doen in armes ex-
" cell,
" To safegard her ywandred all alone;
" Emongst the rest my latt (unworthy) is to be
" one."

XLVII.

"Ah! gentle Knight," said then Sir Satyrane,
"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
"That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
"And offrest sacrifice unto the dead;
"For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
"Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
"That all the noble knightes of Maydenhead,

"Which her ador'd, may fore repent w
"And all faire ladies may for ever fory

XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard,
Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismayd
Then sayd, "Faire Sir! how may I
"trew

"That ye do tell in such uncerteint?
"Or speake ye of seport, or did ye see
"lust cause of dread, that makes ye
"For, perdie, elles how mote it ever be
"That ever hand should dare for to eny
"Her noble blood? the Hevens such a
"hore.

XLIX.

"These eyes did see that they will ever
"T' have seene," quoth he, "whens
"frous best"

"The palfrey wherupon she did travel fi
"And of his bowels made his bloody fi
"Which speaking token sheweth at the
"Her certein losse, if not her sure dca
"Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
"I found her golden girdle cast astray,
"Distaynd with durt and blood, as
"the pray."

L.

"Ah me!" said Paridell, "the signes
"And but God turne the same to good
"That ladies safety is fore to be dradd:
"Yet will I not forsake my forward we
"Till triall doe more certeine truth be
"Faire Sir!" quoth he, "well may it
"Ne long shall Satyrane behind you fu
"But to the rest, which in this quest p
"My labour adde, and be partaker
"speed."

LI.

"Ye noble Knights!" said then the
"Dames,
"Well may yee speede in so praise-wor
"But sith the sunne now ginnes to slake
"In dewy vapours of the westerne ma
"And lose the teme out of his weary v
"Mote not mislike you also to abate
"Your zealous hast, till morrow next a
"Both light of heven and strength of m
"Which, if ye please, to yonder castl
"gate."

LII.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a castle them before,
Where soone arriving, they restrained w
Of ready entraunce, which ought everm
To errant knightes be commune: wondr
Thereat displeas'd they were, till that yo
Gan them informe the cause why that it
Was shut to all which lodging did desyr
The which to let you weet will further
quyre.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights hoſt,
For peeviſh gealofy;
Paridell giuſts with Britomart;
Both ſhow their ſucceſſry.

I.
Red knights and honorable ſomes,
As I leuell all my labours end,
I feare, leaſt with unworthy blames
Your argument my rymes ſhould ſpend,
Your goodly patience offend;
If a wanton lady I doe write,
With her looſe incontinence doth blend
The glory of your ſoveraine light,
Whom ſuch fowle defaced by a ſtainleſſe
Light.

II.
Let th' enſample of the bad
Be good; for good by paragone
May more notably be bad,
Seemes ſayrer matcht with blacke attoner;
I ſhamed by the fault of one:
In heven, whereas all goodnes is,
The angels a whole legions
Of ſprightes did fall from happy blis:
Under then if one of women all did miſ?

III.
O Lordings! if ye liſt to weet
The why Satyrane and Paridell
Be entertaynd, as ſeemed meet,
Caſtle, as that ſquyre does tell,
A cancred crabbed carle does dwell,
No ſkill of court nor courteſie,
What men ſay of him, ill or well;
Is dayes he drownes in privitie,
Full large to live, and ſpend at libertie.

IV.
But all his mind is ſet on mucky peſe,
To hoord up heapes of ewill-gotten maſſe,
For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himſe;
Yet is he linked to a lovely laſſe,
Whoſe beauty doth his bownty far ſurpaſſe:
The which to him both far unequal yeares,
And alſo far unlike conditions, has;
For ſhe does joy to play amongſt her peares,
And to be free from hard reſtraynt and gealous
Feares:

V.
But he is old and withered like hay,
Unfit faire ladies ſervice to ſupply,
The privie guilts whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall ſpy
Upon her with his other blinkt eye;
Ne ſuffreth he reſort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
Doe in cloſe bowre her newes from all mens ſight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight.

VI.
Malbecco he, and Hellenore ſhe, light,
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme;
That is the cauſe why never any knight
Is ſuffred here to enter, but he ſeeme
Such as no doubt of him he need miſdeeme.
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan ſmyle, and ſay,
"Extremely mad the man I ſurely deeme, [ſay
"That weenes with watch and hard reſtraynt to
"A woman's will, which is diſpoſd to go aſtray.

VII.

" In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne;
 " For who wotes not that womans subtiltyes
 " Can guylon Argus, when she list misdonne?
 " It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 " Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
 " That can withhold her wilfull-wandering feet;
 " But fast goodwill, with gentle curtesyes,
 " And timely service to her pleasures meet,
 " May her perhaps containe, that els would algates
 " fleet."

VIII.

" Then is he not more mad," sayd Paridell,
 " That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
 " In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
 " For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
 " That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
 " But why doe wee devise of others ill,
 " Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
 " To keepe us out in scorn of his owne will,
 " And rather doe not ransack all, and himselfe
 " kill?"

IX.

" Nay let us first," sayd Satyrane, " entreat
 " The man by gentle meanes to let us in,
 " And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
 " Ere that we to efforce it doe begin;
 " Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
 " And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 " As may be worthy of his hainous sin."
 That counsell pleas'd; then Paridell did rise,
 And to the castle-gate approch in quiet wise;

X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
 The good man selfe (which then the porter playd)
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes conveyd
 Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst awake out of his dreme,
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
 Then Paridell began to change his theme,
 And threatned him with force and punishment
 extreme.

XI.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin, fowly overcast,
 Gan blowne up a bitter stormy blast
 With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
 That this faire many were compeld at last
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

XII.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
 Came to that castle, and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
 But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refus'd:
 Sorely thertat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to avenge himselfe, so sore abus'd,
 And evermore the carle of courtesie accus'd.

XIII.

But to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
 He came, which full of guests he found whylere,
 So as he was not let to enter there:
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore that he would lodge with them yere,
 Or them dilodge, all were they liefe or loth;
 And so desyde them each, and so desyde them
 both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate:
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kennel rate,
 That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was desyde in coward corner ly.

XV.

The hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long been
 hid,
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kinde
 To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issew forth may find;
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth
 overcast.

XVI.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and
 met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret
 They rudely drove to ground both man and horse;
 That each awhile lay like a fencelesse corse;
 But Paridell, sore brus'd with the blow,
 Could not arise the counterchange to forse,
 Till that young squyre him reared from below;
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about
 him throw.

XVII.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
 And with faire treaty pacified their yre:
 Then when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that castle's lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they got
 To burne the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that uncurtious carle, their commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous
 woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd in deed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearful speed,
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly him to beare withall
 As ignorant of servans bad abuse,

endurance unto strangers call,
were willing all things to excuse,
that believ'd, and entrance late did
use.

XX.

brought into a comely bowre,
all things that mote needfull bee,
their hells did on them lowre,
de more for feare then charites;
embled what they did not see,
and themselves; each gan undight
its wett, and weary armour free,
selves by Vulcanes flaming light,
their lately bruized parts to bring in

XXI.

stranger knight amongst the rest
need enforst to disaray;
his vaile was her lofty crest,
his locks, that were in tassels gay
did themselves adowne display,
into her heeles; like sunny beames
and their light did long time stay,
his shewd, shewd their golden gleames,
the periant aire shoots forth their
streames.

XXII.

to her heavy haberieon,
the feature of her limbes did hyde,
a-plighted frock, which she did won
at her short when she did ryde,
fall, that slowd from her hanch side
her foot with carelesse modestie;
in all the plainly was espyde
an wight, (unwilt to bee)
roman wight that ever eie did see.

XXIII.

erava, being late returned
er of the gyaunts conquered,
and Encelade, whose wide nostrils

and flames like to a furnace redd,
with her speare, down tumbled dedd
Hemus, by him heaped hie)
her helmet from her lofty hedd,
gonian shield gins to untye,
her arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

XXIII.

as they beheld, they smitten were
amazement of so wondrous sight,
other, and they all on her
as if suddain great affright
prised: at last avizing right
personage and glorious hew,
so much mislooke, they tooke de-

error, and yett still anew
er of her beauty fed their hongry

XXIV.

er hongry new be satisfide,
ill the more desir'd to see,
nely fixed did abide

In contemplation of divinitie:

But most they marvel'd at her chastetie
And noble prowess, which they had approv'd,
That much they sayd to know who she mote
bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof know'd,
Yet every one her likt, and every one her
lov'd.

XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and lowly indignity,
Yet was some weane his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fayre eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malhecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight,
And company he meent, to doe them more de-
light.

XXVI.

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan cause why she could not come in place
Her crestd helme, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening, ill for sick folkes case;
But none of these excuses could take place;
Ne would they ease till she in presence came;
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairly them saluted, as became,
And shewd herselfe is all a gentle courteous
dame.

XXVII.

They fate to meet, and Satyrane his chauce
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe fate looking still affaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that ginsces might not glide;
But his blinde eie, that sedd Paridell,
All his demeriture from his sight did hide:
On her faire face he did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will;

XXVIII.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage
bore,

He rov'd at her, and told his secret care,
For all that art he learned had of yore:
Ne was she ignorant of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him answered evermore:
Shee sent at him one fiery dart, whose hedd
Empoisoned was with privy lust and jealous
dredd.

XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wide;
The wicked engine, through false influence,
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which did it forely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted love to enter-
taine.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne.
Now Bacchus' fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dancing bubbles did devise,
Or therein write, to lett his love be showne,
Which well she redd out of the learned line;
(A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.)

XXXI.

And whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to shakt:
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape:
Two eies his needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes
cape.

XXXII.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their
fill,

Purpose was moved by that gentle dame,
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fite tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well
cide:

XXXIII.

" Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
" And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
" Though whilome far much greater then thy
" fame,
" Before that angry gods and croell fies
" Upon thee beapt a direfull destinie,
" What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
" And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
" Sith all thy worthie prayes being blent,
" Their offspring hath enbaste, and later glory
" shent?

XXXIV.

" Most famous worthy of the world, by whom
" That warre was kindled which did Troy in-
" fame,
" And stately towres of Ilion whilome
" Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
" Sir Paris, far renownd through noble fame;
" Who through great prowesse and bold hardi-
" nesse
" From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest dame
" That ever Greece did boast or knight possesse,
" Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthi-
" nesse;

XXXV.

" Fayre Helen! flowre of beautie excellent,
" And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
" That madeft many ladies deare lament
" The heave lisse of their brave paramours,
" Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,

" And saw the fieldes of faire Scander strowne
" With carcases of noble warriores,
" Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
" And Xanthus' sandy banks with blood all over-
" flowne:

XXXVI.

" From him my lineage I derive aright,
" Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
" Whiles yet on Ida he a shepheard hight,
" On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
" Whom for remembrance of her passed ioy
" She of his father Paris did name,
" Who, after Greekes did Priam's realme de-
" stroy,
" Gatherd the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
" And with them fayning thence to th' Isle of
" Paros came.

XXXVII.

" That was by him calld Paros, which before
" Hight Naufa; there he many yeares did raise,
" And built Nauficle by the Pontick shore,
" The which he dying left next in remaine
" To Paridas his soune;
" From whom I Paridell by kin descend;
" But for faire ladies loves, and glories gaine,
" My native soile have left, my dayes to spend
" In sewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors
" end."

XXXVIII.

When as the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres, and Priam's citie sackt,
(The ruefull story of Sir Paridell)
She was empaffiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract;
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes
cold.

XXXIX.

Then fighting soft awhile, at last she thus;
" O lamentable fall of famous towne,
" Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
" And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
" In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!
" What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
" Is not empierft with deepe compassiounes,
" And makes ensample of man's wretched state,
" That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at
" evening late?

XL.

" Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
" Hath fownd another partner of your payne,
" For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
" As countries cause, and commone foes distayne;
" But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
" To turne your course, I would to heare de-
" fyre

" What to Æneas fell, sith that men sayne
" He was not in the cities wofull fyre
" Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retyre."

XLI.

" Anchyses' sonne, begot of Venus fayre,
Said he, " out of the flames for safeguard led,

" And with a sennant did to sea repayre,
 " Where he through fatal error long was led
 " Full many yppases, and wastefull wandered
 " From shore to shore, amongst the Lybick sandes,
 " Ere rest he found: much there he suffred,
 " And many perilles past in forreist landes,
 " To save his people sad from victours vengefull
 " handes :

XLII.

" At last in Latium he did arrive,
 " Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
 " Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to
 " drive,
 " Till he with old Latinus was constrained
 " To contract wedlock, so the Fates ordained;
 " Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
 " Accomplished, that many deare complaind;
 " The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
 " Elapsed hardly) hardly praisd his wedlock
 " good.

XLIII.

" Yet after all he victour did survive,
 " And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
 " But after, when both nations gan to strive
 " Into their names the title to convert,
 " His soone Iulus did from thence depart
 " With all the warlike youth of Troians blood,
 " And in long Alba plait his throne apart,
 " Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
 " Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome removd."

XLIV.

" There, there," said Britomart, " afresh appeard
 " The glory of the later world to spring,
 " And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
 " To sit in second seat of soveraine king,
 " Of all the world under her governing;
 " But a third kingdom yet is to arise
 " Out of the Troians scattered offspring,
 " That in all glory and great enterprise
 " Both first and second Troy shall dare to equa-
 " life.

XLV.

" It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
 " Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
 " Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves
 " With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,
 " That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
 " She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hy,
 " That it a wonder of the world is fong
 " In forreine landes; and all, which passen by,
 " Beholding it from farre, do think it threatens the
 " sky.

XLVI.

" The Trojan Brute did first that citie fownd,
 " And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
 " And Overt-gate by north; that is the bownd
 " Toward the land; two rivers bound the rest.
 " So huge a scope at first him seemed best
 " To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat;
 " So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
 " Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
 " That Albion had conquered first by warlike
 " feat."

XLVII.

" Ah, fairest Lady-knight!" said Paridell,
 " Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
 " Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
 " From aged Memnon, for my wits became light.
 " Indeed he said, if I remember right,
 " That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
 " Another plant, that raght to wondrous hight,
 " And far abroad his mighty branches throw,
 " Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

" For that same Brute (whom much he did ad-
 " vance
 " In all his speach) was Sylvius his sonne,
 " Whom having slain through luckles arrowes
 " glaunce,
 " He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
 " Or els for shame, so fewle reproch to shonne,
 " And with him ledd to sea a youthly trayne,
 " Where wearie wandring they long time did
 " wonne,
 " And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
 " And great adventures found, that now were
 " long to sayne.

XLIX.

" At last by fatal course they driven were
 " Into an island spacious and brode,
 " The furthest north that did to them appeare;
 " Which after rest they seeking farre abroad,
 " Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 " Fruitfull of all things fitt for living foode,
 " But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
 " Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode,
 " That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall
 " blood.

L.

" Whom he through wearie wars and labours
 " long
 " Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold;
 " In which the great Goemagot of strong
 " Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
 " Were overthrowne, and laide on th' earth full
 " cold,
 " Which quaked under their so hideous masse;
 " A famous history to bee enrold
 " In everlasting monuments of brasse,
 " That all the antique worthies merits far did
 " passe.

LI.

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
 " Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;
 " That who from east to west will endlong seeke,
 " Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
 " Except Cleopolis; so heard I say
 " Old Mnemon: therefore, Sir, I greet you well
 " Your country kin, and you entirely pray
 " Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
 " Betwixt us both unknowne." So ended Paridell.

LII.

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore

In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore;
 The whiles unwarres away her wounding eye
 And greedy eares her weake hart from her bote;
 Which he perceiving, ever privily
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII.

So long these knightes discoursed diversly
 Of strange affaires and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle icopardy,

That now the humki night was farforth spent,
 And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent;
 Which th' old man seeing wel (who too long
 thought)

Every discourie and every argument,
 Which by the houres he measured) besought
 Them go to rest; so all unto their bowies were
 brought.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malbecco her pourfewes;
Fynds amongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

I.
Morrow next, so soone as Phœbus' lamp
Had had the world with early light,
When Aurora had the shady damp
The goodly heven amoved quight,
The itomart, and that same Faery knight
Forth on their journey for to wend;
The idell complaynd that his late fight
The itomart so fore did him offend,
That he could not till his hurts he did
Mend.

II.
The they far'd; but he behind them stayd
The his host, who grudged grievously
The : a guest that would be needes obeyd,
The his owne him lefte not liberty :
The wanting measure moveth surquedry.)
The sngs he feared, but the third was death;
The s young man's unruly maystery,
The ey, which he lov'd as living breath,
The faire wife, whom honest long he kept
The neath.

III.
The nce perforce he must abie
The rtune and his Fate on him will lay;
The he feare that findes no remedie :
The ly he watcheth every way,
The he feareth evill happen may,
The ill thinkes by watching to prevent;
The he suffer her, nor night nor day,
The s fight herselfe once to absent;
The he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV.
But Paridell kept better watch then her,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde :
False Love ! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest
The binde,
And to thy will abuse ? thou walkest free,
And see'st every secret of the munde;
Thou see'st all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

V.
So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfe eye did wyle ;
His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenor's both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad that none their loyous treason should
The reveale.

VI.
The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd aboard.
Whenso in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to mee, with commune speach
He courted her, yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he fswound, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde;
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if the mercy would him give,
That he mote algaies dye, yet did his death fors
give.

VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Branfles, ballads, virclayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devyid,
And thousands like which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entyid
To take to his new love, and leave her old de-
spyd.

IX.

And every where he might, and everie while,
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

X.

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege through dispurvaynce long,
And lacke of reskewe, will to parley drive:
And Peece, that unto Parley eare will give,
Will shortly yelde itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine dis-
playd;

XI.

For through his traines he her entrappd hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholly fold
To him, without regard of gaine, or feath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly
shee
Devizd hath, and to her lover told:
It pleased well: so well they both agree:
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

XII.

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere;
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she counrelesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd for sport or for despight;
As Hellenore, when she saw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames, and reach to heven's height,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful
sight.

XIII.

The second Hellenore, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran, with fery haste,
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd be-
fore,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lover's armes right fast;
Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,
For lo, that gueft did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV.

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd;
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consumt his hart, and scorch his idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in such a wofull case.

XV.

As when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love money overcame:
But when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame:
Both was he loth to loofe his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
Yet sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his doughty minde,
The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

XVI.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and liberty, to frame
Their purpose flight, free from all mens redre:
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth sayre,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfere (a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit) where list them to re-
payre.

XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht wher-
ere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight:
He rav'd, he wept, he stampd, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caryve
spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cad of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish fore;
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before:
At last, when sorrow he saw bootied nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his count-
thought.

XIX.

olving like a pilgrim pore,
 her forth wherefo she might be fond,
 g with him treasure in clofe store,
 : leaves in ground; fo takes in hond
 er endlong both by fea and lond:
 er fought, he fought her far and nere,
 where that he mote underftond
 and ladies any meetings were,
 h one he mett he tydings did inquire:

XX.

raine; his woman was too wife
 me into his clouch againe,
 o fimple ever to furprife
 Paridell for all his paine.
 as he fore-paffed by the plaine
 y pace, he far away epide
 feeming well to be his twaine,
 red clofe under a foreft fide,
 lay in wait, or els themfelves did hide.

XXI.

ed hee that thofe the fame mote bee;
 better did their fhape avize,
 ed more their maner did agree;
 e was armed all in warlike wize,
 be Paridell he did devize,
 ther, al yclad in garments light
 l like to womanifh difguife,
 emble to his lady bright,
 his faint hart much earned at the fight:

XXII.

faine he towards them would goe,
 rft not for dread approchen nie,
 aloofe, unweeting what to doe,
 rickt forth with love's extremity,
 e father of fowle Gealofy,
 r nearer crept the truth to weet;
 igher drew, he eafily
 rne that it was not his fweeteft sweet,
 r belamour, the partner of his fheet:

XXIII.

s fcornefull Braggadochio,
 a his fervant Trompart hovered there,
 he fled from his too earnest foe;
 ch whenas Malbecco fpyed clere,
 d backe, and would have fled arere,
 npart, ronning haftely, him did ftay,
 before his foveraine lord appere;
 him loth, yet durft he not gaineftay,
 ming him before, low louted on the
 y.

XXIV.

ter at him sternely bent his browe,
 ould have kild him with his looke,
 he ground him meekely made to bowe,
 ull terror deepe into him ftrooke,
 ry member of his body quooke.
 "Thou man of nought, what doeft thou
 here,
 y furnifht with thy bag and booke,
 e I expected one with fhield and fpere,
 ove fome deeds of armes upon an equall
 pere?"

II.

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious fpeach
 Was all abafht, and low proftitating faid,
 "Good Sir! let not my rudenes be no breach
 "Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
 "For I unwares this way by fortune ftraid,
 "A filly pilgrim driven to diftreffe,
 "That fecke a lady."—(Here he fuddein ftaid,
 And did the reft with grievous fighes fuppreffe,
 While teares flood in his eyes, few drops of bitter-
 nefle.

XXVI.

"What lady, Man?" faid Trompart; "take
 "good hart,
 "And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye;
 "Was never better time to fhew thy fmart
 "Then now, that noble fucor is thee by,
 "That is the whole world's commune remedy."
 That chearful word his weak heart much did
 cheare,
 And with vaine hope his fpirits faint fupply,
 That bold he fayd, "O moft redoubted pere!
 "Vouchsafe, with mild regard, a wretches caufe
 to heare."

XXVII.

Then fighing fore, "It is not long," faide hee,
 "Sith I enjoyed the gentleft dame alive,
 "Of whom a knight, no knight at all, perdee,
 "But shame of all that do for honor ftrove;
 "By treacherous-deceipt did me deprive;
 "Through open outrage he her bore away,
 "And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
 "Which al good knights, that armes do bear this
 "day,
 "Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they
 "may.

XXVIII.

"And you, moft noble Lord! that can and dare
 "Redrefle the wrong of miserable wight,
 "Cannot employ your moft victorious fpeare
 "In better quarrell then defence of right,
 "And for a lady gainft a faithlefle knight;
 "So fhall your glory be advaunced much,
 "And all faire ladies magnify your might,
 "And eke myfelfe (albee I fimple fuch)
 "Your worthy paine fhall wel reward with guern
 "don rich."

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
 Great ftore of treafure, thorewith him to tempt;
 But he on it lookt fcornefully afkew,
 As much difdeigning to be fo mifdempt,
 Or a war-monger to be bafely nempt,
 And fayd, "Thy offers bafe I greatly loth,
 "And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
 "I tread in duft thee and thy money both;
 "That were it not for fhame"—So turned from
 him wroth.

XXX.

But Trompart, that his maiftres humor knew
 In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
 Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
 And in his care him rounded clofe behinde;

Q

Yet floupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advantage on the pray to seafe,
Till Trompart, laily to the ground inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appeafe,
And pardon simple man that rash did him dis-
please.

XXXI.

Big looking, like a doughty doucere,
At last he thus, "Thou clod of vilest clay,
" I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
" But weete henceforth that all that golden pray,
" And all that els the vaine world vauntcn may,
" I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward;
" Fame is my meed, and glory vertue's pay;
" But minds of mortall man are muchell mard,
" And mov'd amisse with massy muck's unmeet
" regard.

XXXII.

" And more, I graunt to thy great misery
" Gracious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent;
" And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
" Which hath thy lady rest, and knighthood
" shent,
" By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
" The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
" I swaue, ere long shall dearely it repent;
" Ne he twist heven and earth shall hide his hed,
" But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen
" he dedd."

XXXIII.

The foolish man theat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
The forth the boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steede to thunder furiously,
As if the heven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traveled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth
way,

To seeke his wife that was far wandered;
But those two sought not but the present prey,
To weete the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their cies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For sith the howre that first he did them lett
The same behold, therewith their keene desires
were whett.

XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his paragone,
For having sitht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;
He nould be clogd; so had he served many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loofe at randon laste,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander
wide

At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte,
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten grooms or guide;
Her up they tookt, and with them home her ledt,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheefe and
bredd,

And every one as commune good her handeled:

XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And cke Sir Paridell, all were he deare.
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were:
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his grieft to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII.

And after asked him for Hellenore.
" I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell,
" She wonneth in the forrest there before."
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaster from his lostie fell
Faynd to slight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after fained to wend.

XXXIX.

" Perdy nay," said Malbecco, " shall ye not,
" But let him passe as lightly as he came;
" For litle good of him is to be got,
" And mickle perill to bee pnt to shame:
" But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,
" Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld,
" For of her safety in great doubt I am,
" Least saluage beastes her person have despoild,
" Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have
" toyl'd."

XL.

They all agree, and forward them address:
" Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, " weete ye
" well

" That yonder in that wastefull wilderness
" Huge monstres haunt, and many dangers dwell;
" Dragons, and Minotaures, and scendes of hell,
" And many wilde woodmen which robbe and
" rend

" All travellers; therefore advise ye well
" Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
" One may his journey bring too soone to end."

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counseil crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, " You, that are the most of prest,
" With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
" Here for to stay in safetie beynd;
" My lord and I will search the wide forrest."
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

XLII.

" Then is it best," said he, " that ye doe leave
" Your treasure here in some security,

It closed in some hollow greave,
 In the ground from ieopardy,
 Returne againe in safety :
 Two, least doubt of us ye have,
 We away we will blyndfolded by,
 Bee unto your treasures grave."
 So he did : then they march forward
 &c.

XLIII.

Amid the thickest woodes they were,
 A noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 Singing hubbubbs them approaching nere,
 The forest did with horrour fill :
 Full found the bolter's hart did thrill
 Amazement, that in haste he fledd,
 Ked back for good or ill,
 In eke fearefull Trompart spedd :
 He could not fly, but fell to ground half
 dead :

XLIV.

Redes close creeping, as he might,
 He did hyde his fearefull hedd :
 Tyres, full of fresh delight,
 Singing forth, and with them nimble ledd
 More, with girlonds all bespredd,
 May-lady they had newly made :
 Of that new honour, which they redd,
 A lovely fellowship full glade,
 And her face did with a lawrell
 beaded :

XLV.

In that in a thicket lay,
 Goodly sport, and grieved fore,
 Not against it doe or say,
 Hart with bitter thoughts engore,
 Unkindness of his Hellenore.
 He daunced with great lustyhedd,
 Near horned feet the greene gras wore,
 Their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
 When Phæbus gan to hyde his golden
 beed :

XLVI.

They gan their mery pypes to trusse,
 And goodly heardees did gather rownd ;
 Tyre first did give a busse
 And so buffes did abound.
 The humid vapour shed the grownd
 Dew, and th' earthes gloomy shade
 Brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
 Bird and beast awarnd made
 Themselves, while sleepe their senses
 Invade.

XLVII.

Malbecco saw, out of the bush
 Redes and feete he crept full light,
 Gote amongst the gotes did rush,
 With the helpe of his faire hornes on
 The
 Tempe of misconceyving night,
 Though likenesse of his gotish beard,
 Better counterfette aright ;
 Marcht amongst the horned heard,
 All the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vowd,
 Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,
 Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
 Who all the night did misde his ioyous play :
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 That all his heart with gealofy did swell ;
 But yet that night's ensample did bewray
 That not for nought his wife them lovd so well.
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept,
 When wearie of their sports to sleepe they fell,
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whispered in her care, and did her tell,
 That it was he which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore prayd her wake to heare him
 plaine.

As one out of a dreame not waked well,
 She turnd her, and returned backe againe ;
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constrain.

L.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd ;
 And then perceyving that it was indeed
 Her old Malbecco which did her upbrayd
 With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde ;
 But he her prayd for mercy or for meed
 To save his life, ne let him be defcryde,
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
 And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,
 And home retourne, where all should be renewd
 With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
 And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
 As if not trespass ever had bene donne ;
 But she it all refused at one word,
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
 But chose amongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,
 But all in vaine ; and then turnd to the heard,
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
 And trode downe in the durt, where his horse
 beard

Was fowly dight, and he of death ascard.
 Early before the heavens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
 And he amongst the rest crept forth in sorry
 plight.

LIII.

So soone as he the prison dore did pas,
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
 And never looked who behind him was,
 Ne scarcely who before ; like as a beare,
 That creeping close amongst the hives to rears
 An honey-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
 And him assaying, sore his carkas teare,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne stayes till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

Q ij

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombd had,
Where when he found it not (for Trombart base
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himselfe away,
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire, and staring eyes difmay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped fure would
say.

LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne;
Griefe, and Despight, and Gealofy and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd, so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That as a snake still lurked in his wounded mynd.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his sight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne or upward to the hight;
From thence he threw himselfe despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemed no helpe for him was left in living
sight:

LVII.

But through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring
thought
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an acry spright,

That on the rocks he fell so sit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chanced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crawl,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance
small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In dreary darkenes, and continuall feare
Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepees for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boytrously.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs (his pasture poysonous)
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vicious,
Cros-cuts the liver with eternall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with Death's cruel
dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwells he ever (miserable swaine!)
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight,
Where he through privy griefe and horrow
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gealofy is hight.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
Finds Scudamour distressed:
Assayes the house of Sufyrane,
Where Love's spoiles are exprest.

i.
FULL hellish snake! what furie furst
shee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Her bosome shee thee long had nurst,
Red up with bitter milke of tine,
Jealousy! that turnest love divine
To feare and dread, and mark't the loving hart
With uselesse thoughts to languish and to pine,
I myselfe with selfe-consuming smart?
These passions in the mind thou vilest art.

ii.
How far be banished away,
His stead let Love for ever dwell;
Love! that doth his golden wings embay
With nectar and pure pleasures well,
Fled of vile feare or bitter fell.
O faire ladies! that your kingdomes make
Of hearts of men, them governe wisely well,
O faire Britomart ensample take,
As as trow in love as turtle to her make:

iii.
When Sir Satyrane (as earst ye red)
Chasing from Malbeccoos hostile house,
Espide a young man, the which fled
A huge gaunt, that with hideous
Full outrage long him chased thus;
That Ollyphant, the brother deare
Argante vile and vitious,
Whom the squire of Dames was rest
Whylere;
As bad as shee, and worse, if worse ought
Were.

iv.
For as the sifter did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde,
So he surpassed his sex masculine
In beastly use all that I ever finde;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde,
The fearefull boy so greedily pourfiew,
Shee was moved in her noble minde
To employ her puissance to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where shee did him

v.
How far he was behind,
But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chace;
Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone refinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace,
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe,
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any roe,
And now made better speed to escape his feared
foe.

vi.
It was not Satyrane whom he did feare,
But Britomart, the flowre of chastity,
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly;
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest neare,
Where he is throwded in security:
The wood they enter, and search everie where;
They searched diversely; so both divided were.

vii.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wheteuer it in field was showne.

viii.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
As if he had bene slombering in the shade,
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:
Still as the flood she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were pœces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pittie did the virgin's hart of patience rob.

ix.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes,
He sayd, "O soverayne Lord that sit'st on hie,
" And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed faintes,
" How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
" So long unwreaked of thine enemy!
" Or hast thou, Lord! of good mens cause no
" heed?
" Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly?
" What booteth then the good and righteous
" deed,
" If goodnesse find no grace, nor rightcoufnesse
" no need?"

x.

" If good find grace, and rightcoufnes reward,
" Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
" Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
" On foot upon the face of living land?
" Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand
" The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
" Why then is Busirane, with wicked hand,
" Suffred these seven monethes day in secret den
" My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?"

xi.

" My lady and my love is cruelly pend
" In dolefull darkeness from the vew of day,
" Whilest deadly tormentes doe her chaite bress
" rend,
" And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway.
" All for she Scudamore will not deny;
" Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art found,
" Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foue dismay;
" Unworthy wretch, to tread upon the ground,
" For whom so faire a lady feelles so sore a
" wound."

xii.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
His struggling soule, and swelling throbs impeach
His soltring young with pangs of dreincesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach;
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly sit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,

Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would
fit.

xiii.

The stouping downe she him amoved light,
Who therewith somewhat starting up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forooke,
And downe againe himselve disdainfully
Abiocting, th' earth with his faire forehead strook;
Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtly:

xiv.

" Ah, gentle Knight! whose deepe-conceivd griefe
" Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
" Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
" You send, submit you to high Providence,
" And ever in your noble hart prepenche,
" That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
" Then vertue's might and value's confidence;
" For who will bide the burden of distresse,
" Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretch-
" ednesse.

xv.

" Therefore, faire Sir! doe comfort to you take,
" And freely read what wicked felon so
" Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
" make:
" Perhaps this hand may help to ease your wee,
" And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
" At least it faire endeavour will apply."
Those feeling words so neare the quicks did goe,
That up his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few words he
fy;

xvi.

" What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
" And low vain sorrow in a fruitless care,
" Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned best,
" Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
" Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
" For he the tyrant which her hath in ward,
" By strong enchantments and blacke might
" leare,
" Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
" And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to his
" gard:

xvii.

" There he tormenteth her most terribly,
" And day and night afflicteth with mortall paine,
" Because to yield him love she doth deny,
" Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe;
" But yet by torture he would her constrain
" I love to conceive in her disdainfull bress;
" Till so she doe she must in doole remaine,
" Ne may by living meanes be thence releas;
" What booteth it then to plaine that cannot be
" drest?"

xviii.

With this sad herfall of his hevie stresse,
The wariike damzell was empassiend sore,
And sayd, " Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse

our sorrow, certes, if not more;
 So much pittie doth implore
 Ladies helpelesse misery;
 I please ye listen to my lore,
 Whiche prooffe of last extremity
 Is fro thence, or with her for you

XX.

"Best knight alive!" sayd Scudamore,
 Of hericke magnanimity
 Thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
 More

Doe thinke; and thou as now art I?
 Thy happy daies, and them apply
 Boot, but let me die that ought;
 One losse; one is enough to dy."
 "Jost," said she, "for which is bought
 My knowen, that more then death is to be
 Light."

XXI.

Length perswaded him to rise
 To wend, to see what new successe
 Fall upon a new enterprise;
 Which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 And did about him dresse,
 And redde fled unto him gott:
 Both yfere make their progresse,
 Not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
 He'd whereas their purpose they did

XXII.

Dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
 Came unto the castle gate,
 Where they found them to withhold,
 Waite at morne and evening late;
 Which, that did them sore amare,
 And ymixt with smouldry smoke
 Of sulphure, that with grieffly hate
 All horror did all entraunce choke,
 In their forward footing to revoke.

XXIII.

That was Britomart dismayd,
 Found wist how herselfe to beare,
 Vaine it were to have assayd
 Element, which all things feare,
 Suffer to approchen neare;
 Backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
 Strous enmity proveke we heare,
 As th' Earthes children, the which
 Doe

Against the gods? so we a god invade.
 XXIII.
 Without discretion to attempt,
 Beast-like is; therefore, Sir knight,
 In course of you is safest dempt,
 We with our foe may come to
 "

Woth he, "the dolorous despight
 I to you I playnd; for neither may
 Be quencht by any witt or might,
 Any meanes remov'd away,
 But th' enchantments which the same
 Day.

XXIV.

"What is there els but cease these fruitlesse
 Paines,
 And leave me to my former languishing?
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And Scudamore here die with forrowing."
 "Perdy not so," said shee, "for shamefull thing
 Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce
 For shewe of perill without venturing;
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce
 Then enterprised praise for dread of disavaunce."

XXV.

Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her sword's point directing forward, right
 Assayd the flame, the which esteemes gave place;
 And did it selfe divide with equall space,
 That through she passed, as a thonder-bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The foring clouds, into sad showres ymolt;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt;

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
 With greedy will and envious desire,
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way;
 But cruell Mulciber would not obey
 His threatfull pride but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst (maulgre) his ferences to relent,
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifullly brent;

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pas,
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
 Did beat and bounce his head and brest full fore;
 The whiles the championesse now entred has
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
 The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious
 Store:

XXVIII.

For round about the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiesly,
 Woven with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked privily,
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
 It shewd it selfe, and shone unwillingly,
 Like a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares,
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnish
 Back declares.

XXIX.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a fairy feate,
 And all of love and al of lussy-bed,
 As seemed by their semblaunce did entreat;
 And eke all Cupid's warres they did repeat,
 And cruell batailles which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great,
 Besides the huge massacres which he wrought
 On mighty kings, and led into thraldom
 Brought.

xxx.

Therein was writ how often thondring love
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leaving heaven's kingdom here did rove
In strange disguise, to flake his scalding smart;
Now like a ram faire Helle to pervart,
Now like a bull Europa to withdraw;
Ah! how the fearefull ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The hug: seas under her t' obay her servaunts law!

xxxii.

Soone after that into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew,
And through the roofof her strong brazen towre
Did raine into her lap an honey dew,
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such decept, kept the yron doore fast bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor isswe;
Vain was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

xxxiii.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweete wit of the man!
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbs to shade,
Whiles the proud bird, ruffling his fethers wyde,
And brushing his faire breast, did her invade;
She slept, yet twixt her eie-lids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his
pryde.

xxxiiii.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceyvd of gealous Iuno did require
To see him in his soverayne maisterce,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire:
But faire Alcmene better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire;
Three nights in one, they fay, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

xxxv.

Twise was he seene in soaring eagle's shape,
And with wide winges to beate the buxome ayre,
Once when he with Aesterie did scape,
Againe whenas the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen
should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

xxxvi.

In Satyre's shape Antiopa he snatcht,
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd;
A shepheard when Mnemosyne he catcht,
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd:
Whyles thus on earth great love these pageaunts
playd,
The winged Boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd:
"Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,
"And take me for their love, whiles love to
"earth is gone."

xxxvi.

And thou, faire Phœbus! in thy colours bright
Wast there unwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for dispyght
That thou bewray'dst his mother's wantonneffe
When she with Mars was mcynt in ioyfulness;
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy iust defart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was
thy smart.

xxxvii.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinth,
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a sweet-breare;
For griefe whereof ye mote have lively seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garland ever-greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

xxxviii.

Both for those two, and for his own deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent:
So like, that all the wales did seeme to flame;
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him estoones to follow other game, [dame
And love a shepheard's daughter for his deare

xxxix.

He loved Iffe for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fit;
Now like a lion hunting after spoile,
Now like a hag, now like a faulcon flit;
All which in that faire arras was most lively
writ.

xl.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke;
His face was rugged, and his hoary hed
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt
pyke
He steartely shooke, and therewith fierce did
stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad
dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,
Which four great Hippodames did draw, in tem-
wise tyde.

xli.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nostrilles blow the brynic streame,
That made the sparkling wayes to smooke agayne,
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,

ing love his brest empierced had,
it but deare Bifaltis ay could make him
glad.

XLII.

d eke Iphimedia deare,
olus' faire daughter, Arne hight,
m he turnd himfelfe into a steare,
d on fodder, to beguile her sight:
win Deucalion's daughter bright,
'd himfelfe into a dolphin fayre;
: a winged horfe he tooke his flight,
y-locke Medusa to repayre,
m he got faire Pegafus, that flitteth in
he ayre.

XLIII.

turne was; but who would ever weene
lein Saturne ever weend to love?
is fulllein, and Saturnlike feene,
d for Erigone it prove,
a Centaur did himfelfe transmove.
rd it eke that gracious god of Wine,
or to compaffe Philliras hard love,
d himfelfe into a fruitfull vine,
o her faire bosome made his grapes de-
line.

XLIV.

ere to tell the amorous affayes
wle pangues with which he makd meeke
ghtie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;
: for Venus, and how often eek
y other nymphes, he fore did shreek
yomanish teares, and with unwarlike
imarts,
noyftening his hoard cheeke:
as he painted full of burning dartes,
ny wide woundes launched through his
inner partes.

XLV.

he spare (so cruel was the elfe)
re deare mother, (ah! why should he fo?)
be spare sometime to pricke himfelfe,
: might taste the sweet-confuming woe
he had wrought to many others moe.
eclare the mournfull tragedyes,
siles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
ath to number with how many eyes
even beholdes sad lovers nightly the eve-
ryes.

XLVI.

queemes, lords, ladies, knights, and dam-
sels gent,
cap'd together with the vulgar sort,
ngled with the raskall rabblement,
t respect of person or of port,
v Dan Cupid's powre and great effort:
nd about a border was entrayld
ten bowes and arrowes shivered short,
ong bloody river through them rayld,
y and so like, that living fence it sayld.

XLVII.

the upper end of that faire rowme,
was an altar built of precious stone,
ng valew and of great renowne,
sh there stood an image all alone

Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours then the proud pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreads through
heven bright.

XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with yad lead, some with pure gold.
(Ah, Man! beware how thou those dartes be-
hold.)

A wounded dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did unfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man re-
medye.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee;
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses
dazd.

L.

Tho as the backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Be bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what fence it figured;
But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From profecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome
went.

LI.

Much fayrer than the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wide anticke which their follies
playd

In the rich metall as they living were;
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft
appare.

LII.

And all about the glistering walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie conquerors and captaines strong,
Which were whylome captived in their dayes
To cruell Love, and wrought their own de-
cayes;
Their swards and speres were broke, and hau-
berques rent,
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victor's might and merciles intent.

LIII.

The warlike mayd beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space;
 But more she marvaild that no footing's trace
 Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptines,
 And solemne silence over all that place:
 Straunge thing it seem'd that none was to possesse
 So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with care-
 falsesse.

LIV.

And as she lookt about she did behold
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where *Be bold,*
 That much she muz'd, yet could not confesse it
 By any ridling skill or commune wit.

At last she spyde at that rowme's upper end
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it mig-
 intend.

LV.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare;
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darknes dreare
 Yet would she d'off her weary armes for seate
 Of secrete daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heavy eyes with nature's burdein deare,
 But drew herselfe aside in sicknesse,
 And her well-pointed weapons did about her
 dresse.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber, are displayd ;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

I.

Too whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faire heaven with an universal cloud,
That every wight dismayd with darknes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
He heard a shrilling trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory ;
Nought therewith daunted was her corage prowde,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would loose
The world's foundation from his center fixt,
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Enswd, whose noyaunce filld the fearful sted,
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt ;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore,
And forth issewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely havecour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragick stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he still did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned ;
Which doen, he backe fettyred soft away ;
And passing by, his name discovered,
Each, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V.

The noble mayd still standing, all this vewd,
And marveild at his straunge intendment :
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstres making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concert,
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd ;
And when it ceast, shrill trompetes lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound ;
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marchd forth in trim
array.

VII.

The first was Fanly, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
Whom Iove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same daintie lad which was so deare
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every woode and every valley wyde,
He sild with Hylas' name; the nymphes eke Hy-
las cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and
light,

That by his gate might easily appeare,
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
An din his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and
there.

IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then the other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elder's fyre,
And gave him being commune to them twayne:
His garment was diguyfd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet fat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he clofe did
strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames
did fly.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of strange diguyfe,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albaneie-wyfe;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyfe;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which thrunk when hard there-
on he lay.

XI.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull
made,

Yet his own face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horrour to deforme his griefly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to en-
trap.

XII.

Next to him was Feare, all armd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe,
And his owne armes when glettering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;

As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome
mayd,

Of chearfull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre locks were woven up in gold:
She always smayld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shewe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorted, and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
haire;

Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she
twynd:

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his ciebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mis-
chaunce,

Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he
did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more than seeming sad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they led
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of Dolour
dart.

XVII.

But fury was full ill apparceild
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull dresthed;
For from her backe her garments she did tear,
And from her head ofte rent her inarled heare;
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a dismayed deare in chace emboll,
Forgetfull of his safety hath his right way lost.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasunnet,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenancet;

all, fresh, and full of ioyance glad,
 row she ne felt ne drad,
 matched paire they seemd to bee :
 waspe th' one in a viall had,
 in her's an hony-lady bee.
 ched these six couples forth in faire
 rec.

XX.

ese there marcht a most faire dame,
 gryllie villains, th' one Despight,
 cleped Cruelty by name :
 ill lady, like a dreery spright
 ong charmes out of eternall night,
 es owne ymage figurd in her face,
 signes, fearefull to living sight ;
 : horror shewed a seemely grace, [pace.
 her feeble feete did move a comely

XXI.

ill naked, as nett yvory
 borne of gold or silver bright,
 the craftesman wonts it beautify,
 r honour was dispoyled quight,
 e wound therein (O ruefull sight !)
 l deep with knyte accursed kcene,
 bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 ce of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 re in sanguine red her skin all snowy
 ne :

XXII.

de orifice her trembling hart
 ne forth, and in silver basyn layd,
 ough transfixed with a deadly dart,
 r blood yet steeming fresh embayd ;
 two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
 weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
 g vitall powrs gan to fade)
 rd still with torture did constraine,
 more encreased her consuming paine.

XXIII.

her the winged god himselfe
 ng on a lion ravenous,
 obey the menage of that else,
 and beast with powre imperious
 to his kingdome tyrannous :
 old cies he bad awhile unbind,
 ould spoile of that same dolorous
 e, he might behold in perfect kinde ;
 ene, he much rcioyced in his cruell
 nde.

XXIII.

ful prowde, himselfe uprearing hye,
 round about with sterne disdayne,
 arvay his goodly company,
 calling the evill-ordered trayne ;
 the darts, which his right hand did
 ine,
 fully he shooke, that all did quake,
 on hye his colour winges twaine,
 is many it affraide did make : [take.
 ling him againe, his way he forth did

XXIV.

m was Reproch, Repentance, Shame ;
 he first, Shame next, Repent behinde :

Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame ;
 Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde ;
 Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde :
 Shame lowred, Repentance sighd, Reproch did
 scould ;
 Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips en-
 twinde,
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold ;
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one
 mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :
 Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
 Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftiehead,
 Lewd losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
 Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty,
 Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmity,
 Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with Infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readen well ;
 So many moe as there be phantasies
 In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell ;
 All which disguised, marcht in masking wise
 About the chamber by the damozell,
 And then returned, having marched thrife
 Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did
 rise,

XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway,
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
 Which first it opened, and bore all way :
 Then the brave maid, which al this while was
 plast

In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Ifsued forth, and went unto the dore
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast :
 It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not avails, there sleights and
 She cast to use, both fit for hard emprize : [art
 Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
 Till morrow next she did herselfe avize,
 When that same maske againe should forth arise.
 The morrowe : ext appeared with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men daily to their exercize,
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

XXIX.

All that day she out-wore in wandering,
 And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
 Till that againe the second evening
 Her covered with her fable vestiment,
 Wherewith the world's faire beautie she hath
 blent ;

Then when the second watch was almost past,
 That braven dore flew open, and in went
 Bold Britomart, as she had iate forecast,
 Nether of ydle shewes nor of false charmes aghast,

XXX.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
 She cast her eies, to see what was become
 Of all those persons which she saw without,
 But lo! they streight were vanisht, all and some;
 Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
 Save that same woefull lady, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
 Unto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands:

XXXI.

And her before the vile enchanter fate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art;
 With living blood he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to love:
 Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart
 remove.

XXXII.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface,
 And fiercely running to that lady trew,
 A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,
 The which he thought for vilieinous despight
 In her tormented bodie to embrew;
 But the stout damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his
 might.

XXXIII.

From her to whom his fury first he meant,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
 And turning to herselfe his fell intent,
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
 That little drops empurpled her faire breast.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe impress,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage
 dew.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have
 slaine

Had not the lady, which by him flood bound,
 Dearly unto him called to abtaine
 From doing him to dy; for else her paine
 Should be remediless, sith none but hee
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe:
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee,
 For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to
 see;

XXXV.

And to him said, "Thou wicked Man! whose
 " meed

" For so huge mischief and vile villany
 " Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
 " Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy;
 " But if that thou this dame doe presently
 " Restore unto her health and former state,
 " This doe and live, els dye undoubtedly."

He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yeild himselfe, right willing to prolong his
 date;

XXXVI.

And rising up, gan streight to over-look
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes backe to re-
 verse.

Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horroure gan the virgin's hart to perle,
 And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes reberse;
 And all the while he red he did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
 And all the doores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
 Nor slack her threatfull hand for dangers doubt,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces
 small.

XXXVIII.

The cruel steele, which thirld her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding breast, and riven bowels gor'd,
 Was closed up, as it had not bene bor'd;
 And every part to safety full fownd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone restord;
 Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbownd,
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the
 grownd;

XXXIX.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
 Saying, " Ah, noble Knight! what worthy meed
 " Can wretched lady, quitt from woefull state,
 " Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 " Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 " Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
 " Which I your vassal, by your prowesse freed,
 " Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 " And goodly well advaunce that goodly we
 " was tryde."

XL.

But Britomart, upreering her from grownd,
 Said, " Gentle Dame! reward enough, I weene,
 " For many labours more then I have found,
 " This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
 " And meane of your deliveraunce have beene:
 " Henceforth, faire Lady! comfort to you take,
 " And put away remembrance of late teene;
 " Insted thereof, know that your loving make
 " Hath no lesse grieft endured for your gent
 " sake."

XLI.

She much was cheard to heare him mentioned,
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best:
 Then laid the noble championesse strong hood
 Upon th' enchanter which had her distress
 So fore, and with soule outrages oppress

that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
 and that pitteous [lady] prisoner, now releist,
 life she bound, more worthy to be so,
 captive with her led to wretchednesse and
 wo.

XLII.

ning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
 w so rich and royally arayd,
 ranisht utterly, and cleane subverst
 und, and all their glory quite decayd,
 ight of such a chaunge her much dismayd,
 esforth descending to that perlous porch,
 dreadfull flames she also found delayd
 uenched, quite like a consumed torch,
 rst all entiers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.

casie issew now then entrance late
 and ; for now the fained-dreadful flame,
 chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,
 assege hard to all that thither came,
 anisht quite, as it were not the same,
 ave her leave at pleasure forth to passe :
 chaunter selfe, which all that fraud did
 frame,

To have effort the love of that faire lasse, [was.
 Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrived

XLIV.

But when the victoresse arrived there,
 Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
 With her owne trusty squire, both full of feare,
 Neither of them she found where she them love
 Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore,
 But more fair Amoret, whose gentle spright
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
 Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
 Being thereof beguylde, was filld with new affright.

XLV.

But he (sad man!) when he had long in drede
 Awayted there for Britomart's returne,
 Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speede,
 His expectation to despaire did turne,
 Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne,
 And therefore gan advize with her old squire
 (Who her deare nourling's losse no lesse did
 mourne)

Thence to depart for further aide t'inquire ;
 Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe
 respire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TELAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I.
THE rugged forehead, that with graye foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affairs of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fan-
cics fed.

II.
Such ones ill iudge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that have abused the same;
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of
fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live
amisse.

III.
Which whofo list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were
donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroes wonne,

In love were either ended or begunne;
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censoars cannot w
deny.

IV.
To such, therefore, I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred saint my soveraigne *Queene*,
In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true love, enlocked beare,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is addressd,
The *Queene of Love*, and *Prince of Peace* be
heven blest.

V.
Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dred Infant! *Venus' dearking dove*,
From her high spirit chace imperious feare,
And use of awfull maiestie remove:
Insted thereof, with drops of melting love
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete-smyling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage *seduce*
That she may hearke to love, and reade this *libell*
often.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK IV. CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret :
Doeffa discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I.
O, lovers sad calamities of old
All many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold,
Then that of Amoret's hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimel's unworthie paine ;
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit,
My softned heart so sorely doth constraîne,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II.
For from the time that Scudamour her hought
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day ;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay ;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love,
And eke the ladie selfe, he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

III.
For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Berchard'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-
bedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of Love which late was
shewen,
And there the ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
Conveyed quite away, to living wight unknowen.
Vol. II.

IV.
Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did
kerue ;
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though Spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.
Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
The diverse usage and demeanure daint
That each to other made, as oft befell ;
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaine,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limb that touched her did quake ;
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to her
make.

VI.
For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth :
All is his infly that all freely dealth :
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth ;
Die had she lever with enchanter's knife,
Then to be false in love, profest a virgin wife.

VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd,
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd

For many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to guesse;
For otherwhiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to
some excesse.

VIII.

His will she feard, for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed;
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor,
Made her not yeeld so much as due shee deemed;
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a castel, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight and many a lovely dame
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see;
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her fore:
The custome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the
dore.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offered that to iustifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull challenge, waxed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or
both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne;
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cest how to save, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far
in dout.

XII.

The seneſchall was call'd to deeme the right;
Whom she requir'd that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from challenge set;
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then since that strange knight's love from him was
quitted,
She claum'd that to herselfe, as ladies det,

He as a knight might iustly be admitted:
So none should be out-shut, sith all of loves wer
fitted.

XIII.

With that her glistering helmet she unlaced,
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were up-
bound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a filken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound;
Like as the shining skie in summer's night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is crested all with lines of fierie light,
That is prodigious seemes in common peoples
fight.

XIV.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gas grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
Some that Bellona, in that warlike wife,
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her gentle
deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly over-commen her ador'd;
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance
there.

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And grieffe-full pittie, privately bemone.
The morrow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both arose, and to their waies them dight;
Long wandered they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their hart
delight.

XVII.

So thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And each of them had ryding by his side
A lady, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wearie wife appear.

XVIII.

The one of them the false Dueſſa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could do'n so maieic shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours save the trow:

to whit better was then see,
 As she was the plaine did shew;
 As much worse, if worse might bee,
 more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

was Atē, mother of debate
 contention, which doth daily grow
 vile men, that many a publicke state,
 a private oft doth over-throw:
 As she, who full well did know
 fit to trouble noble knights
 for honor, raised from below
 twinklings of the damned sprites,
 in darkness waistes her curled daies and
 As.

XX.

gates of hell her dwelling is;
 As all the plagues and harmes abound
 in wicked men that walke amisse:
 As she delue, furre under ground,
 As and barren brakes environd round,
 As she same may easily out-win;
 As she aies to enter may be found,
 As she issue forth when one is in;
 As she harder is to end then to begin.

XXI.

in the riven walls were hung
 monuments of times fore-past,
 As she sad effects of discord sung:
 As she rent robes and broken scepters platt,
 As she h, and holy things defast,
 As she peares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
 As she ransackt, and strong castles rait,
 As she lived, and huge armies slaine;
 As she ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII.

As she signe of antique Babylon,
 As she cbes, of Rome that raigned long,
 As she lem, and sad lliou,
 As she e of which on high there hong
 As she apple (cause of all their wrong)
 As she he three fair goddesses did strive;
 As she was the name of Nimrod strong,
 As she er, and his princes five,
 As she d to them the spoiles that he had got
 As she :

XXIII.

As she relicks of the drunken fray
 amongst the Lapithes befell,
 As she bloodie feast which sent away
 As she centaures drunken soules to hell,
 As she great Alcides' furie fell;
 As she dreadfull discord which did drive
 As she Argonauts to outrage fell,
 As she of life sought others to deprive;
 As she ke of the Golden Fleece, which made
 As she a strive.

XXIV.

As she private persons many moe,
 As she too long a worke to count them all;
 As she some friends, that did their faith forgoe;
 As she the brethren, prov'd unnaturall;
 As she the lovers, foes perpetuall;
 As she their broken bandes there to be seene,

Their girlonds rest, their bowies despoiled all,
 The monuments whereof there byding beene,
 As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and
 greene.

XXV.

As she Sech was her house within; but all without
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
 Which she herselfe had sowed all about,
 Now grown great, at first of little feedes,
 The feedes of evill wordes and fashious deedes,
 Which when to ripeness they grown are,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
 The which most often end in bloudshed and in
 warre.

XXVI.

As she And those same cursed feedes doe also serve
 To her for bread, and yeeld her living food,
 For life it is to her when others starve
 Through mischievous debate and deadly food,
 That she may sucke their life and drinke their
 blood,
 With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
 For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
 And by internall furies nourished,
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

XXVII.

As she Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
 And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
 And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speake, and both con-
 tended;

As she And as her tongue, so was her hart divided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
 guided.

XXVIII.

As she Als as the double spake, so heard the double,
 With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
 Fild with false rumours and seditions trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report;
 And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
 And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplatt; that when th' one forward
 yode,

The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

XXIX.

As she Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
 That one did reach, the other pusht away:
 That one did make, the other mard againe,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay;
 Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessours often did dismay;
 For all her studie was, and all her thought,
 How she might overthrow the things that Con-
 cord wrought.

XXX.

As she So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
 Because to man so mercifull he was,

P ij

And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne;
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

XXXI.

Such was that hag which with Dueffa roade,
And serving her in her malicious fe
'To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse;
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-de-luce
She was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found
mate.

XXXII.

Her mate, he was a iollie youthful knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did defcrie
His sickle mind full of inconstancie,
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Dueffa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon (his conquest's part)
Approching nigh, estoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Paridell! for your defart,
"Good lucke presents you with yond lovely
"mayd,
"For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

XXXIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond;
Whom whenas Paridell more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yef mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutcheon
weld,

He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered, "Sir, him wife I never held,
"That having once escaped perill neare,
"Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

XXXV.

"This knight too late his manhood and his
"might
"I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
"Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
"Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be cost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I without your perill or your cost
"Will challenge yond fame other for my fee."
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce
could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike Britonesse her soone addressd,
And with such unecuth welcome did receive

Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave,
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie;
Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,
And left him now as fad as whilome iollie,
Well warn'd to beware with whom he dar'd
dallie.

XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd,
And finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-backe, and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd;
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
e for the love which he had left behynd,
i that which he had to Sir Paridell refynd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his discase and evill plight,
Till that ere long they chanced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge the
new:

Whom whenas Blandamour approaching nie,
Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe rewe.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly defride
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of Love with wings displayed wide;
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right;
Which when he thought, it griev'd him full
That through the brufes of his former fight
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridell bespake;
"Faire Sir! of friendship let me now you praye,
"That as I late adventured for your sake
"The hurts whereof me now from battell staye,
"Ye will me now with like good turne repaye,
"And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
"Ah! Sir," said Paridell, "do not dismay
"Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
"As ye have done for me: the left hand rubb
"right."

XLI.

With that he put his spures unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed;
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete:
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselves did scarce
weete.

XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,

together, each abacke rebowndes
ring rage, and dashing on all sides,
leth all the sea with some, diuyles
btfull current into diuers wayes,
hose two in spight of both their prydes;
lamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
unting light, his foe for lying long up-
rayes :

XLIII.

led on an heape lay still in sfound,
esse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
the rest him seeing lie on ground
ily, to weete what did him ayle;
nding that the breath gan him to fayle,
he care they strove him to awake,
his helmet, and undid his mayle;
they did, that at the last they brake
ber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd,
amour Scudamour, that hast by slight
sake advantage this good knight difmayd,
ght much better than thyfelfe behight,
alles it thee that I am not in plight
lay to wreake the dammage by thee
donne;

s thy wont, that still when any knight
kned, then thou doest him ever-ronne;
st thou to thyfelfe false honor often
wonne."

XLV.

answer'd, but in manly heart
atie indignation did forbear;
ras not yet so secret, but some part
did in his frowning face appeare;
a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
ous storme, is by the northerne blast
er-blowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
it all the skie doth over-cast
rknes dred, and threatens all the world
o wast.

XLVI.

gentle Knight!" then false Dueffa sayd,
lo ye strive for ladies love so fore,
e chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
st gentle knights to nourish evermore?
ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,
he your love list love another knight,
yourfelfe dislike a whit the more,
ve is free, and led with selfe delight,
ill enforced be with maisterdome or
might."

XLVII.

Dueffa; but vile Até thus;
oolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
trive and storme with stirre outrageous
r that each of you alike doth loth,
ves another, with whom now the goth
ely wife, and sleepes, and sports, and
playes,
st both you here, with many a cursed oth,
e she is yours, and stirre up bloodie frayes,
n a willow bough, whilest other weares
the bayes."

XLVIII.

" Vile Hag," sayd Scudamour, " why dost thou
" lye,
" And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame;"
" Fond Knight," sayd she, " the thing that with
" this eye
" I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
" Then tell," quoth Blandamour, " and feare no
" blame;
" Tell what thou saw'st, manlygre whofo it heares."
" I saw," quoth she, " a stranger knight; whose
" name
" I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
" (That well I wote) the heads of many broken
" speares;

XLIX.

" I saw him have your Amoret at will,
" I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
" I saw him sleepe with her all knight his fill,
" All manie nights, and manie by in place
" That present were to testifie the cause."
Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

L.

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard;
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words which the heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay;
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His change of cheere that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI.

" Lo, Recreat!" sayd he, " the fruitlesse end
" Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgot-
" ten,
" Whereby the name of Knighthood thou dost
" shend,
" And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
" All things not rooted well will soone be rot-
" ten."
" Fy, fy, false Knight!" then false Dueffa cryde,
" Unworthy life, that love with guile hast got-
" ten;
" Be thou, wherever thou do go or ryde,
" Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights de-
" fyde."

LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guilelesse Glauce slaine;
But being past, he thus began amaine;
" False traitour Squire, false Squire of falsest
" knight,
" Why doth mine hand from thine avenge ab-
" staine,
" Whose lord hath done my love this foule de-
" spight?
" Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my
" might?"

P iij

LIII.

" Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
 " Untrue to God, and unto man uniuſt,
 " What vengeance due can equall thy deſart,
 " That haſt with ſhamefull ſpot of ſinful luſt
 " Deſil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt ?
 " Let ugly ſhame and endleſſe infamy
 " Colour thy name with ſoule reproaches ruſt :
 " Yet thou, falſe Squire, his fault ſhalt deare aby,
 " And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhalt
 " ſupply."

LIV.

The aged dame him ſeeing ſo enraged,
 Was dead with feare; mathleſſe as neede require
 His flaming furie fought to haue aſſunged,
 With ſober words, that ſuſſerance deſired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,
 And evermore fought Britomart to cleare;
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thruſt his hand to kill her did upreare,
 And thruſt he drew it backe; ſo did at laſt ſe
 beare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her strives;
They are accorded: Agape
Doth lengthen her fennes liues.

I.
Two of hell first tynd in Phlegeton
and faries, and from thence out-thrown
world to worke confusion,
it all on fire by force unknownn,
Discord, whose small sparkes once blownn,
t a god or godlike man can flake;
was Orpheus, that when strife was growen
: those famous ympos of Greece, did take
r harpe in hand, and shortly friends them
take:

II.
as that celestiall Psalmist was,
ten the wicked seend his lord tormented,
avenly notes, that did all other pas,
rage of his furious fit relented.
ficke is wife words with time concented,
rate stiffe mindes disposd to strive;
that prudent Romane well invented,
ne his people into partes did rive,
:concyld againe, and to their homes did
rive.

III.
I wife Glauce to that wrathful knight,
e the tempest of his troubled thought;
damour, with termes of soule despite,
idell her sword and set at nought,
ad crooked, and not good for ought;
y unwise and warelesse of the evill
themselves unto themselves is wrought,
that false witch and that soule aged dreuill;
a seend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV.
With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie knight,
That had a goodly ladie by his side,
To whom he made great daliance and delight;
It was to meet the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whileome rest
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft.
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring west.

V.
Which whenas Blandamour (whose fancie light
Was alwaies sitting as the wavering wind,
After each beautie that appeared in sight)
Beheld, eistfoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust, that Reason's eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent:
" Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
" Since so good fortunes doth to you present
" So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

VI.
But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearken, but made this faire denyall;
" Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
" This now be yours; God send you better gaine."
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain,
Against that knight, ere he him well could toyne,
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly over-
borne.

VII.

Who with the fudden stroke astonisht fore,
Upon the ground a while in slombre lay,
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
"Lo, sluggish knight, the victor's happie pray:
"So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Haying so peereles paragou ygot;
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not;
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, all things dooe
That might her love prepare, and liking win
theretoo.

IX.

She in regard thereof him recompensit
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispensit;
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemd brought to bed in Paradise, [most wise.
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd

X.

So great a mistress of her art she was,
And perfectly practis'd in woman's craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beaft,
Yet now he was surpris'd; for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in every subtle flight,
That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity;
So blind is lust false colours to descry:
But Até soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife, twixt love, and spight, and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches;
And ever when his passion is allayd
She it revives, and new occasion reaches,
That on a time, as they together way'd, [sayd;
He made him open challenge, and thus boldly

XIII.

"Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare
"The open wrongs thou doest me day by day;

"Well know'st thou when we friendship first
"swaere,

"The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
"Should equally be shard betwixt us tway;
"Where is my part, then, of this ladie bright,
"Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
"Render, therefore, therein to me my right,
"Or answer for thy wrong as shall fall out in
"fight."

XIV.

Exceeding wroth therat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answer to him make;
"Too foolish Paridell, that fayrest floore
"Wouldst gather saine, and yet no paines would
"take;
"But not so easie will I her forsake;
"This hand her wopne, this hand shall her de-
"fend."

With that they gan their shivering spears to
shake

And deadly points at either's breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have been ever other's friend.

XV.

Their fire speedes with so untamed force
Did beare them both to fell avenge's end,
That both their spears with pitiless remorse
Through shield, and mayle, and habergeon, did
wend,

And in their sisch a grievly passage reed,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still awhile, both did forget
The perillous present slownd in which their
were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry sea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne
might

Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asunder:
They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thundre,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted
der.

XVII.

At length they both upstart in amase,
As men awaked rashly out of dreame,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seeme,
In doubt to whom the victorie should seeme,
Therewith their dulle sprights they edged
And drawing both their swords with rage
treme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailles did rub, and
helmes did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assaile,
As if their soules they would atonce have rent
Out of their breasts, that streames of blood did
rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,

e ground with purple blood was sprent
 eir armour's staynd with bloudie gore ;
 y once to breath would they relent,
 was their malice, and so fore,
 fayned friendship which they vow'd
 re.

XIX.

which is for ladies most besitting,
 l strife, and fofter friendly peace,
 those dames so farre and so unfitting,
 head of praying them surcease,
 much more their cruelly encrcase,
 rem fight for honour of their love,
 die then ladies cause release ;
 h vaine termes so much they did them
 sve,
 resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX.

y (I weene) would fight until this day,
 Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
 adventure travelled that way ;
 g both bent to so bloody games,
 of old well knowing by their names,
 h, to weete the cause of their debate,
 laide on those ladies thousand blames,
 not seeke t' appease their deadly hate,
 l on their harmes, not pitying their
 ate :

XXI.

those knights he humbly did beseech
 eir hands, till he awhile had spoken ;
 t a little up at that his speech,
 l not let their battell so be broken,
 die fiers on other to be wroken ;
 them so earnestly did call,
 coniu'r'd by some well-known token,
 at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
 o heare him speake, and glad to rest
 thall.

XXII.

esir'd their cause of strife to see :
 it was for love of Florimell.
 tle knights!" quoth he, " how may
 that bee
 e so farre astray, as none can tell ?
 quyre !" full angry then said Paridell,
 ot the ladie there before thy face ?"
 d backe, and her advizing well,
 s he said, by that her outward grace
 est Florimell was present there in place.

XXIII.

i was he to see that ioyous sight,
 alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
 y to her lowting thus behight ;
 of faire : that fairenesse doest excell,
 appie day I have to grette you well,
 ch you safe I see, whom thousand late
 bted lost through mischief that befell :
 nay you live in health and happie state !"
 unswer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV.

ning to those knights, he gan anew ;
 ou, Sir Blandamour and Paridell,

" That for this ladie present in your view
 " Have rais'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
 " Certes me seemes bene not adviced well,
 " But rather ought in friendship for her sake
 " To ioyne your force their forces to repell,
 " That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
 " And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph
 " to make."

XXV.

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
 " Aread, thou Squire ! that I the man may learne,
 " That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take."
 " Not one," quoth he, " but many doe partake
 " Herein, as thus : it lately so befell,
 " That Satyrane a girdle did uptake
 " Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
 " Which for her sake he wore, as him besemed
 " well.

XXVI.

" But whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,
 " Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
 " Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
 " That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
 " And gan therefore close spight to him to beare ;
 " Which he to shun, and stop vile Envious sting,
 " Hath lately cauld to be proclaim'd each where
 " A solemne feast with publike turneyng,
 " To which all knights with them their ladies are
 " to bring :

XXVII.

" And of them all she that is fayrest found
 " Shall have that golden girdle for reward ;
 " And of those knights who is most stout on
 " ground,
 " Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard :
 " Since, therefore, she herselfe is now your ward,
 " To you that ornament of her's pertaines
 " Against all those that challenge it to gard,
 " And save her honour with your ventrous paines,
 " That shall you win more glory then ye here
 " find gaines."

XXVIII.

When they the reason of his words had hard,
 They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
 And with their honours and their loves regard
 The furious flames of malice to asswage :
 Tho each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
 That chaleng'd outin Florimell, save they alone.

XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
 In friendly fort, that lasted but awhile,
 And of all old dislikes they made faire weather ;
 Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyle,
 That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 However gay and goodly be the stile,
 That doth ill cause or evill end enure,
 For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most
 sure,

xxx.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunce to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wife,
As if they secret counsels did partake:
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete two ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them
pursue.

xxxii.

Who as they now approached nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They lest that squire afore, to understand
What mote they be; who viewing them more
neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prouest knights in Faery Lond;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely
bond.

xxxiii.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,
Those two were foes the fellonest from ground,
And battell made the dreedest dangerous
That ever thrilling trumpet did resound,
Tho now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fylled.

xxxiiii.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth
waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,
That famous monument hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed Eld, the canker-worme of wryts,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, and brought to nought by
little bits?

xxxv.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And being dead, in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me suruive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather
meete.

xxxvi.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of Nature's wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beafts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,

She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights
and lords.

xxxvii.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honour's blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie centonels well stay'd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret fogs afraid.

xxxviii.

So much the more as she refus'd to love,
So much the more she loved was and fought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought;
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he be-
thought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in his
wife.

xxxix.

One day when all that troupe of warlike woemen
Assembled were, to weete whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring dooers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

xl.

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament;
But yet his sister's skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring, which she him sent,
That amongst the manie vertues which we need,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally
did bleed.

xli.

Well was that ring's great vertue knownen to all
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much apall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight;
More wise they weend to make of love delight,
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight
(Though for her sake they all that perill took)
Whether she would them love, or in her liking
brooke.

xlii.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren
bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrice happie mother! and thrise happie morn:

e three such, three such not to be fond;
e was Agape, whose children werne
as one; the first hight Priamond,
ad Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII.

amond, but not so strong to strike;
iamond, but not so stout a knight;
nond was stout and strong alike:
-backe used Triamond to fight,
mond on foote had more delight;
and foote knew Diamond to wield:
taze used Diamond to smite,
mond to handle speare and shield,
e and curtaxe both used Priamond in field.

XLIII.

ee did love each other dearly well,
so firme affection were allyde,
one soule in them all did dwell,
d her powre into three parts diuylde;
e faire branches budding farre and wyde,
a one roote deriv'd their vitall sap;
that roote that doth her life divide,
ther was, and had full blessed hap
ee so noble babes to bring forth at one
up.

XLIV.

ther was a Fay, and had the skill
things, and all the powres of Nature,
e by art could use unto her will,
er service bind each living creature,
secret understanding of their feature.
he was right fayre, whenso her face
iscover, and of goodly stature;
is Feyes are wont, in private place
l her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to
acc.

XLV.

a day a noble youthly knight,
dventures in the saluage wood,
reat fortune get of her the sight,
e carelesse by a cristall flood
her golden lockes, as seemd her good,
vares upon her laying hold,
ve in vaine him long to have withstood,
her, and there (as it is told)
three lovely babes, that prov'd three
ampions bold;

XLVI.

e with her long fostred in that wood,
to ripenesse of man's state they grew;
wing forth signes of their father's blood,
d armes, and knighthood did ensue,
dventures where they anie knew:
hen their mother saw, she gan to dout
tie, least by searching daungers new,
provoking perils all about,
s mote be abridged through their co-
ge stout.

XLVII.

desirous th' end of all their dayes
and them t' enlarge with long extent,
ous skill and many hidden wayes
ree Fatall Sisters' house she went;

Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abyss,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of gods and heven's blis,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwell-
ling is.

XXVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about,
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.,
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the third
By grieisly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos estfoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids
so raine!

XLIX.

She them saluting there by them fate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span;
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay! that durst
" Come see the secret of the life of man,
" Well worthie thou to be of love accurst,
" And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder
" burst."

L.

Where she the fore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth
brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall Fate;
Which Clotho granting, shewed her the same;
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out short-
ly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late;
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, "Fond Dame! that deem'st of things
" divine
" As of humane, that they may alred bee,
" And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of
" thine:
" Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
" Not all the gods can change, nor love him-
" selfe cau free."

LII.

"Then since, " quoth she, " the term of each
" man's life
" For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
" Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatal
" knife
" His line, which is the eldest of the three,
" Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
" Estfoones his life may passe into the next;
" And when the next shall likewise ended bee

" That both their lives may likewise be annex
 " Unto the third, that his may be so trebly
 " went."

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And comming home, in warlike fresh aray,
 Them found, all three according to their kynd;
 But unto them what definie was affynd,
 Of how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,

She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other deare, whatever them befel.

LIV.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And never discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other praie;
 And now t' increase affection naturall,
 In love of Canacee they ioyned all;
 Upon which ground this same great battell grew
 (Great matter growing of beginning small)
 The which for length I will not here pursue,
 But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.



THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO III.

The battell twix three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee ;
Cambina, with true friendship's bond,
Doth their long strife agree.

I.
doe wretched men so much desire
their dayes unto the utmost dare,
not rather with them soone expire,
; the miserie of their estate,
usand perills which them still awate,
them like a boate amid the mayne,
ry houre they knocke at Deathes gate ?
that happie seemes and least in payne,
is nigh his end as he that most doth
layne.

II.
e this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
ch in seeking for her children three
; thereby did more prolong their paine ;
est they lived none did ever see
ppie creatures then they seem'd to bee,
e ennobled for their courtesie ;
de them dearely lov'd of each degree ;
renowned for their chivalrie,
de them dreaded much of all men farre
nd nic.

III.
ree that hardie challenge took in hand,
see with Cambell for to fight ;
was set, that all might understand,
ges pawnd the same to keep aright :
(the drowdest day that living wight
see upon this world to shine)
as heaven's window shewed light,
urlike champions, all in armour shine,
d were in field, the challenge to de-
ac.

IV.
The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preafe of people farre-away,
And at th' one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To vew and deeme the deedes of armes that day ;
And on the other side, in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd
gage.

V.
Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and searelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist :
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd ;
And marching thrife in warlike ordinance,
Thrife lowted lowly to the noble mayd :
The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweat.
ly playd.

VI.
Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet,
Gainst whom Sir Priamond with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trumpet blow ; they both together met,
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly
spent.

VII.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which hard it were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

VIII.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unlucky glaunce
Through Cambel's shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce;
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them
more to swell.

IX.

With that his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field,
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is feare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and
there.

X.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove it at him with double might,
That thought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infix'd, whilst he fought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde, with which despight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh, thus felly him be-
spake;

XI.

"Lo! Faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
"The meede of thy mischalenge and abet!
"Not for thine owne, but for thy sister's sake,
"Have I thus long thy life unto thee let;
"But to forbear doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull bow,
And passing forth with furious affret,
Picr'd through his bever quite into his brow, [bow.
That with the force it backward forced him to

XII.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brest,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his head-peece, Cambell fiercely rest,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way into his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft;
Thence streames of purple blood issuing rise,
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of
strife.

XIII.

His wearie ghost, asoyld from fleshy band,
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
Ne unto ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction was esifoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Deslinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorrie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reverfion of his brother's right,
And chalenging the virgin as his dew;
His foe was soone address'd; the trumpet fresh
blew.

XV.

With that they both together fierly met,
As if that each ment other to devour,
And with their axes both so forely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their power
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous blowe,
But rived were like rotten wood asunder,
Whilst through their rift the ruddy blood did
shower,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That filld the lookers on atonce with ruth and
wonder.

XVI.

As when two tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh
spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to assuage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeigns with other to partake;
So cruelly those knights strove for that ladie
fake.

XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them too;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded, and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
And heav'd his murderous axe at him with might;
sway.

XVIII.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, so deadly it was ment,
The soule had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent;
But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent;
For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;

of the marke which he had eyde,
 e force nigh feld, whilst his right foot
 yde.

XIX.

ulture, greedie of his pray,
 ger long, that hart to him doth lend,
 heron with all his bodies sway,
 his force seemes nought may it de-

wle, that spies him toward bend,
 soufe avoydes, it shanning light,
 him his wing in vaine to spend,
 the weight of his owne weeldlesse
 t,
 gh to ground, and scarce recovereth

XX.

adventure, when Cambello spide,
 ere himselte he could recover
 r's dread to ward his naked side,
 rive at him with all his power,
 s axe him smote in evill hower,
 is shoulders quite his head he rest;
 e tronk, as heedlesse of that stower,
 hile, and his fast footing kept,
 ise to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

XXI.

that pitteous spectacle beheld,
 amaz'd the headlesse tronk to see
 long, and weapon vaine to wield,
 if the Fates divine decree
 cession in those brethren three;
 landing that one soule was rest,
 bodies not dismembred bee,
 e lived, and revived est;
 io fit feat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII.

hat same soule which therein dwelt,
 ring into Triamond, him fill
 life and grieve; which when he felt,
 e inner parts had bene ythriid
 if Steele that clofe his hart-bloud spild,
 pt out of his place of rest,
 forth into the emptie field,
 bello fiercely him adrest;
 fronting, soone to fight was readie

XXIII.

e wonder how that noble knight,
 so often wounded beene,
 on foot now to renew the fight;
 hen him forth advauncing seene,
 orne wight ye would him surely
 e,
 cemed and so fierce in fight;
 ke, whom wearie winter's teene
 to nought, now feeling sommer's
 t,
 ragged skin, and freshly doth him

XXIV.

ugh vertue of the ring he wore,
 or onely did not from him let
 blood to fall, but did restore

His weakened powers, and dilled spirits whet,
 Through working of the stone therein yset;
 Else how could one of equall might with most,
 Against so many no lesse mightie met,
 Once thinke to match three such on equall cost?
 Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
 Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
 But sharply him assayld, and fore bestedde
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie.
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
 He stroke, he soust, he soynd, he hewd, he lasht,
 And did his yron broadswo fast applie,
 That from the same the fierie sparkles flast,
 As fast as water-sprinkles against a rocke are
 dast.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
 So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
 That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
 Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
 Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent;
 Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
 He then afresh with new encouragement
 Did him assaile, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

XXVII.

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
 Flows up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
 And over-ruling him in his own rayne,
 Drives back the current of his kindly course,
 And makes it seeme to have some other source;
 But when the flood is spent, then backe againe
 His borrowed waters fors to re-disbourse,
 He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
 And tribute eke withall, as to his soverayne.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
 With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
 Now this the better had, now had his fo;
 Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemd;
 Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemd:
 And all the while the disentrayled blood
 Adowne their sides like litle rivers steemd,
 That with the waisting of his vitall blood,
 Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble flood.

XXIX.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his blood to waste, ne powres emperisht,
 Through that ring's vertue, that with vigour new
 Still whenas he enfeebled was him charisht,
 And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht;
 Like as a withred tree through husband's toyle
 Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
 And fruitfull apples to have borne a while,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
 And smote the other with so wondrous might,
 That through the seame which did his hauberk
 close,
 Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
 That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight;

Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do that leſe the living ſpright;
So did one foule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miſerie.

XXXI.

But natheleſſe whiſt all the lookers on
Him did behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he ſtarted up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And freſh aſſayd his foe; who halfe aſſeard
Of th' uncouth ſight, as he ſome ghoul had ſcene,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard,
Till having often by him ſtricken bene,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſave himſelfe from
teene.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Strygian gods t' offend,
Ne followed on ſo faſt, but rather fought
Himſelfe to ſave, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend;
Which Triamond perceiving, weened ſure
He gan to faint toward the battell's end,
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure,
A ſigne which did to him the victorie aſſure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blith, eſtoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that ſame blow
To make an end of all that did withſtand;
Which Cambell ſeeing come, was nothing ſlow
Himſelfe to ſave from that ſo deadly throw;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſweard,
Cloſe underneath his ſhield, that ſcarſe did ſhow,
Stroke him, as he his hand to ſtrike up-reard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both ſides the
wound appeard.

XXXIV.

Yet ſtill that direfull ſtroke kept on his way,
And falling hevie on Cambelloes creſt,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that in ſworne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt;
And ſure had it not happily found reſt
Upon the brim of his brode-plated ſhield,
It would have cleſt his braine downe to his breſt;
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other ſeemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,
They weened ſure the warre was at an end;
And iudges roſe, and marshals of the field
Broke up the liſes, their armes away to rend,
And Canace gan wayle her deareſt friend;
All ſuddenly they both upſtarted light,
The one out of the ſwound which did him blend,
The other breathing now another ſpright,
And ſiercely each aſſaying gan aſreſh to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did
deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill ſhonne,
Deſirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to ſave or ſpill,

Ne which of them did winne, ne which were
wonne;

So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itſelfe ſeemd loathſome, and long fatall

XXXVII.

Whiſt thus the caſe in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unſure to whether ſide it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with ruſfull tinc
And ſecret feare, to ſee their fatall ſinc,
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That ſeemd ſome perilous tumult to deſine,
Confuſ'd with womens cries and ſhouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theatres oft-times annoyes.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weetn what that ſudden clamour ment;
Lo! where they ſpyde with ſpeedy whirling pace
One in a charet of ſtraunge furniment
Towards them driving like a ſtorme out ſent;
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold, and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Perſian monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker ſelfe could beſt by art devize

XXXIX.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lyons taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell
Now made forget ther former cruell mood,
T'obey their rider's heſt, as ſeemd good;
And therein ſate a ladie paſſing faire
And bright, that ſeemd borne of angels braid,
And with her beautie bountie did compaſſe,
Whether of them in her ſhould have the greater
ſhare.

XL.

Thereto ſhe learned was in magicke leare,
And all the artes that ſubtill wits diſcover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well inſtructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the ſame ſhe farre exceld all other;
Who underſtanding by her mightie art
Of th' evil plight in which her deareſt brother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſt to take his part,
And pacifie the ſtrife which cauſ'd ſo deadly hurt.

XLI.

And as ſhe paſſed through th' unruly preſt
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angele teame breaking their bonds of preſt,
Great heapes of them, like ſheepe in narrow preſt,
For haſt did over-runne, in duſt enrould;
That through rude confuſion of the rout,
Some fearing ſhriekt, ſome being harmed bound,
Some laugh for ſport, ſome did for wonder ſhout,
And ſome that would ſeeme wiſe their wits
turn'd to doubt.

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace ſhee bore,
About the which two ſerpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailles together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crown'd,
Like to the rod which Maia's ſonne doth wield,
Wherewith the heliſh ſends he doth confound;

her hand a cup she hild,
as with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII.

drinke of soverayne grace,
be gods for to asswage
and bitter gall away to chace,
p anguish and contentious rage;
of sweet peace and quiet age
ish in the troubled mynd:
t such as sober are and sage,
ods to drinke thereof asynd,
rinck eternal happinesse do fynd.

XLIV.

men, such worthies of the earth,
have advanced to the skie,
made gods, though borne of mortall

merits and great dignitie,
fore they may to heaven flie,
ereof; whereby all cares forepast
ay quite from their memorie:
ld heroes hereof taste,
they in blisse amongst the gods were

XLV.

f price, and of more gracious powre
hat fame water of Ardenne,
inaldo drunk in happie howre,
that famous Iufcane penne;
might to change the hearts of men
te, a change of evill choise;
hatred make in love to breane,
art with comfort doth rejoyce.
not to this vertue rather yeeld his

XLVI.

ig by the listes side,
rod did softly smite the raile,
ht flew ope, and gave her way to

of her coch she gan availle.
irely forth, did bid all haile
other, whom she loved deare,
him made her heart to quaille,
Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
change her hew, and hidden love
care.

XLVII.

er requit, (for small delight
hen her long to entertaine)
turned both againe to fight;
she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
hrew, and teares gan shed amaine,
teares immixing prayers meeke,
prayers reason, to restrain
strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
to them was deere did them beseeke.

XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand,
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their
hand.

And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully dis-
traught,

And mighty spirities bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to themfor drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst ech drunke an hartly
draught:

XLIX.

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
(Wonder it is that sudder change to see)
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haullt, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudder change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven
rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lostie chaire descended,
'To weet what sudder tidings was befeld;
Where when she saw that cruell warre so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended,
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet:

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets founded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladfome there,
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose;
And wise Cambina taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

LII.

Where making ioyous feast, their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutual complement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he led a long and happie life;
And Cambill tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other life:
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their daies such lovers were not found
elsewhere.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO IV.

Satyrae makes a turneyment
For love of Florimell ;
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I.
It often falls (as here it erst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell ;
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends ;
For enmitie, thus of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends ;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded
seeds.

II.
That well (me seemes) appears by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stir'd up twixt Blandamour and Parkdell,
The which by course befalls me here to tell ;
Who having those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside :

III.
Who backe returning, told as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded
name ;
And those two ladies their two loves unseene ;
And therefore wisht them, without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread or shame :
But Blandamour, full of vaine-glorious spright,
And rather stir'd by his discordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

IV.
Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselve thereby to grace,
As was his wont ; so wetning way to make
To ladies love, wherefo he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface,
Whose sharpe provokement them incens'd so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage bore,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore ;
For evill deedes may better then bad words be
bore.

V.
But faire Cambina, with perswasions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treat of deedes of armes abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode ;
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell

VI.
To which folke-mote they all with one confert :
(Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent)
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try :
So as they passed forth, they did espy
Ore in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselve addrest,
Him wetning ere he nigh approacht, to have
prest.

VII.

Seeing, gan his courte relent;
 care eftsfoones to disaduance,
 but peace and pleasure ment,
 their fellowship by chaunce,
 sewed curteous countenance;
 with them accompanide,
 did on the lady glaunçe
 honour had riding by his side;
 weend that he somewhere tofore
 :

VIII.

that snowy Florimell,
 ate from Braggadochio wonne;
 seeing, her remembered well,
 fe her from the witches sonne,
 ft; wherefore he now begunne
 r ancw, as his owne prize,
 he had in battell wonne,
 de by force her to reprise,
 ull offer Blandamour gan foote

IX.

knight, sith ye this lady clame,
 it hath were loth to lose so light,
 e a lady were great shame)
 winne, as I have done, in fight;
 shall be placed here in fight,
 h this hag beside her set,
 winnes her may her have by right;
 aue the hag that is ybet,
 r alwazes ride till he another get."

X.

fed all the company;
 th Atē forth was brought,
 all gan laugh full merrily;
 no said, he never thought
 ; that seemed worit then nought,
 nperill so in fight;
 that lady they had fought
 at were like faire and bright,
 would spend to iustife his right.

XI.

line excuse they all gan smile,
 unmanly cowardize,
 him fowly gan revile,
 te refus'd to enterprize
 ed in so knightly wize;
 ouekt him privily
 r, and shame of such mesprize:
 ar'd for friend or enemy;
 ind nor friendship dwells nor en-

XII.

us did shut up all in iest;
 s and ladies, certes ye do wrong
 strife, when most us needeth rest,
 us reserve both fresh and strong
 uiment, which is not long:
 list to fight may fight his fill;
 r challenges ye may prolong,
 hall be triced, if ye will,
 ll have the hag, or hold the lady

XIII.

They all agreed; so turning all to game
 And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way;
 And all that while, wherco they rode or came,
 That masked mock-knight was their sport and
 play:
 Till that at length upon th' appointed day,
 Unto the place of turneyment they came;
 Where they before them found in fresh array
 Manie a brave knight, and manie a daintie dame
 Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this faire crew arriving, did divide
 Themselves asunder: Blandamour, with those
 Of his, on th' one; the rest on th' other side:
 But boastfull Braggadochio rather chose
 For glorie vaine their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone:
 The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to every one;
 The knights in comples marcht with ladies linckt
 attone.

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
 Beating that precious relicke in an arke
 Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane;
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With perle and precious stone, worth many a
 marke;
 Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
 It was the same which lately Florimell had lost.

XVI.

The same aloft he hang in open vew,
 To be the prize of beautie and of might,
 The which eftsfoones discovered, to it drew
 The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
 And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
 That all men threw out voves and wishes vaine;
 Thrife happie ladie, and thrife happie knight,
 Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
 So worthie of the perill, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
 An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And vauncing forth from all the other band
 Of knights, adrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing himselfe all ready for the field:
 Gainst whom there singled from the other side
 A painim knight that well in armes was skill'd,
 And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
 Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fierly forth did
 ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the other's force sustaine:
 As two fierce buls, that strive the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
 So these two champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hands their idle trounceors held,
 Which neither able were to wag or once to wield.

XX.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyrane,
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride,
With all the strength and stiffeſſe that he can :
But the more ſtrong and ſtiffely that he ran,
So much more forely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horſe and man ;
Unto whoſe reſcure forth rode Paridell ;
But him likewiſe with that ſame ſpeare he eke did
quell.

XXI.

Which Braggadochio ſeeing, had no will
To haſten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next ; but ſtood there ſtill,
As one that ſeemed doubtfull or diſmayd ;
But Triamond, halfe wroth to ſee him ſtand,
Sterny ſtept forth, and rought-away his ſpeare,
With which ſo ſure he Ferramont affaid,
That horſe and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haſt themſelves againe up-
reare.

XXII.

Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the reſt,
For him likewiſe he quickly downe did ſmicht ;
And after him Sir Douglas him addreſt,
And after him Sir Palimord forth preſt ;
But none of them againſt his ſtrokes could ſtand,
But all the more, the more his praiſe increſt ;
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away fore wounded of his hapleſſe hand.

XXIII.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the ſwowne, in which too long he lay ;
And looking round about like one diſmaid,
Whenas he ſaw the mercileſſe affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almoſt rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himſelfe he wiſht have beent then in ſo bad a
ſtead.

XXIII.

Eſtfoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons, which lay ſcattered all abrode,
And as it fell his ſteed he ready found,
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like ſparke of fire that from the anvile glode,
There where he ſaw the valiant Triamond
Chafing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to wiſtand ;
So dreadfull was his ſtrokes, ſo deadly was his
hond.

XXIV.

With that at him his beamlike ſpeare he aimed,
And thereto all his powre and might applide ;
The wicked ſteele for miſchiefe firſt ordained,
And having now Miſfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his ſide,
And therein made a very grieſly wound,
That ſtreames of blood his armour all bedide ;
Much was he daunted with that direfull ſtownd,
That ſcarſe he him upheld from falling in a ſownd.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himſelfe he ſoft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine ;
Then gan the part of challengers anew
To range the field, and victor-like to raine,
That none againſt them battell durſt maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets ſound to ceate did them compell ;
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the
bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the turney gan anew,
And with the firſt the hardy Satyrane
Apper'd in piſce with all his noble crew :
On th' other ſide full many a warlike ſwaine
Aſſembled were that glorious prize to gain ;
But mongſt them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new to tell to daraine
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve, when ſo himſelfe he
found.

XXVII.

Which Cambell ſeeing, though he could not ſee,
Ne done undone, yet for to ſalve his name,
And purchaſe honour in his friend's behalve,
This goodly counterſeſſance he did frame ;
The ſhield and armes well knowne to be the
ſame

Which Triamond had worne, unwarre to wight
And to his friend unwiſt, for doubt of blame
If he miſdid, he on himſelfe did dight,
That none could him diſcerne, and ſo went forth
to fight.

XXVIII.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iollity,
Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground,
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And caſt t'avenge his friend's indignity :
A mighty ſpeare eſtfoones at him he bent,
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furioſly,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up againe themſelves gan lightly reare,
And to their tryed ſwords themſelves betake,
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous marche
there,

That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake ;
Now cuſſing cloſe, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take ;
As two wild boares together grappling go,
Chauſing and foming choler each againſt his fo.

XXX.

So as they court, and tourneyed here and there,
It chaunſt Sir Satyrane his ſteed at laſt,
Whether through foundring or through ſeddin
feare,

To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt ;
Which vauntage Cambell did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere himſelfe he had recovered well,
So ſore he ſowt him on the compaſt crew,

him to leave his loftie fell,
tumbling downe, under his horſe-feete

XXXI.

mbello leapt downe from his ſteed,
rent his ſhield and armes away,
wne wont to be the victor's meed;
wne felt an hideous ſway
ords, that lode on him did lay;
i knights had him enclosed round,
atyrane out of his pray,
at once huge ſtrokes on him did pound,
take him priſoner where he ſtood on
und.

XXXII.

air multitude was nought diſmayd,
out courage turnd upon them all,
his brond-iron round about him layd,
he dealt large almes, as did befall;
ion, that by chaunce doth fall
nter's toile, doth rage and roſe,
art diſdaining to be thrall:
aine; for what might one do more?
him taken captive, though it grieue
fore.

XXXIII.

hen newes to Triamond was brought,
lay, his wound he ſoone forgot,
g up, ſtreight for his armour ſought:
ought, for their he found it not;
t away before had got:
armes therefore he on him threw,
y ſlew forth to take his lot:
n troupe found all that warlike crew
s friend away, full forie to his vew.

XXXIV.

icket of that knightly preaſſe
and ſmote downe all that was be-
ene,
h fervent zeal; ne did he ceaſſe,
e came where he had Cambell ſcene,
re thrall two other knights atweene;
mongſt them cruell havock makes,
which lead him ſoone enforced beene
loofe to ſave their proper ſtakes;
g freed, from one a weapon fiercely
cs:

XXXV.

he drives at them with dreadfull might,
membrance of his friend's late harme,
rengement of his owne deſpight;
gether give a new allarme,
ow the battell wexed warme.
wo greedy wolves doe breake by force
urd, farre from the huſband farme,
e and ravine without all remorse;
ſe two through all the field their foes
orce.

XXXVI.

ey followd on their holde empriſe,
ets found did warne them all to reſt;
with one conſent did yeeld the prize
ond and Cambell as the beſt;

But Triamond to Cambell it releſt,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t'advance the other's geſt,
And make his praife before his owne preferd;
So that the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII.

The laſt day came, when all thoſe knightes
again
Aſſembled were, their deedes of armes to ſhew:
Full many deedes that day were ſhewed plaine:
But Satyrane bove all the other crew
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view;
For from the firſt he to the laſt endured,
And though ſome while Fortune from him with-
drew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party ſill aſ-
ſured.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmoſt prowefſe there made knowne,
That by their many wounds, and careleſſe harmes,
By ſhivred ſpeares, and ſwords all under ſhrowen,
By ſcattered ſhields, was caſie to be ſhowne.
There might ye ſee looſe ſteeds at rondon ronne,
Whoſe luckeleſſe riders late were overthrowen,
And ſquiers make haſt to helpe their lords for-
donne;
But ſill the knights of Maidenhead the better
wonne.

XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other ſide
A ſtraunger knight, from whence no man could
reed,
In queint diſguiſe, full hard to be deſcrie;
For all his armour was like ſalvage weed
With woody moſſe bedight, and all his ſteed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that ſeemed fit
For ſalvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged ſhield was writ,
Salvageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

XL.

He at his firſt in-coming charg'd his ſpere
At him that firſt appeared in his fight,
That was to weete the ſtout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowne to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight;
Him at the firſt encounter downe he ſmote
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight that hote
Sir Brianor, ſo fore, that none him liſe behote.

XLI.

Then tre his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven knights one after other as they came;
And when his ſpeare was bruſt, his ſword he
drew,
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and ſlaſhing ſhields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan ſhun his dreadfull fight,
No leſſe then Death itſelfe in daungerous af-
fright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise,
It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
But certes his right name was otherwize,
The knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtie knight that liv'd that day, and most
of might.

XLIII.

Thus was Sir Satyrane, with all his band,
By his sole manhood and achievement stout,
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chafed all about:
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening, that the sunne gan downward bend;
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend;
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Arthegall, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So fort, that trembling backe he downe did flyde
Over his horse's taile above a fryde,
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe;
Which Cambell seeing, much the fame envyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine,
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his freend;
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend:
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd fore,

And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he sentred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran,
But all of them likewise dismounted were;
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of armes
chieved,

And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore aggrieved,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

XLVII.

Like as in sommer's day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro meate,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may
lie,

And missing it, faine from themselves to flee;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforeth againe;

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydonhead that day,
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away:
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that proud
spoyl:

Where I with sound of trompe will alle as
awhyle.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell;
Scudamour coming to Care's house,
Doth Sleepe from him expell.

I.
It hath been through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and cheualrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie:
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never
swerve.

II.
So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
The controversie of beauties soveraine grace,
In which to her that doth most excell
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to ob-
taine.

III.
That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love
And wifehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else afunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus' girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she usd to live in wively sort;
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

IV.
Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her love's first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine,
Which versus it for ever after did retaine,

V.
The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The God of Warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On Acidalian mount where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play:
There Florimell in her first age's flowre
Was fostered by those Graces (as they say,
And brought with her from thence that goodly
belt away.

VI.
That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare;
No wonder then, if that to winne the same,
So many ladies fought, as shall appeare,
For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deceme this doubtfull case, for which they all
contended.

vii.

But first was question made, which of those knights

That lately turneyd had the wager wonne?
There was it iudged by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne,
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he saw'd the victour from fordonne;
For Cambell victor was in all men's sight,
Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

viii.

The third dayes prize unto that stranger knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene
Spear,

To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did
beare

The Salvage knight that victour was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: to her, therefore,
The sayrest ladie was adjudged for paramore.

ix.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victor's meede,
And eke of honour, she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despitefull deede,
Fit time t' wait avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensue'd the paragon to see [see.
Of beauties praise, and yield the sayrest her due

x.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale,
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect
hew

And passing beautie did estfoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale.
Whose beauties beame estfoones did shine so bright,
That dar'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding
light.

xi.

And after her did Paridell produce
His fals' Duesse, that she might be seene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene:
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene;
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-
goe.

xii.

All which whofo dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face;
For since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not scene
Assembled in one place; ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict Beauties queene,

By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might have
fought.

xiii.

At last the most redoubted Britoneffe
Her lovely Amoret did open shew,
Whose face discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright anghs hew.
Well weened all which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trow
And very Florimell, did her display.
The sight of whom once scene did all the rest
dismay.

xiv.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare;
Compar'd to her that shone as Phoebe's light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw, with wonder raviht weare,
And weend no mortall creature should beare,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare;
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as
shee.

xv.

As guilefull goldsmith, that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spread
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were trow;
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest
shew.

xvi.

Then was that golded belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the sayrest dame;
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no means they could it thereto frame;
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame:
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd;

xvii.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came;
But she herselfe did thinke it open for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, estfoones it was
untyde.

xviii.

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames did
vew,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
" Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
" As like cannot be scene from east to west,
" Cannot find one this girdle to invest!

man that did it first invent,
us all with this *angryt unblest*
ladie to his love assent,
this day so many fo unmanly shent."

XIX.

nights gan laugh, and ladies lowre;
ast the gentle Amoret
yd to prove that girdle's powre;
it about her middle fet,
; withouten breach or let:
rest gan greatly to envie;
l exceedingly did fret,
g from her hand halfe angrily
ine, about her bodie gan it tie:

XX.

re would it her bodie fit;
e to her, as her dew right,
s by them that iudged it,
else adiudged to the knight
e hebcne speare, as wonne in fight:
rt would not thereto assent,
Amoret forgoe so light
nge dame, whose beauties wonder-

me'd then th' others vertuous govern-

XXI.

the rest did see her to refuse,
uil glad, in hope themselves to get

oice they all did greatly muse:
t the iudges did arret her
ond best, that lov'd her better,
; Salvage knight; but he was gone,
leasure that he could not get her.
e iudged Triamond his one;
id lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII.

tyran she was adiudged,
ht glad to gaine so goodly meed;
our threath full greatly grudged,
ys'd his labours evill speed,
winne the faddell lost the steed.
eat did Paridell complaine,
: t' appeale from that which was de-
s
mbat with Sir Satyrane;
n Até stir'd, new discord to main-

XXIII.

h these full many other knights
her wicked working did incense
und, and challenge as their rights,
their perils recompense.
: rest, with boastfull vaine pretense,
dochio forth, and as his thrall
by him in battell wone long sens;
felfe he did to witnesse call;
dkt, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV.

eding wroth was Satyrane;
vich Satyrane was Blandamour;
with Blandamour was Erivan;
; both Sir Paridell did loure,

So all together stir'd up strifefull stoure,
And readie were new battell to derraine;
Each one protest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to main-

taine;

[straine.

Ne iudges powre, ne reason's rule mote them re-

XXV.

Which troublous firre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same.
And to accord them all this meanes devis'd:
First, in the midst to set that fayrest dame
To whom each one his challenge should disclaime,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse;
Then looke to whom the voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willing-

nesse.

XXVI.

They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd
Was in the midstest plact among them all:
All on her gazing' wisht, and vow'd, and pray'd,
And to the Queene of Beantie close did call,
That she unto their portion might besail
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wisht to have pleaid them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chafte and rag'd
And woxe nigh mad for very hart's despight,
That from revenge their willes they scarce af-

swag'd:

Some thought from him her to have rest by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight;
But he nought car'd for all that they could say,
For he their words as wind esteemed light;
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthy of so noble meed.
In which pursuit, how each one did succede,
Shall else be told in order as it fell;
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and straunge haps to tell,
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide,
But taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seek her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
Unluckie mayd to seek her enemie!
Unluckie mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto hertelfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not
descrie!

XXX.

So much the more her grieffe the more her toyle;
Yet neither toyle nor grieffe she once did speare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfere

Was Amoret, companion of her care ;
Who likewise fought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryefull hag with gealouse discontent
Had fild, that he to sell revenge was fully bent :

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Até kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysoned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say ;
For aye the more that she the same reherst
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote de-
fray.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drooping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre,
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormy flowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poor man's
nest.

XXXIII.

Under a sleepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the
banke,
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke ;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sounde,
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert
ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the Goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent,
Who was to weat a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes fore-
spent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent :
Full blacke and grisly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight
blent,
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely
sheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to raggs all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared ;
With blistered hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared :
His name was Care ; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made :
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds
invade.

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had fixe servants prest,
About the anvyle standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping stroakes which thereon souled best,
All fixe strong groomes, but one then other more,
For by degrees they all were disagreed :
So likewise did the hammers which they best
Like belles in greatnes orderly succeed,
That he which was the last the first did best
ceede.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for love's avengefull might ;
So dreadfully he did the anvyle beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive ;
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his beat,
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list him.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admir'd
The manner of their worke and wearie paine ;
And having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof : but all in vaine ;
For they for nought would from their worke
fraine.

Ne let his speeches come into their care.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew against,
Like to the northerne winde, that none could
heare ;
Those Penfifensse did move, and sighes the
lows werre.

XXXIX.

Which when that warrior saw, he said no more
But in his armour layd him downe to rest :
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did
test.

XL.

There lay Sir Scudamour, long while exprest
When gentle sleepe his heavic eyes would close,
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place elect,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
And oft in wrath he thence againe arose
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe ;
But wherefore he did himselfe dispose,
He by no means could wishd ease obtaine :
So every place seem'd painefull, and eke
vaine.

XLI.

And evermore when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers found his senses did m-l-ck ;
And evermore when he began to winke,
The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house at scent of stranger good ;

ow the crowing cocke, and now the owle,
: shriking, him afflicted to the very fowle.

XLII.

by fortune any litle nap
his heaue eye-lids chaunft to fall,
nes one of those velleins him did rap
his head-peece with his yron mall,
e was soone awaked therewithall,
ghtly started up as one affrayd,
if one him suddenly did call :
ntimes he out of sleepe abrajd,
ben lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII.

g he mused, and so long he lay,
t the last his wearie sprite opprest
feshly weaknesse, which no creature may
time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
ll his senses did full soone arrest ;
his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
e braine gan busily molest,
ade him dreame those two disloyall were :
hings that day most minds at night doe most
appeare.

XLIV.

that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
of red-whot yron tongs did take
the burning cinders, and therewith
his side him nipt, that forst to wake,

He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slumber brake ;
Yet looking round about him none could see ;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did
see.

XLV.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did passe :
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse ;
Then up he rose like heaue lumps of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And guesse the man to be dismayd with gealous
dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lefty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged squire attone ;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equal paines and equal perill shared ;
The end whereof, and dangerous event,
Shall for another Canticle be spared ;
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,
Shall breath itselfe a while after so long a went

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Artegall
Doe fight with Britomart;
He sees her face, doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I.
WHAT equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
For which Dan Phœbus selfe cannot a false provide.

II.
Who having left that restless house of Care,
The next day as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconcept, all unawares espide
An armed knight under a Forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them: pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

III.
Which Scudamour perceiving, forth issued
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abate,
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He wondred much: but th' other thus can say;
" Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
" I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
" That almost had against you trespassed this
" day."

IV.
Whereto thus Scudamour; " Small harme it was
" For any knight upon a ventrous knight
" Without displeasance for to prove his spere:
" But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have heere,
" What is your owne, that I mote you requere?
" Certes," sayd he, " ye mote as now excuse
" Me from discovering you my name aright;
" For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
" But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

V.
" Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he,
" areede;
" Or doe you here within this Forrest wone,
" (I hat seemeth well to answere to your wone)
" Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
" That rather seemes, sith knowen armes
" shonne."
" This other day," sayd he, " a stranger knight
" Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
" On whom I waite to wreake that foul despight,
" Whenever he this way shall passe by day or
" night."

VI.
" Shame be his meede," quoth he, " that means
" shame:
" But what is he by whom ye shamed were?"
" A stranger knight," said he, " unknowne by
" name,
" But knowne by fame, and by an heben speare,
" With which he all that met him downe did
" He in an open turney, lately held, (beat-
" Fro me the honour of that game did reare,

aving me, all wexie earst, downe feld,
rest ladie rest, and ever since withheld."

VII.

udamour heard mention of that speare,
right well that it was Britomart;
th from him his fairest love did beare:
he swell in every inner part
espight, and gnaw his gealous hart;
he sharply sayd; "Now by my head,
not this the first unknighly part
that same knight, whom by his lance I
read,
loen to noble knights, that many makes
him dread:

VIII.

ely he my love hath fro me rest,
ke defiled with foule villanie
cred pledge which in his faith was left,
ne of knighthood and fidelitie,
hich ere long full deare he shall abie;
to that avenge by you decreed
and may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
I not fayle whenso ye shall it need."
to wrake their wrathes on Britomart
greed.

IX.

hus they communed, lo farre away
: soft ryding towards them they spyde,
n forraine armes and straunge aray;
hen they nigh approcht, they plaine def-
yde
e fame for whom they did abyde.
n Sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage Knight,
e this crave, sith first I was dehyde,
irst I may that wrong to him requite;
f I hap to fayle, you shall recure my
right."

X.

cing yeelded, he his threatfull speare
ter, and against her fiercely ran;
ne as she him saw approaching neare
fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
, to welcome him well as she can;
rtained him in so rude a wise,
the ground she smote both horse and man;
neither greatly halted to arise,
neir common harmes together did devise.

XI.

gall beholding his mischaunce,
tter added to his former fire,
aventring his steele-headed lance,
her rode, full of despiteous ire,
ught but spoyle and vengeance did re-
uire;

hselfe his felonous intent
g, disappointed his desire,
nawares his saddle he forwent,
nd himselfe on ground in great amaze-
ment.

XII.

ie started up out of that stownd,
ching forth his direfull deadly blade,
e to her, as doth an eger hound
; an hynd within some covert glade,

Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With such fell greedines he her assayed,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force pre-
vayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no
armes avayled.

XIII.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaust
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaust
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischaunce; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horse's hinder parts it fell,
Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the fell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

XIV.

Like as the lightning brood from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry love in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falls on some sleepe hie,
Which battring downe, it on the church doth
giance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance;
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchanted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,
And therewithall at him right furiously she
strooke.

XV.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse
was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas;
Whose raging rigours neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras,
That all his mayle yriv'd and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.

At length whenas he saw her hallic heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more
great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrife more cruell hart!
That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou
dearest art.

XVII.

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so fayre a creature;
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loves de-
feature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives
end.

XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd and travert to and fro,
Sometymes pursewing and sometimes pursued,
Still as advantage they epydde thereto;
But toward th' end Sir Artegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more de-
crewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on high,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her de-
stinie.

XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunt;
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glancing
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angel's face, unscene afore,
Like to the ruddie Morne appear'd in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating fore;
But somewhat redder than bescem'd aright,
Through toylefome heate and labour of her weary
sight:

XX.

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loofd her wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand;
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtille wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Paeolus with his waters there
Throws forth upon the rivage round about him
nere.

XXI.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme, benumbed with secret
feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had fence,
And felt some ruth, or fence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,
And pardon her besought his error frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree;
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to
quayle.

XXIII.

Nathlesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die:
But die or live, for nought he would upstand,

But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

XXIV.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, whereas he plaine descried
That peerlesse paterne of Dame Nature's pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiaall vision.

XXV.

But Glauce, seeing all that chanced there,
Well weeting how their cirtour to assayle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her sawld with seemly bel-accoyle,
loyous to see her safe after long toyle;
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warrours trace awhyke;
Which yelded, they their bevvers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they
were.

XXVI.

When Britomart, with sharpe avizefull eye,
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall,
Tempr'd with sterneesse and stout maiestie,
She gan estfoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her father's hall
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan assall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhanced hand she downe can soft with
draw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As faying choler, which was turn'd to cold;
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold.
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance ball,
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to
scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would
have mislayd.

XXVIII.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unfound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake; " Certes, Sir Artegall,
" I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
" And now become to live a ladies thrall,
" That whylome in your minde went to despise
" them all."

XXIX.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-dring
trumble
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble
To succour it themselves gan there assemble,

wift recourse of flushing blood
 appeard, though she it would dis-
 fill her former angry mood,
 hide the depth by troubling of the

XXX.

thus gan wisely all upknit;
 Knights! whom Fortune here hath
 ight
 ators of this uncouth fit,
 et Fate hath in this ladic wrought
 ourse of kind, ne mervaille nought,
 irth feare the thing that hethertoo
 bled both your mindes with idle
 ight,
 it she your loves away should woo,
 aine, sith meanas ye see there want
 etoo.

XXXI.

ir Artegal, the Salvage Knight,
 may not disdain, that woman's
 i
 cred you anew in second fight;
 e they have conquered sea and land,
 it selfe, that nought may them with-
 d:
 rth be rebellious unto love,
 crowne of knighthood, and the band
 inds derived from above,
 ng knit with vertue never will re-
 e.

XXXII.

ire Ladic Knight! my dearest dame,
 rigour of your wrathfull will,
 were better turn'd to other flame,
 g out remembrance of all ill,
 your grace, but so that he fulfill
 e which ye shall to him empair;
 eaven must passe by furrowes hell."
 nly blushed Britomart;
 close-smyling, ioyd in secret hart.

XXXIII.

not make love so suddenly,
 affection of her hart to draw
 ther so quite contrary:
 odest countenance he saw
 ve and full of princely aw,
 nging fancie did refrain,
 oughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
 passion grew more fierce and faine,
 abborne sleeds whom strong hand
 restrain.

XXXIV.

ir, whose hart twist doubtfull feare
 pe, hung all this while suspence,
 s Amoret to heare
 newes and sure intelligence,
 ake; "But, Sir, without offence
 lest you tydings of my love,
 t, sith you her freed fro thence,
 captived long great woes did prove,
 ye left I may her seeke, as doth be-
 e."

XXXV.

To whom thus Britomart; "Certes, Sir Knight,
 "What is of her become, or whether rest,
 "I cannot unto you aread aright;
 "For from that time I from enchaunter's theft
 "Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
 "I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
 "And evermore from villenie her kept;
 "Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
 "Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did
 "beare:

XXXVI.

"Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
 "We travelled, both wearie of the way,
 "We did alight, and fate in shadow myld,
 "Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay;
 "But whenas I did out of sleepe agray,
 "I found her not where I her left whyleare,
 "But thought she wandred was, or gone astray;
 "I cal'd her loud, I fought her farre and neare,
 "But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
 "heare."

XXXVII.

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
 His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
 Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
 That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare;
 Till Glauce thus: "Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
 "With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare,
 "For yet she may be safe, though somewhat
 "frayd: [affraid."
 "Its best to hope the best, though of the worst

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled fight
 Shew'd change of better cheare; so fore a breach
 That sudden newes had made into his spright,
 Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
 "Great cause of sorrow, certes, Sir ye have;
 "But comfort take; for by this heaven's light
 "I vow you dead or living not to leave,
 "Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her
 "reave."

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
 So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their sleeds, and forward thence did paa
 Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
 All being guided by Sir Artegal;
 Where goodly solace was unto them made,
 And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage ba

XL.

In all which time Sir Artegal made way
 Unto the love of noble Britomart,
 And with meeke service and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
 Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
 More earth was new impresson to receive;
 However she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
 Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceiue.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lende an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he
pour'd,

And many othes, she yielded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with mariage might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall (who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congé came to take;
But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that achieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert;
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did ex-
pire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
And yielded leave, however malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeas'd.
So early on the morrow next he went

Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights, when on adventures they d
ride,

Save that she algates him awhile accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that the time for to delay,
And of the perills whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to assay;
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take,
And oft againe devis'd somewhat to say
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion sayd her more to find,
She left him to his fortune's government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seek faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertue's onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her
set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert Forrest they retired,
Where forie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none: but by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune, she was thence convey'd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will say
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust,
Belphebe saves from dread :
The Squire her loves, and being blam'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT God of Love! that with thy cruell dart
Hast conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
Hast kept thy kingdome in the captive hearts
Of kings and Keasars, to thy service bound,
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so fore,
Hast adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou lancedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

II.

Whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,
And so and so to noble Britomart;
Hast doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart,
Hast martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

III.

As soone as she with that brave Britoneffe
Hast left that turneyment for beauty's prife,
They travel'd on; that now for wearinesse
Both of the way, and warlike exercise,
Hast through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile:
Their heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprife
Of Britomart, after long tedious royle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood for pleasure or for need,

YOL. II.

When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Hast unawares her snatched up from ground;
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleep-
ing found.

V.

It was to meet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but only like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awshape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore;
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshy gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips a-
fore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, down hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his scaft
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow;
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood,
And downe both sides two wide long eares did
glow,
And raught downe to his waste, when up he
stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus'
flood.

B

VII.

His waist was with a wreath of yvie Greene
 Enight about, ne other garment wore:
 For all his haire was like a garment Greene;
 And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
 Whose knottie snags were sharpened all afore,
 And beath'd in fire, for Steele to be in sted:
 But whesce he was, or of what wombe ybore,
 Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
 But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres
 fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
 And through the Forrest bore her quite away,
 With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
 Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
 Which many a knight had fought so many a day:
 He stayd not, but in his armes her bearing
 Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his cave, farre from all peoples hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
 nought fearing.

IX.

For she (deare ladie!) all the way was dead,
 Whilset he in armes her bore; but when she felt
 Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
 Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
 And est gan into tender teares to melt:
 Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
 But darknesse and dread horrow where she dwelt,
 She almost fell againe into a frownd,
 Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would divide;
 Which she long listning, softly askt againe
 What miserie wight it was that so did plaine?
 To whom thus answer'd was; "Ah, wretched
 " wight,

" That seekes to know another's griefe in vaine,
 " Unweating of thine owne like haplesse plight:
 " Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight."

XI.

" Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with
 " whom,
 " Among the living, or among the dead?
 " What shall of me, unhappy maid! become?
 " Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, a-
 " read?"

" Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, " whose
 " dread

" Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try;
 " Death is, to him that wretched life doth lead
 " Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
 " That lives a loathed life, and wishing, cannot
 " die.

XII.

" This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
 " And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
 " Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
 " The heavens abhorre, and into darknesse drive;
 " For on the spoile of women he doth live,

" Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre
 " He may them catch, unable to gaine-drive,
 " He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
 " And afterwards themselves doth cruelly de-
 " voure.

XIII.

" Now twenty daies (by which the fowles of
 " men

" Divide their workes) have past through lewes
 " shewne,

" Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
 " During which space these fory eyes have seen
 " Seaven women by him slaine and eaten den;
 " And now no more for him but I alone,
 " And this old woman here remaining borne,
 " Till thou can'st hither to augment our paine,
 " And of us three to-morrow he will see one."

XIV.

" Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou dost de-
 " clare,

" Quoth she, " of all that ever hath bene knowne:
 " Full many great calamities and rare

" This feeble brest endured hath, but none
 " Equal to this, wheresoever I have gone:
 " But what are you, whom like unlucky let
 " Hath linckt with me in the same chain summe?
 " To tell," quoth she, " that which ye, see me
 " not;

" A wofull wretched maid, of God and man
 " got.

XV.

" But what I was it irkes me to rehearse,
 " Daughter unto a lord of high degree,
 " That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates pervert,
 " With guilefull Love, did secretly agree
 " To overthrow my state and dignitie.
 " It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
 " Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
 " Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faile,
 " By any ladies side for leman to have kinde."

XVI.

" But for his meannesse and disparagement,
 " My fire, who me too dearely well did love,
 " Unto my choise by no means would assent,
 " But often did my folly fowle reprove,
 " Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
 " But whether will'd or nill'd, friend or foe,
 " I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
 " And rather then my love abandon'd,
 " Both fire and friends, and all for ever, to be
 " go.

XVII.

" Thenceforth I sought by secret means
 " worke

" Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
 " To hide th' intent which in my heart did light,
 " Till I thereto had all things ready sight.
 " So on a day unweating unto wight,
 " I with that squire agree'de away to sit,
 " And in a privy place, betwixt us light,
 " Within a grove appointed him to meete;
 " To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete."

XVIII.

ah ! unhappy houre me thither brought,
in that place where I him thought to find,
e was I found, contrary to my thought,
his accursed carle of hellish kind,
shame of men, and plague of womankind ;
trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
hether brought with him as swifte as wind,
re yet untouched till this present day,
his wretched thrall, the sad Aemylia."

XIX.

sad Aemylia," then sayd Amoret,
ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne ;
ead to me by what devise or wit
thou in all this time from him unknowne
e honour sav'd, though into thraldome
e throwne."
' helpe," quoth she, " of this old woman
" here
e so done, as she to me hath showane ;
er when he burnt in lustfull fire,
n my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

XX.

f their evils as they did discourse,
ch did other much bewaile and mone,
ere the villaine selfe, their sorrowes fourse,
o the cave, and rolling thence the stone
wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
ssue forth, came sudely rushing in,
redding over all the flore alone,
ght himselfe unto his wonted sinne,
ended, then his bloody banquet should be-
ginne.

XXI.

whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
id not th' utmost end thereof to try,
e a ghastly gelt, whose wits are reaved,
th in hast with hideous outcry,
mour of his shamefull villany ;
er her full lightly he uprose,
r pursu'd as fast as she did flie ;
t she flies, and farre afore him goes,
s the thorns and thickets pricke her tender
toes.

XXII.

dge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale, she staies,
r-leapes them all like robucke light,
rough the thickest makes her nighest waies ;
ermore, when with regardfull sight
king backe espies that grievely wight
hing nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
akes her fear a spur to hast her flight ;
wift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
of the Thracian nymphes in salvage chace.

XXIII.

o she fled, and so he follow'd long ;
ng aide for her on earth appeares,
the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
l with pity of her plenteous teares.
med Belphæbe with her pearces,
oody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
nting then the libbards and the beares
: wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
ish sloth that oft doth noble minds annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were,
And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire lady full of feare :
And now he her quite overtaken had,
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad ;
That by his grenning laughter mote faire off, be
rad.

XXV.

Which dreery sight the gentle squire espying,
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may ;
Yet will not be the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray ;
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight ;
For ever when the squire his iavelin shooke,
He held the lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissaunce of his intended stroke ;
And if it chaunst (as needs it must in fight)
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great de-
light.

XXVII.

Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, for-
beare ;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her most hurt, or hazard neare :
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare ;
A streame of cole-blacke bloud thence gusht a-
maine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud be-
staine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so fore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save ;
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the squire his hand could once upreare
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there ;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes ta-
beare.

XXIX.

Whilest thus in battell they embused were,
Belphæbe, raunging in that forest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide ;
Whom when that theese approaching nigh espide,
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
R ij

But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his death's sole instru-
ment.

xxx.

Whom seeing she, she speedily pursued
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke defynde;
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mother's great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gaiest wofull Nicbe's unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

xxxii.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draug
That in the very dore him over-caught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two diftraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was filld.

xxxiii.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to
fowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull fowle,
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, furcharg'd with spoile and theft;
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And est admir'd his monstrous shape, and est
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine
flood.

xxxiiii.

Thenceforth she past into this dreadfull den,
Where nought but darke some drerinesse she
found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under
ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall
wight.

xxxiv.

Then forth the sad Aemylia issewed,
Yet trembling every'oynt through former feare,
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare;
That mov'd Belphæbe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the other's heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

xxxv.

Thence she them brought toward the place where
late
She left the gentle squire with Amoret;
There she him found by that new lovely mate,

Who lay the whiles in swonne, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,
Which softly filld, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the burts which she did get;
For of that carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be
seene.

xxxvi.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was filld
With deepe disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have
thrild
With that selfe arrow which the carle had killd;
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance
fore;
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"the faith?"—she said, and said no more;
"and her face, and fled away for evermore,

xxxvii.

He seeing her depart, arose up light
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast; but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe;
And evermore when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to
treat.

xxxviii.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heavy case;
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heaven's face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

xxxix.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on himfelfe to wreake his follies owne de-
spight.

xl.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew,
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment
sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grieffy to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelessly unshed,
That in short time his face they over-grew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uncath was to be
red.

XLII.

continued in his carefull plight,
 dily wearing out his youthly yeares,
 wilfull penury consumed quight,
 a pined ghost he soone appeares;
 food then that wilde Forrest beares,
 drinke there did he ever tast
 ming water, tempred with his teares,
 e his weakened body so to waist,
 of all mens knowledge he was worne at
 ft.

XLIII.

day, by Fortune as it fell,
 deare lord, Prince Arthure, came that
 ay,
 adventures where he mote heare tell;
 e through the wandring wood did stray,
 spide his cabin far away,
 drew, to meet who these did woune,
 therein some holy hermit lay,
 resort of sinfull people shonne,
 some woodman throwded there from
 orching sunne.

XLIII.

there he found this wretched man,
 his daies in dolour and despaire,
 ugh long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 grown with rude and rugged haire;
 it his owne dear squire he were,
 m knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
 trange wight, whom he had seene no
 here,
 im, gan into speach to fall,
 much his plight, that liv'd like out-cast
 rail.

XLIV.

speech he answered no whit,
 still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 of sence did shew, ne common wit,

As one with griefe and anguishe over-cum,
 And unto every thing did aunswere--Mum;
 And ever when the prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his
 sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
 The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
 Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
 Which close appeared in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
 Traind up in frats of armes and knightlinesse,
 Which he observ'd by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keen

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
 How he the name of one engraven had,
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so forely was bestad,
 Which was by him BELPHOASE rightly rad;
 Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist,
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he
 blist:

XLVII.

The when he long had marked his demeanour,
 And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted
 tenor,
 Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine,
 He left them there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace againe;
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will defer the end until another tide.

R ij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers;
Sclaunder her guests doth staine;
Corfiambo chafeth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

I.
WELL said the wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd
lay.

II.
Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad,
And pensive sorrow, pind and wore away;
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossom through heat doth languish
and decay.

III.
Till on a day, as in his wonted wife
His doole he made, there chaunft a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove;
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeser'd smart, [part.
And with her dolefull accent bare with him a

IV.
Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes fall piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
Him seem'd oft he heard his owne right name;
With that he forth would poure so piteous
teares,
And beat his breast, unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged haire,
That could have perit the hearts of tigris and of
beares.

V.
Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of perill, to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misere;
And every day for guerdon of her song
He part of his small feast to her would share,
That at the last of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI.
Upon a day, as she him fate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relicks did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew;
Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII.

ke, and with a riband new;
 ies colours were, did bind
 's necke, that with the wev
 e his enrieved mind.
 e bird, when she did find.
 ; her nimble wings displaid,
 is lightly as the wind;
 ccident him much dismaid,
 r long did marke which way she

VIII.

he looked had in vaine,
 ward still to make her flight,
 turnd to him againe,
 t and disquiet plight,
 ell he had lost fo light,
 e companion of his care:
 ird departing flew forthright
 de region of the waftfull aire,
 where wounded his Belphoebe faire.

IX.

her (as then it did betide)
 shade of arbors sweet,
 : toile, which she had tride
 to rest as seem'd her meet:
 ing, fell before her feet,
 her mournfull plaint to make,
 t, thinking to let her weat
 nting griefe that for her sake
 e through her displeasure did per-

X.

g with attentive eye,
 arke about her purple brest
 ell, which the formerly
 ght well, with colour'd ribbands

dife in hast, and her adrest
 it to have rest away,
 rd obayd not her behest,
 le, and there againe did stay;
 ; and thought againe it to assay.

XI.

she nigh approcht, the dove
 e forward, and then stay
 :are, and then againe remove;
 still to pursue the pray,
 er escaping soft away,
 th into that Forrest wide
 r, and led with slow delay:
 cer unto that place did guide,
 icull man in langour did abide.

XII.

w unto his fearelesse hand,
 ous ditty new deviz'd,
 have made him understand
 use to be of her despis'd;
 he saw in wretched weeds dif-

deform'd, and meiger face,
 risen from his grave agrыз'd,
 ot, but pittied much his case,
 ere in her to doe him any grace.

XIII.

He her beholding at her feete downe fell,
 And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And washt the same with water, which did well
 From his moist eies, and like two streames pro
 cead;

Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
 What misther wight he was, or what he ment;
 But as one daunted with her prefence dread,
 Onely few rrefull lookes unto her sent
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore hñ meaning she ared,
 But wondred much at his so felcouth case,
 And by his person's secret seemlyhed,
 Well weend that he had beene some man of
 place,

Before misfortune did his hew deface:
 That being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake;
 " Ah! wofull Man! what heavens hard disgrace,
 " Or wrath of eruell wight on thee ywrake,
 " Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched
 " make?"

XV.

" If Heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
 " Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne;
 " If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and
 " shame

" Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne;
 " But if through inward grieffe or wilfull scorne
 " Of life it be, then better doe advise;
 " For he whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
 " The grace of his Creator doth despise,
 " That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigar-
 " dise."

XVI.

When so he heard her say, estfoones he brake
 His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
 And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
 " Then have they all themselves against me bent;
 " For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
 " Envying my too great felicity,
 " Did closely with a cruell one consent
 " To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
 " And make me loath this life, still longing for
 " to die.

XVII.

" Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred!
 " Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
 " wight
 " Your high displeasure, through misdeeming
 " bred;

" That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
 " Ye may redresse, and me restore to light."
 Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
 With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
 That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
 And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happy life with grace and good accord,
 Fearelesse of Fortune's change or Envious dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his own deare lord
 The noble prince, who never heard ons word

Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endless world did wander
wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him de-
scribe;

xix.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunll to come where those two ladies late,
Aemylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate,
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
wound
With which the squire in her defence her fore
aftound.

xx.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to row
The evill case in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the pitous view
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great danger did him much dismay.
Estioones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone
new.

xxi.

Tho when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes
befell?

To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide
Of that same wicked carle, by virgin's hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond;
At which he wondrous much when all those signes
he fond.

xxii.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire
Where was her won, and how he mote her find?
But whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
reare,

(No service loathsome to a gentle kind)
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from
feare.

xxiii.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell,
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Up on the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With fishy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts en-
tyre.

xxiv.

A foule and loathly creature fare in sight,
And in conditions to be leath'd no lesse,
For she was stuf with rancour and despite
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake and gush in great exesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe profess,
Whom she with losings lewdly did misfall,
And wickedly backbite: her name men schanda-
call.

xxv.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
So chaste and loyal liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of dew praise
deprive.

xxvi.

Her words were true, as common words are used,
To expresse the meaning of the inward mind;
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice kind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares, would pierce
the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with gricke unkind;
For like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the
inner part.

xxvii.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest princes' court would welcome
sayne,
But neede (that answers not to all requests)
Bad them not looke for better entertaime;
And eke that age despyfed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And many limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse mis-
fare.

xxviii.

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did foote
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent;
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and wilde,
To be unjusly blamd, and bitterly revild.

xxix.

Here well I weene, whenas these times be not
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light,
For thus conversing with this noble knight,
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthful fire

it will from his greedie pleasure spare ;
 rd for hungry steed t'abtaine from plea-
 nant lare.

XXX.

que Age yet in the infancie
 did live then like an innocent,
 : truth and blamelesse chastitie,
 of guile had made experiment ;
 le of vile and treacherous intent,
 tue for it selfe in soveraine awe ;
 all love had royall regimen ;
 unto his lust did make a lawe,
 l forbidden things his liking to with-
 rawe.

XXXI.

there did with the lambe consort,
 the dove fate by the faucon's side,
 of other feared fraud or tort,
 in safe securitie abide,
 on perill of the stronger pride ;
 n the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
 f it hight) and having shortly tride
 ses of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 ed of all finnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII.

autie, which was made to represent
 at Creatour's owne resemblance bright,
 rde of lawlesse lust was lent,
 le the baite of bestiall delight :
 ire grew foule, and foule grew faire in
 ght,

t which wont to vanquish God and man,
 de the vassall of the victor's might ;
 d her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,
 and troden downe of all that over-ran.

XXXIII.

w it is so utterly decayd,
 y bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 w plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
 s court doe hap to sprout againe,
 with her drops of bountie soveraine,
 rom that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 of the auncient stooke of princes straine,
 onely remnant of that royall breed,
 noble kind at first was sure of heavenly
 cad.

XXXIV.

ne as day discovered heaven's face
 ll men with darknes over-dight,
 itle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
 wzie humour of the dampish night,
 themselves unto their iourney dight.
 they yode, and forward softly paced,
 om to view had bene an uncouth sight,
 the way the prince on foot-pace traced,
 ies both on horse together fast embraced.

XXXV.

they thence departed were afore,
 usefull bag, the slaunder of her sexe,
 flow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 ling theefe, them whores, that much did
 exe
 e hart ; thereto she did annexe
 mes and facts, such as they never ment,

That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe ;
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her payson
 spent.

XXXVI.

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
 But after them did bark, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to
 heare :

Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
 The stone which passed stranger at him threw ;
 So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
 Against the stones and trees did rayle macw,
 Till she had cild the king, which in her song's
 end grew.

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their roadie way,
 With easie step, so lust as foot could fryde,
 Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heauey armes, which sore an-
 noyd

The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare ;
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to
 guyde,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare ;
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his
 care.

XXXVIII.

At length they spide where towards them with
 speed

A squire came galloping, as he would file,
 Bearing a litle dwarfe before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did orie,
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen
 skie,

Whom after did a mightie man persow,
 Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
 That would have mas'd a man his dreadfull fies
 to vew.

XXXIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beemes,
 More sharpe then points of needles, did pro-
 ceede,

Shooting forth farre away two flaming fireames,
 Full of sad powre, that paynfull bale did breede
 To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay :
 Like as the basiliske, of serpent seede,
 From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey
 Into the looker's hart, and killeth farre away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine, in his avengfull ire ;
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him overtooke before he came in vew :
 Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
 He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
 And rescue him, through succour of his might,
 From that his cruell foe that him persew'd in
 sight.

XLII.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies
 twaine,
 From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead,
 Came to that squire, yet trembling every vaine;
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
 Who as he gan the same to him asread,
 Loc: hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
 That unto death had doen him unredrest,
 Had not the noble prince his readie stroke re-
 prest:

XLIII.

Who thrusting boldly twist him and the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
 Over his head before the harte came neare:
 Nathlesse it fell with so dispitous dreare
 And heaue fway, that hard unto his crowne
 The shield it drove, and did the covering reare;
 Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tumble
 downe
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse
 frowne.

XLIV.

Whereat the prince fell wrath, his strong right
 hand
 In full avengement heaved up on his,
 And stroke the pagan with his steely brand
 So fore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
 And sure had not his masse yron mace
 Betwix him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would have cleft him to the girding place;
 Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLV.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
 And vow by Mahoume that he should be shaine.
 With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
 That seemed nought the safe thereof could beare,
 And therewith smote at him with all his might;
 But ere that it to him approached neare,
 The royall child, with readie quick foresight
 Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded
 light.

XLVI.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
 To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his might and maine
 So furiously that ere he wist he found
 His head before him tumbling on the ground,
 The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his god that did him so confound;
 The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
 His soule descended downe into the Stygian
 reame.

XLVII.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine;
 But that same dwarfe right sorie sectu'd and sad,
 And howld aloud to see his lord there shaine,
 And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for
 paine.

Then gan the prince at leasure to enquire
 Of all the accident there hapned paine,
 And what he was whose eyes did shame wix
 All which was thus to him declared
 squire:

XLVII.

"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom y
 "shaine,
 "Of an huge godstantle whylome was he
 "And by his strength rals to himselfe did
 "Of many nations into thraldome led,
 "And mightie kingdomes of his force adr
 "Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie
 "Ne hostes of men with banners brode di
 "But by the powre of his infectious fight,
 "With which he killed all that came wi
 "might.

XLVIII.

"Ne was he ever vanquishd afore,
 "But ever vanquishd all with whom he fa
 "Ne was there man so strong, but he downe
 "Ne woman yet so faire, but he her broog
 "Unto his bay, and captived her thought;
 "For most of strength and beautie his des
 "Was spoyle to make, and waft them
 "nought,
 "By casting secret flakes of buffell fire
 "From his false eyes into their harts an
 "entire.

XLIX.

"Therefore Corlambe was he cald a right,
 "Though namelesse there his bodie now do
 "Yet hath he left one daughter that is high
 "The faire Purana, who seemes outwardly
 "So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
 "And were her vertue like her beautie bri
 "She were as faire as any under skie;
 "But ah! she givens is to vaine delight,
 "And eke too loofe of life, and eke of lo
 "light.

L.

"So as it fell, there was a gentle squire
 "That lov'd a lady of high parentage,
 "But for his meane degree might not aspir
 "To match so high; her friends with co
 "sage
 "Dissuaded her from such a desparage;
 "But she, whose hart to love was wholly le
 "Out of his hands could not redeeme her g
 "But firmly following her first intent,
 "Resolv'd with him to wend gainst all her
 "consent.

LI.

"So twist themselves they pointed tim
 "place;
 "To which when he according did repair
 "An hard mishap and disadventrous case
 "Him chaunft; instead of his Aemylia fai
 "This gyant's sonne, that lies there on the
 "An headlesse heape, him unawares there c
 "And all dismayd through mercilesse desp
 "Him wretched thrall unto his dungeon br
 "Where he remains of all unrescove'd as
 "fought.

LVII.

ant's daughter came upon a day
 c prison in her ioyous glee,
 the thralls which there in bondage lay;
 t the rest she chanced there to see
 ely swaine, the Squire of Low Degree,
 m she did her liking lightly cast,
 oed him her paramour to bee:
 y to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
 his love him promist libertie at last.

LVIII.

igh affide unto a former love,
 m his faith he firmly ment to hold,
 og not how thence he mote remove,
 hat meanes which fortune did unfold,
 nted love, but with affection cold,
 her grace his libertie to get;
 him still detaines in captive hold,
 least if she should him freely set,
 id her shortly leave, and former love
 osget.

LVIIII.

uch favour she to him hath hight
 be rest, that he sometimes may space
 like about her gardens of delight,
 a keeper still with him in place;
 eeper is this dwarfe, her darling babe,
 m the keyes of every prison-dore
 ommitted be of speciall grace,
 is will may whom he list restore,
 om he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LVI.

hen tydings came unto mine eare,
 y forie for the fervent zeale
 to him as to my soul did beare)
 went, where I did long conceale
 till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
 l his dame her Squire of Low Degree
 rtely out of her prison steale:
 e did mistake that squire to bee;
 r two so like did living creature see.

LVII.

s I taken and before her brought,
 ough the likenesse of my outward hew,
 ewise beguiled in her thought,
 ne me much for being so untrew
 by slight her fellowship t' eschew,
 'd me deare, as dearest thing alive:
 she commanded me to prison new;
 I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
 ed that same dwarfe me to her dongen
 rive.

LVIII.

d I finde mine onely faithfull frend
 plight and sad perplexitie,
 l forrie, yet myfelfe did bend
 ecomfort with my companie;
 the more agreev'd I found thereby;
 is ioy, he said, in that distresse,
 e and his Aemylia's libertie;
 well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
 ter love to me than her he did pro-
 ffe.

LVIII.

“ But I with better reason him avis'd,
 “ And shew'd him how through error and mis-
 “ thought
 “ Of our like persons eath to be disguis'd,
 “ Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought:
 “ Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
 “ Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
 “ Should wilfully be into thralldome brought,
 “ Till fortune did perforce it so decree;
 “ Yet ever-raid at last he did to me agree.

LIX.

“ The morrow next about the wonted howre,
 “ The dwarfe cald at the door of Amyas
 “ To come forthwith into his ladies bowre; |
 “ Instead of whbm forth came I Placidas,
 “ And undiscerned forth with him did pas:
 “ There with great ioyance and with gladfome
 “ glee
 “ Of faire Poena I received was,
 “ And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
 “ And with kind words accoyd, vowing great
 “ love to mee.

LX.

“ Which I, that was not bent to former love,
 “ As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
 “ Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 “ And to the present neede it wisely usd;
 “ My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,
 “ And after promist large amends to make.
 “ With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
 “ To my friend's good more then for mine owne
 “ sake,
 “ For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI.

“ Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
 “ That to her dwarfe, which had me in his
 “ charge,
 “ She had to lighten my too heavie band,
 “ And graunt more scope to me to walke at
 “ large.
 “ So on a day, as by the flowry marge
 “ Of a fresh streame I with that elfe did play,
 “ Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
 “ But if that dwarfe I could with me convey,
 “ I lightly snateht him up, and with me bore
 “ away.

LXII.

“ Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
 “ The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 “ And me pursuw'd; but nathemore would I
 “ Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 “ But have perforce him hether brought away.
 “ Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
 “ Those ladies two, yet doubtful through difmay,
 “ In presence came, desirous t' understand
 “ Tydings of all which there had hapned on the
 “ land.

LXIII.

Where soon as sad Aemylia did espie
 Her captive lover's friend, young Placidas,
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
 She to him ran, and him with straight embas-
 s

Enfolding said, "And lives yet Amyas?"
 "He lives," quoth he, "and his Acmylis loves."
 "Then lesse," said she, "by all the woe I pas,
 "With which my weaker patience Fortune proves;
 "But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe re-
 "moves?"

lxiv.

Then gas he all this storie to renew,
 And tell the course of his captivitee,

That her deare hart full deeply made to rewe,
 And sigh full sore, to heare this miserie
 In which so long he meruelous did lie:
 Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
 She deare besought the prince of remedie;
 Who thereto did with readie will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appear by this
 verse.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK IV. CANTO IX.

The Squire of Low Degree releast
Peana takes to wife;
Britomart fightes with many knights;
Prince Arthur fints their strife.

I.

re doubt, and difficult to deeme,
three kinds of love together meet,
spart the hart with powre extreme,
all weigh the balance downe; to weet,
affection unto kindred sweet,
ire of love to womankind,
friends combynd with vertues meet;
n all the band of vertuous mind
the gentle hart should most assured

II.

l affection soone doth cesse,
ed is with Cupid's greater flame;
l friendship doth them both supresse,
with maystring discipline doth tame,
oughts aspyring to eternall fame:
oule doth rule the earthly masse,
service of the bodie frame,
oule doth love of bodie passe,
n perfect gold surmounts the meanest

III.

who list by tryall to assay,
storie find approved plaine; [sway
his squire's true friendship more did
care of parents could refraine,
airest ladie could constraîne;
Peana were as faire as morne,
trustie squire with proud didaine
d's sake her offred favours scorne,
erfelte her syre of whom she was

IV.

Now after that Prince Arthur granted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan advise how best he mote dertayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrant's tronke he reard from
ground,
And having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found,

V.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approached neare:
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him unbar'd;
Whom straight the prince ensuing, in together
far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delitious bourse
The faire Peana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The prince half rapt began on her to dote,
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by
might.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiv'd
Her own deare fire, she cald to him for aide;
But when of him no answer she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the squire up-staide,
She weened well that then she was betraide;
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide;
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to rektue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him com-
peld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralls which there he
held:

Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore;
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore;
Amongst the rest that Squire of Low Degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe
to bee.

IX.

Whom soon as faire Aemylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ran.
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
That faire Peana them beholding both,
Gan both envy and bitterly to ban,
Through ielous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the light perforce that both her eyes were
loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft the both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceiv'd through great likenesse of their face;
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneth discerned whether whether weare.

XI.

And eke the prince, whenas he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazed how Nature had so well disguised
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne scene somewhere
She had them made a paragone to be;
Or whether it through skill or error were:
Thus gazing long at them much wondrous he,
So did the other knights and squires which him
did see.

XII.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoarded threa-
sure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure;
Upon all which the Briton prince made seizure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile

To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toyle,
To whom he did divide part of his perial
spoile.

XIII.

And for more ioy that captive lady faire,
The faire Peana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frullicke, nathemore would she
Shew gladesome countenance nor pleasant gle,
But grieved was for losse both of her fire
And eke of lordship, with both land and fee;
But most she touched was with griefe entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her deli-
verie.

XIV.

But her the prince through his well-wonted way
To better termes of myknesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse which did her dismay;
And that same bitter cor'sive which did on
Her tender heart, and made refrains from
He with good thewes and speeches well apply'd
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat,
For though she were most faire and goodly,
Yet she it all did mar with crucke and paine.

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him best,
Till he had made of her some better price,
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offered for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yielded and her took; so stined all
his life.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous life
They liv'd together long without debate;
No private iarre, ne spite of enemie,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state;
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her date,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defalte, thenceforth reformed her way,
That all men much admird her change, and
her praise.

XVII.

Thus when the prince had perfectly comprisht
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest,
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chace,
Of his old love conceav'd in secret best,
Resolv'd to pursue his former quest;
And taking leave of all, with him did leave
Faure Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constrain;
For well she wist now in a mighty bond
Her person late in perill did remaine,
Who able was all dangers to withstand;
But now in feare of shame she more did stand,
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,

ie victor's powre, like vassal bond,
Will her weaknesse could no way re-
fesse.
his burning lust should breake into ex-
cuse.

XIX.

of feare sure had the none at all
who goodly learned had of yore
se of loose affection to forsfall,
esse lust to rule with reason's lore,
he while he by his side her bore,
is safe as in a sanctuary.
ny miles they two together wore,
their loves dispersed diversly,
er shewd to other their hart's privy.

XX.

they came whereas a troupe of knights
together skirmishing, as seemed;
were all, all full of fell despight,
of them the battel best beleemed,
ch of them was best mote not be deemed.
re were they from whom false Florimell
adocchio lately was redeemed,
terne Druon, and lewd Claribell.
h Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

XXI.

elight was all in single life,
ladies love would lend no leasure;
was Claribell enraged rife
ent flames, and loved out of measure;
r'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
ange his liking, and new lemans prove;
ell of love did make no threasure,
after all that did him move;
y these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.

two other, which beside them stode,
romart and gentle Scudamour,
he while beheld their wrathfull moode,
dred at their implacable stoure,
e they never saw till that same houre:
all strokes each did at other drive,
on load with all their might and powre,
every dint the ghost would rive
eir wretched cories, and their lives de-
ive.

XXIII.

Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
of his deare love by Neptune bent,
h the winds out of his hidden-threasure,
sea to wreak his fell intent,
aking forth with rude unruliment
foure parts of heaven doe rage full fore,
the deepes, and tear the firmament,
se world confound with wide upore,
ead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV.

heir discord and so fell debate
he love of that same snowy maid,
hey had lost in turneyment of late;
ng long to weet which way she straid,
together; where through lewd up-
side
and Duessa they fell out,

And each one taking part in other's side,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment,
Till that unceath they forced were for lacke
Of breath their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves, for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI.

There gan they change their sides and new parts
take;

For Paridell did take to Druon's side
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide;
So all afresh gan former fight renew:
As when two barkes, this carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change
anew.

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the chifts the vermeill blood out
sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profess, and so great outrage done;
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen
bee.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide;
By fortune in that place did chauce to light;
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Brittonesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowey maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge in their malicious mood,
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot blood
Against those two let drive as they were wood;
Who wondring much at that so fodaine fit,
Yet nought dismysd, them stoutly well with-
stood;

Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour atone;
And Paridell, and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone;

Four charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duly weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for ought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to nought that might behove.
As when an eager massiffe once doth prove
The tast of blood of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloody feast;
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince asarre beheld
With ods of so unequal match opposit,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge filld his heroicke brest;
Esfoones himselfe he to their aide adressit,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest pleace,
Divided them, however loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly
peace:

XXXIII.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers under skie,
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haille, and
sleet,

First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise sleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it
weet.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till seeing them through suffrance hardned more,
Himselfe he bent their suries to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrace,
And being brought in danger, to relent too
late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise;
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat;

XXXVI.

And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,

Both of their publike praise had them despoys
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone affoys
And shew'd th' at she had not that lady rest,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her l
left.

XXXVII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replie
" Certes, Sir knight, ye seemen much to blie
" To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tr
" Wherein the honour both of armes ye shaz
" And eke the love of ladie foule defame;
" To whom the world this franchise ever ye
" That of their loves choise they might fre
" clame,
" And in that right should by all knights be sic
" Gainst which me seemes this war ye wroge
" have wielded."

XXXVIII.

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wroge
" maines;
" For I thereby my former love have lost:
" Whom, seeking ever since with ead
" paines,
" Hath me much sorrow and much travell co
" Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide
" Certes her losse ought me to sorrow moe,
" Whose right she is, wherever she be fraide,
" Through many perils wonne, and many for
" waide:

XXXIX.

" For from the first that I her love professit,
" Unto this houre, this present lucklesse bowe,
" I never ioyed happinesse nor rest;
" But thus tarmond from one to other stow
" I wast my life, and doe my daies devout
" In wretched anguise and incessant woe,
" Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
" That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
" I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

XL.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake;
" Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
" Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
" Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
" Is now so well accorded all anew,
" That as we ride together on our way,
" Ye will recount to us, in order dew,
" All that adventure which ye did assay
" For that faire ladies love: past perils w
" apay."

XLI.

So gar the rest him likewise to require;
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had fir'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell;
And all those dangers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret :
Great Venus' temple is describ'd,
And lovers life forth set.

i.
Thus he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound ;
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound :
That I too true by triall have approved ;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was
“ moved.

ii.
“ And yet such grace is given them from above,
“ That all the cares and evill which they meet
“ May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
“ But seeme gainst common fence to them most
“ sweet ;
“ As boisting in their martyrdom unmeet :
“ So all that ever yet I have endured
“ I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
“ Since of my love at length I rest assured,
“ That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

iii.
“ Long were to tell the travell and long toile
“ Through which this shield of Love I late have
“ wonne,
“ And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
“ That harder may be ended then begone ;
“ But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
“ Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free !
“ My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne ;
“ For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
“ Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the
“ fee.

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iv.
“ What time the fame of this renowned prise
“ Flew fast abroad, and all mens cares possist,
“ I having armes then taken, gan avise
“ To winne me honour by some noble gest,
“ And purchase me some place amongst the best.
“ I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are
“ bold)
“ That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
“ And that both shield and she whom I behold,
“ Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we
“ hold.

v.
“ So on that hard adventure forth I went,
“ And to the place of perill shortly came,
“ That was a temple faire and ancient,
“ Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
“ And farre renowned through exceeding fame ;
“ Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
“ Or that in Cyprus, both long since this fame,
“ Though all the pillars of the one were guilt,
“ And all the other's pavement were with ivory
“ spilt :

vi.
“ And it was seat'd in an island strong,
“ Abounding all with delices most rare,
“ And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,
“ That none mote have accessse, nor inward fare,
“ But by one way that passage did prepare :
“ It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise
“ With curious corbes and pendants graven faire ;
“ And arch'd all with porches, did arise
“ On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricks
“ guize :

VII.

“ And for defence thereof on th’ other end
 “ There reared was a castle faire and strong,
 “ That warded all which in or out did wend,
 “ And flanked both the bridge’s sides along,
 “ Gainst all that would it faire to force or wrong;
 “ And therein wonned twenty valiant knights,
 “ All twenty tride in warres experience long,
 “ Whose office was against all manner wights
 “ By all meanes to maintain that castel’s ancient
 “ rights.

VIII.

“ Before that castle was an open plaine,
 “ And in midd’ thereof a pillar placed,
 “ On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
 “ The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath
 “ graced,
 “ Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced,
 “ And in the marble stone was written this,
 “ With golden letters well enchaced,
 “ *Blessed be the man that well can use this blis;*
 “ *Whoever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.*

IX.

“ Which when I red, my heart did inly carne,
 “ And pant with hope of that adventure’s hap,
 “ Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
 “ But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
 “ That all the castle ringed with the clap:
 “ Streight forth islewd a knight all arm’d to
 “ prooffe,
 “ And bravely mounted to his most mishap,
 “ Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
 “ Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his
 “ horse’s hoofe.

X.

“ Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 “ And by good fortune shortly him defeated:
 “ Estoones out sprung two more of eequal mould,
 “ But I them both with eequal hap defeated;
 “ So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 “ And left them groning there upon the plaine;
 “ Then preaching to the pillour, I repeated
 “ The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 “ And taking downe the shield, with me did it
 “ retaine.

XI.

“ So forth without impediment I past,
 “ Till to the bridge’s utter gate I came,
 “ The which I found sure lockt and chained fast:
 “ I knockt, but no man answer’d me by name;
 “ I cald, but no man answerd to my clame;
 “ Yet I persever’d still to knocke and call,
 “ Till at the last I spide within the same,
 “ Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
 “ To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII.

“ That was to weete the porter of the place,
 “ Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent;
 “ His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 “ Th’ one forward looking, th’ other backward
 “ bent,
 “ Therein resembling Ianus ancient
 “ Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare;
 “ And evermore his eyes about him went,

“ As if some proved perill he did feare,
 “ Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did us
 “ appeare.

XIII.

“ On th’ one side he, on th’ other side Delay,
 “ Behind the gate, that none her might espy;
 “ Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
 “ And entertaine with her occasions fly,
 “ Through which some lost great hope unheedly,
 “ Which never they recover might againe,
 “ And others quite excluded forth did ly,
 “ Long languishing there in unpattied paine,
 “ And seeking often entrance afterwards in
 “ vaine.

XIV.

“ Me when as he had privily espide
 “ Bearing the shield which I had conquered late,
 “ He kend it streight, and to me opened wide
 “ So in I past, and streight he closed the gate.
 “ But being in, Delay in close awaite
 “ Caught hold on me, and thought my steps
 “ stay,
 “ Feigning full many a fond excuse to passe,
 “ And time to steale the treasure of man’s day,
 “ Whose smallest minute lost, no riches
 “ may.

XV.

“ But by no meanes my way I would forswey,
 “ For ought that ever she could doe or say,
 “ But from my lofty speede dismounting low,
 “ Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
 “ The goodly workes and stones of rich esay
 “ Cast into sundry shapies by wondrous skill,
 “ That like on earth no where I reckon may;
 “ And underneath the river rolling still,
 “ With murmure soft, that seem’d to serve
 “ workman’s will.

XVI.

“ Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
 “ The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pilla
 “ And costly frame were long here to relate;
 “ The same to all stode alwaies open wide
 “ But in the porch did evermore abide
 “ An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
 “ That stopt the entrance with his speach
 “ stride,
 “ And with the terror of his countenance
 “ Full many did affray, that else faire
 “ would:

XVII.

“ His name was Daunger, dreaded over all,
 “ Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
 “ From fearefull cewards entrance to forfall,
 “ And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of pain
 “ hard
 “ Could terrifie from Fortune’s faire adward;
 “ For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
 “ Of his grim face were from approaching fowd;
 “ Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 “ Excludes from fairest hope withouten further
 “ triall.

XVIII.

“ Yet many doughty warriors often tride
 “ In greater perils to be stout and bold,

the sternesse of his looke abide ;
 as they his countenance did behold,
 faint, and feele their corage cold :
 some other, that in hard affaires
 wards knowne, and little count did hold
 rough gifts, or guile, or such like
 aies,
 by stooping low, or stealing of the
 ies.

XIX.

ugh meanest man of many moe,
 diddaining unto him to lout,
 betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 him to assault with manhood stout,
 r beat him in or drive him out.
 advancing that enchanted shield,
 ny might I gan to lay about,
 hen he saw, the glaive which he did
 ield
 irthwith t'availe, and way unto me
 ld.

XX.

tred I did backward looke
 of harme, that might lie hidden there,
 is hind-parts, whereof heed I tooke,
 re deformed, fearfull, ugly, were
 his former parts did earst appere ;
 d, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
 ny moe lay in ambushment there,
 to entrap the warelesse wight,
 id not them prevent with vigilant
 resight.

XXI.

ng past all perill, I was come
 e compasse of that island's space,
 h did seeme unto my simple doome
 y pleasant and delightfull place
 trodden was of footing's trace ;
 at Nature by her mother wit
 me in earth, and forme of substance
 ce,
 ; and all that Nature did omit,
 ng second Nature's part, supplied it.

XXII.

at is of count in greenwood growes,
 est iuniper to ceder tall,
 : in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 es his branch with blossomes over all,
 was planted or grew naturall ;
 of man so coy and curious nice,
 mote find to please it selfe withall ;
 could wish for any queint device,
 t present was, and did fraile sense entice.

XXIII.

xurious plentic of all pleasure,
 a second Paradise to ghesse,
 y enricht with Nature's threasure,
 e happie soules which doe possesse
 in Fields, and live in lasting blesse,
 ppen this with living eye to see,
 ne would loath their lesser happinesse,
 to life return'd againe to bee,
 this ioyous place they mote have ioy-
 ce free.

XXIV.

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,
 " Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew,
 " Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphes
 " did play,
 " Soft rumberling brookes, that gentle slumber
 " drew,
 " High-reared mounts, the lands about to view,
 " Low-looking dales, disloignd from common
 " gaze,
 " Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew,
 " Falsie labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,
 " All which by Nature made did Nature selfe
 " amaze.

XXV.

" And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
 " With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes,
 " And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
 " And shadye fetes, and sundry flowring bazkes,
 " To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes ;
 " And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
 " Praying their God, and yielding him great
 " thanks,
 " Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt.
 " Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI.

" All these together by themselves did sport,
 " Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves con-
 " tent ;
 " But farre away from these another sort
 " Of lovers lincked in true hart's consent,
 " Which loved not as these for like intent,
 " But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 " Farre from all fayned blandishment ;
 " Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 " Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore
 " aspire :

XXVII.

" Such were great Hercules and Hylus deare ;
 " True Ionathan and David trustie tryde,
 " Stout Theseus, and Perithous his feare ;
 " Pylades, and Orestes by his syde ;
 " Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde ;
 " Damon and Pythias, whom death could not
 " sever :
 " All these, and all that ever had been tyde
 " In bands of friendship, there did live for ever,
 " Whose lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed
 " never.

XXVIII.

" Which whenas I that never tasted blis,
 " Ner happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 " I thought there was none other heaven then
 " this,
 " And gan their endlesse happinesse envy,
 " That being free from feare and gealosye,
 " Might frankly there their loves desire possesse,
 " Whilset I through pains and perloous ieopardie
 " Was forst to secke my life's deare patronesse :
 " Much dearer be the things which come through
 " hard distresse :

XXIX.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 " Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
 S ij

" Unto that purposd place I did me draw ;
 " Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
 " The temple of great Venus, that is hight
 " The Queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
 " There worshipped of every living wight ;
 " Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
 " That ever were on earth, all were they set to-
 " gether.

XXX.

" Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
 " Whose hight all Ephesus did over-see,
 " And which all Asia sought with vows pro-
 " phane,
 " One of the world's seven wonders sayd to bee,
 " Might match with this by many a degree ;
 " Nor that which that wise king of Iurie framed
 " With endlesse cost, to be the Almightyes see ;
 " Nor all that else through all the world is named
 " To all the heathen gods, might like to this be
 " clamed.

XXXI.

" I much admyring that so goodly frame,
 " Unto the porch approcht, which open flood,
 " But therein sawe an amiable dame,
 " That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
 " And in her semblant she w'd great womanhood ;
 " Strange was her tyre, for on her head a crowne
 " She wore much like unto a Danisk hood,
 " Poudred with perle and stone, and all her
 " gowne
 " Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low
 " adowne.

XXXII.

" On either side of her two young men stood,
 " Both strongly arm'd, as feareing one another,
 " Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood
 " Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 " Though of contrarie natures each to other :
 " The one of them hight Love, the other Hate ;
 " Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother ;
 " Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 " Then th' elder, and him mayfired still in all
 " debate.

XXXIII.

" Nathelesse that dame so well them tempred
 " both,
 " That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
 " Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
 " And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 " Unwilling to behold that lovely band ;
 " Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 " That her commandment he could not with-
 " stand,
 " But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 " And gnawt his yron tuskes at that displeasing
 " sight.

XXXIV.

" Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 " Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew ;
 " They both her twins, both boine of heavenly
 " seed,
 " And she herselfe likewise divinely grew,
 " The which right well her workes divine did
 " shew ;

" For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lend,
 " And strife, and warre, and anger, does subdew ;
 " Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,
 " And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet lend.

XXXV.

" By her the heaven is in his course contained,
 " And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 " As their almightie Maker first ordained,
 " And bound them with inviolable bands ;
 " Else would the waters over-flow the lands,
 " And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quite,
 " But that she holds them with her blessed hand,
 " She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
 " And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI.

" By her I entring, halfe dismayed was,
 " But she in gentle wife me entertayned,
 " And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pass ;
 " But Hatred would my entrance have refraynd,
 " And with his club me threatned to have braynd,
 " Had not the ladie with her powerfull speech
 " Him from his wicked will unceath refraynd ;
 " And th' other eke his malice did empench,
 " Till I was throughly past the peril of his hand.

XXXVII.

" Into the inmost temple thus I came,
 " Which fuming all with frackensence I found,
 " And odours rising from the altar's flame :
 " Upon an hundred marble pillars round
 " The roof up high was reared from the ground,
 " All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and
 " lands gay,
 " And thousand pretious gifts worth many
 " pound,
 " The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay,
 " And all the ground was strow'd with flowers
 " fresh as May.

XXXVIII.

" An hundred altars round about were set,
 " All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 " That with the steme thereof the temple feet,
 " Which, rould in clouds, to heaven did set,
 " And in them bore true lovers vowes entire ;
 " And eke an hundred brasen cauldrons bright
 " To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
 " Every of which was to a damzell hight ;
 " For all the priests were damzels in full
 " dight.

XXXIX.

" Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did see,
 " Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 " Whose substance was unceath to understand,
 " For neither pretious stone, nor duresfull masse,
 " Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay, it was ;
 " But much more rare and pretious to esteem,
 " Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse ;
 " Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deem,
 " But being faire and briclike likest glasse
 " seeme.

XL.

" But it in shape and beautie did excell
 " All other idoles which the heathen adore,
 " Farre passing that which by surpassing skill
 " Phidias did make in Paphos' isle of yore.

that wretched Greeke; that life
re,
we; yet this much fairer shined,
with a slender veile afore;
r feete and legs together twyned
a snake, whose head and tail were
ombyned.

XL.

hy she was covered with a veile
know, for that her priests the same
s knowledge labour'd to conceale;
was not sure for womanish shame,
nith which the worke mote blame;
y say) she hath both kinds in one,
nd female, both under one name:
mother is herselfe alone,
cke conceives, ne needeth other

XLII.

at her necke and sholders flew
little Loves, and Sports, and loyes,
e wings of gold and purple hew,
es seem'd not like to terrestriall
s,
angels playing heavenly toyes;
their eldest brother was away,
eldest brother, he enjoys
ingdome of Love with lordly sway,
aw compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

ut her altar scattered lay
of lovers piteously complayning,
ir losse, some of their loves delay,
ir pride, some paragons disdainyng,
g fraud, some fraudulently faynyng,
e had cause of good or ill:
e rest some one through loves con-
ning,
fore, could not containe it still, [fill:
ake forth, that all the temple it did

XLIV.

s! queene of beautie and of grace,
gods and men, that under skie
st shine, and most adorne thy place,
hy smyling looke doest pacifie
scas, and makst the stormes to stie;
lesse! thee the windes, the clouds
feare;
thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
play, and pleasant lands appeare,
as laugh, and al the world shews
us cheare:

XLV.

the dædale Earth throw forth to
fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
ll living wights, soone as they see
breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
learn to play the paramours:
e merry birds, thy pretty pages,
ked with thy lustfull powres,
l to thee out of their leavy cages,
eir mother call to coole their kindly
s,

XLVI.

" Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
" Their pleasant frisks, and loath their wonted
" food;
" The Lyons rore, the tygers loudly bray,
" The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
" And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest
" flood,
" To come where thou doest draw them with
" desire:
" So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
" Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
" In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

" So all the world by thee at first was made,
" And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;
" Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
" Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre
" But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
" Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
" Great God of men and women, queene of
" th' syre,
" Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
" O graunt that of my love at last I may not
" misse."

XLVIII.

" So did he say; but I with murmure soft,
" That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
" Yet inly groning deepe, and sighing oft,
" Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
" And to my wound her gracious help impart.
" Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
" I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
" A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
" Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on
" hys.

XLIX.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
" And graver countenance then all the rest;
" Yet all the rest were eke her equal peares,
" Yet unto her obeyed all the best:
" Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
" By her sad semblant and deameanure wyse;
" For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
" Ne rov'd at random after gazers guyse,
" Whose luring bates oftymes doe heedlesse harts
" entyse.

L.

" And next to her fate goodly Shamsfastnesse,
" Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
" Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
" As if some blame of evill she did feare,
" That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare;
" And her against sweet Cherefulness was placed,
" Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening
" cleare
" Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors
" chased, [graced,
" And darted forth delights, the which her goodly

LI.

" And next to her fate sober Modestie,
" Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
" And her against fate comely Courtisie,
" That unto every perion knew her part;

S iij

" And her before was seated overthwart
 " Soft Silence, and submissive Obedience,
 " Both linckt together never to dispart,
 " Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
 " Both girlonds of his faints against their foes
 " offence.

LIII.

" Thus fate they all around in seemely rate,
 " And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 " Even in the lap of Womanhood there fate,
 " The which was all in lilly white aray'd,
 " With silver streames amongst the linnen fray'd;
 " Like to the Morne, when first her shining face
 " Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd;
 " That same was sayrest Amoret in place,
 " Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly ver-
 " tues grace.

LIII.

" Whom soon as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
 " And wade in doubt what best were to be
 " donne,
 " For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob,
 " And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
 " Which with so strong attempt I had begonne;
 " Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
 " Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
 " Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 " And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare,

LIV.

" Therat that formost matrone me did blame,
 " And sharpe rebuke, for being over-bold;
 " Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
 " Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
 " That unto Venus' services was sold.
 " To whom I thus, Nay, but it fitteth best
 " For Cupid's man with Venus' mayd to hold,
 " For ill your goddesse services are drest
 " By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

" With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 " Which all that while I closely had conceald;

" On which when Cupid with his killing bow
 " And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
 " At sight thereof she was with terror quelld,
 " And said no more; but I, which all the
 " while,
 " The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 " Like warie hynd within the weecie foyle,
 " For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious
 " spoyle.

LVI.

" And evermore upon the goddesse face
 " Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
 " Whom when I saw with amiable grace
 " To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
 " I was emboldned with more confidence,
 " And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
 " pretence of them all forth led her thence,
 " I looking on, and like astonisht staring,

" set to lay hand on her not one of all them
 " daring.

LVII.

" She often pray'd, and often me besought,
 " Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
 " Sometime with witching smyles; but yet for
 " nought

" That ever she to me could say or doe,
 " Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
 " But forth I led her through the temple gate,
 " By which I hardly past with much adoe;
 " But that same ladie which me friended late
 " In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

" No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
 " Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
 " That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
 " Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
 " His leman from the Stygian prince's boure;
 " But evermore my shield did me defend
 " Against the storme of every dreadfull store;
 " Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.
 " So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XL.

Marinell's former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus' hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

I.
for pittie! that I have thus long
yfe ladie languishing in payne:
ll away! that I have doen such wrong,
ire Florimell in bands remayne,
of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne,
hich unlesse some heavenly powre her
ree
cle, not yet appearing playne,
er yet is like captiv'd to bee;
en to thinke thereof it isly pitties mee.

II.
:de you to remember, how erewhile
r Proteus, missing to his mind
gin's love to win by wit or wile,
:w into a dongeon deepe and blind,
re in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
thereby her to his bent to draw;
nas neither gifts nor graces kind
stant mind could move at all he saw,
ght her to compell by crueltie and awe.

III.
a the bottome of an huge great rocke
geon was in which her bound he left,
ither yron barres nor brafen locke
le to gard from force or secret theft
er lovers which would her have rest;
l'd it was with waves, which rag'd and
or'd
the cliffe in pieces would have cleft;

Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grievely, all begor'd.

IV.
And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darknesse dredd, that never view'd day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones away
(Old Styx, the grandame of the gods) doth lay:
There did this lucklesse mayd seveh months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
Ne ever from the day the night desceide,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres
divide.

V.
All this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despy's d (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,
For of a woman's hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave when he did her pro-
veke.

VI.
Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applic,
And many herbes did use; but whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladic,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,

(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeoon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that leach did hearken to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe,
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who for against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too venturous prowesse, proved over
all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spoualls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thame (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wedd to his bed,
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led,
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus' house be made,
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes do wade;
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brass, I had,
And endless memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe, therefore, O thou sacred Imp of love!
The noursing of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those nymphes which then assembld were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid a-
bodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune with his three-forkt
mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperiall;
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divine'y faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders were covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for
her prepare.

XII.

These marched farre afore the other crew,
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For godly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent;

And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent;
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves
tame:

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatal brood
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame,
And Glaucus, that wife southfayes underflood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,
Now hight Palemon, and his saylers frend;
Great Brontea, and Aëroës, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

XIV.

The rich Cæatus, and Eurytus long;
Nelus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor, and Caicus strong;
Eurypylus that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them goth
As on the ground without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx, and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottom tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoary head.

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possess;
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
And Inachus, renewd above the rest;
Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelagus old,
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine isles
hold:

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
Who for the proffesse of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleed France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortal
is right
Lives still, and to his feast with Neptune's feed
was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their names seeke to reberse,
Which all the world have with their issue fed?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compass hild?
Let them record them that are better skilld
And know the moniments of passed age;
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilld,
That I expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from Great Neptune do derive their po-
rentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame,
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of these two parents came,
Which afterwards both sea and land possess;

h Nereus th' eldest and the best
 exceed, then which none more upright,
 were in word and deed profess,
 of guile, most free from fowle de-
 lit,
 life, and teaching others to doe right.

XX.

was expert in prophecies,
 he ledden of the gods unfold,
 rich, when Paris brought his famous

ndarid lasse, he him foretold
 Greece, with many a champion bold
 againe, and finally destroy
 's towne: so wise is Nereus old,
 skild; nathelss he takes great ioy
 a night the wanton nymphs to sport
 ioy.

XXI.

in the famous rivers came
 he earth enrich and beautifie;
 Nile, which creatures low down frame;
 anus, whose source springs from the

flowing from the mountaines hie;
 ander, purpled yet with blood
 and Troians, which therein did dis;
 stirring with his golden flood,
 fierce, whose streames of none may
 ihtlood:

XXII.

ca, and immortal Euphrates;
 t, and Mazander intricate;
 t, and tempestuous Phafides;
 t, and Alphens still immaculate;
 red for great Cyrus' fate;
 wmed for the Romanes fame;
 thy, though but known late;
 rge river which doth beare his name
 Amazon, which doe possesse the

XXIII.

warlike women, which so long
 l men so rich a kingdom hold;
 on you, O Men! which boast your
 g

hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and
 a conquest of that land of gold.
 rou, O Britons! most pertaines
 re right hereof itself hath sold,
 for sparing litle cost or paines,
 mortal glory, and so endless gaines.

XXIII.

ere heard a most celestial sound
 usicke, which did next ensue
 pouffe, that was Arion crownd,
 g on his harpe, into him drew
 ad hearts of all that goodly crew;
 et the dolphin which him bore
 e Aegean seas from pirates view
 y him astonishd at his lore,
 raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plaine;
 Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
 The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His aunient parents, namely th' aunient Thame;
 But much more aged was his wife than he,
 The Ouzc, whom men doe liss rightly name;
 Full weake and crooked creature seemd shee,
 And almost blinde through eld, that scarce her
 way could see.

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
 Of two small groomes, which by their names were
 hight
 The Churne and Charwell, two small streames
 which pained
 Themselves her footing to direct aright,
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight;
 But Thame was stronger, and of better stay,
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Dewed with silver drops that trickled downe al-
 way.

XXVI.

And eke somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
 And aunient heavy burden which he bore
 Of that faire city, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoots abroad,
 And with their braunches spred all Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder sister's broode:
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourfery
 Of arts! but Oxford! thine doth Thame most
 glorify.

XXVII.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could weenen whether they were false or trew;
 And on his head like to a coronet
 He wore, that seemd strange to common view,
 In which were many towres and castels set,
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron charret wont to ride,
 Whan to love's pallas she doth take her way,
 Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a turribant;
 With such as one was Thamis beautifide,
 That was to weete the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdome's throne is chiefly radiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
 Attended duely, ready to obey;
 All little rivers which owe vassalage
 To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay;
 The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray;
 The morifh Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane;
 The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant
streame.

XXX.

Then came his neighbour floods which nigh him
dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
None none disdaind low to him to loat;
No, not the stately Scerne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout,
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him
fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines,
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it
glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence de-
clines
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines;
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamant with which he shines
And glister wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Brisfow faire, which on his waves he build-
ed hath.

XXXII.

And there came Stoure, with terrible aspect,
Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hie,
That doth his course through Blandford plains
direct,
And washeth Windborne meades in season drye;
Next to him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby;
And Mole, that like a nouling mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thamis he over-
take.

XXXIII.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods,
Like a wood god and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sturc, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwiche both doth beautify;
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwiche wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festiuall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which the
Ruffins call.

XXXIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the
Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned
wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes prove true (which God fortif)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly benne;
And next to him the Nene downe softly sid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe contains
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry stream.

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyme, along whose stony bankes
That Romaine monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly sacke
Against the Picts, that warmed ever all,
Which yet thereof Guallever they do call;
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany; and Eden though but small,
Yet often stainde with blood of many a hand
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on
strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those fixe sad brethres, his sad
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nymph plann
Which did in noble deedes of armes excel,
And wonned there where now Yorks pay
dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werse, and Oze, the red
might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troubles full,
All whom a Scythian King, that Humber high
Slew cruelly, and in the river drownd quill:

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere Brutus' warlike sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date
Which the proud Humber unto them had
By equall dome repayd on his own pate;
For in the selfe same river where he late
Had drenched them, he drownded him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate,
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still
maine.

XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Loze,
That to old Loncafter his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long yere
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tead;
And Conway, which out of his stream doth
send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames wickal;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus' hal

XL.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were,
Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
And ioynd in neighbourhood of kingdomes
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place,
Though I them all according their degree

account, nor tell their hidden race,
their salvage countries thorough which
they pace.

XLII.

As the Liffy rolling down the sea,
by Slane, the stony Aubrian,
ancient Sinean spreading like a sea,
Aunt Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Miduff, which of the English man
Blacke-water, and the Liffey deep,
his, that once his people over-ran,
flo, tumbling from Slewlogher steep,
his mine, whose waves I whilom taught
to weep.

XLIII.

As the three renowned brethren were,
that great gyant Blomius begot
his nymphe Rheufa wandring there;
as she to shunne the season whot
his ewboome in shady grove was got,
she found her, and by force desflour'd,
conceiving, she in time forth brought
three faire sons, which being thenceforth
herd,
great rivers ran, and many countries
herd.

XLIII.

As the gentle Shure, that making way
Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;
as the stubborne Newre, whose waters
run
by Gilkenny and Rossepoote boord;
as the goodly Barow, which doth hoard
species of salmones in his deepe bosome;
as the long hundred, doe at last accord
in one ere to the sea they come;
as all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

As was the wide embayed Mayre,
Aunt Bandon, crown'd with many a wood,
adding Lee, that like an island fayre
Corke with his divided flood,
full Ourc, late stained with English blood;
as any more whose names no tongue can tell;
as that day, in order seemly good,
as the Thamie attend, and waited well
their duefull service as to them befell.

XLV.

As the bride, the lovely Medua came,
vesture of unknowen geare,
with fashion, yet her well became,
as she like silver sprincked here and there,
as her strings spangs that did like starres ap-
pear,
as she'd upon like water chamelet,
as the metall, which yet every where
as she herselfe, to let men plainly wot
as her mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was
not.

XLVI.

As the lockes adowne her backe did flow
waste, with flowres bescattered,
as she ambrosiall odours forth did throw

To all about, and all her shoulders spread
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the dewy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops which doe the morne ad-
dore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaidens did attend,
One call'd the Theife, the other call'd the Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading traine,
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire wait against this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prey
par'd her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damselfs, deckt with long greene
hair,
Whom of their sire Nereides men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
The grey-eyde Doris, all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had;
Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis faire;
Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad;
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galens glad;

XLIX.

White-hand Eunice, proud Dynamene;
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithée, kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite;
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nefesa;
With Erate that doth in love delite,
And Panope, and wife Protomedea,
And snowy-necked Doris, and milke-white Ga-
lathaea;

L.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Actea;
Large Lisianassa, and Pronsea sage;
Euagore, and light Pontoperea;
And she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas when they doe sorest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout Autonoe;
And Neso, and Eione well in age,
And seeming still to smile Glauconome,
And she that hight of many heastes Polyuome;

LII.

Fresh Alimeda, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponco, with salt bedewed wretts;
Laomedea, like the christall sheene;
Liagore, much praised for wise behests,
And Pflamathe for her brode snowy breast;
Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste iust;
And she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna, and Menippe true in trust,
And Nemertea; learned well to rule her lust.

LIII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them asside,

To rule his tides, and surges to up-reere,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to up-
 binde,
 And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde;
 And yet besides three thousand more there were
 Of th' Oceans seede, but Iove's and Phœbus'
 kinde,
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
 And all mankinde doe nourish with their waters
 clere.

LIII.

The which more eath it were for mortall wight
 To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
 Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right;
 But well I wote that these which I desire
 Were present at this great solemnity;
 And there amongst the rest the mother was
 Of lucklesse Marinell, Cymodote;
 Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
 Unto another Canto I will over-pas.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life ;
The nymph his mother getteth heg,
And gives to him for wife.

I.
an endlesse worke have I in hand,
the seas abundant progeny !
fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
those which wonne in the azure sky ;
more eath to tell the starres on hy,
endlesse seeme in estimation,
recount the seas posterity ;
be the flouds in generation,
their numbers, and so numberlesse their
ation.

II.
e the antique wisards well invented
nus of the fomy sea was bred,
the seas by her are most augmented,
th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
idrous sholes which may of none be red :
me me not if I have err'd in count
of nymphs, of rivers yet unred ;
igh their numbers do much more sus-
count,
ose fame were there which erst I did re-
ount.

III.
: were there, and many other more,
ames and nations were too long to tell,
oteus' house they fild even to the dore ;
e they all in order, as befell,
ig their degrees disposed well.
t the rest was faire Cymodoce,
then of unlucky Marinell,
ither with her came, to learne and see [ba-
nner of the gods when they at banquet

IV.
But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortal wombe,
He might not with immortal food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come ;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home,
Where as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.
Under the hanging of an hideous elieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosed to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemoane ;
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That truth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the
maine :

VI.
" Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
" And count my cares, when none is nigh to
" heare,
" Yet hoping gricfe may lessen being told,
" I will them tell, though unto no man neare ;
" For heaven, that unto all lends equall care,
" Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight,
" And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
" Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight,
" And greedy seas do in the spoile of life de-
" light.

VII.

" Yet loe the seas I see by often beating
 " Doe perce the rockes, and hardest marble
 " weares;
 " But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
 " Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he
 " heares,
 " Is hardned more with my abundant teares;
 " Yet though he never list to me relent,
 " But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 " Yet will I never of my love repent,
 " But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII.

" And when my weary ghost, with grieffe out-
 " worne,
 " By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 " Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
 " That blame it is to him that drives profect,
 " To let her die whom he might have redrest."
 There did the pause, enforced to give place
 Unto the passion that her heart oppress,
 And after the had wept and wail'd a space,
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:

IX.

" Ye gods of seas! if any gods at all
 " Have care of right, or ruth of wrightes wrong;
 " By one or other way me woefull thrall
 " Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
 " In which I daily dying am too long;
 " And if ye deeme me death for loving one
 " That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
 " But let me die, and end my daies atone,
 " And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

X.

" But if that life ye unto me decree,
 " Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
 " And of my life's deare love beloved be;
 " And if he should through pride your doome
 " undo,
 " Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
 " And in this prison put him here with me;
 " One prison fittest is to hold us two:
 " So had I rather to be thrall then free;
 " Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely
 " be.

XI.

" But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
 " The which the prisoner points unto the free;
 " The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his
 " paine,
 " He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me;
 " So ever loose, so ever happy be:
 " But wherefo loose or happy that thou art,
 " Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee."
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
 Would quite have burst though great abundance
 of her smart.

XII.

All which complaint, when Marinell had heard,
 And understood the cause of all her care
 To come of him for using her so hard,
 His stubborn heart, that never felt misfare,
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,
 That even for grieffe of minde he oft did grone,

And inly wisht that in his powre it weare
 Her to redresse; but since he meanes found none
 He could no more but her great misery bemoane.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
 Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
 Dame Venus' soune (that tameth stubborn youth
 With yron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a victor on his bakke he ride)
 Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride;
 Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
 And learne to love, by learning lovers paines
 rew.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
 Some while he thought by faire and humble wisht
 To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge;
 But then he fear'd his mother's former charge
 Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine;
 Then gan he thinke perforce with sword
 to targe
 Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraime;
 But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
 And with him beare where none of her might
 know:
 But all in vaine; for why? he found no way
 To enter in, or issue forth below.
 For all about that rocke the sea did flow:
 And though unto his will she given were,
 Yet without ship or bote her thence to row
 He wist not how her thence away to bere,
 And daunger well he wist long to continue
 there.

XVI.

At last, whenas no meane he could invent,
 Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment,
 And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
 To damne himselfe by every evill name,
 And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
 That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,
 Which him had sought through trouble and long
 strife,
 Yet had refusde a god that her had sought to
 wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
 And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where,
 Oft listning if he mote her here againe,
 And still bemoaning her unworthy paine:
 Like as an hynde, whose calfe is false unware
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved care.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
 And every one gan homeward to resort;
 Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
 That his departance should be so short,

e his love in that sea-walled fort ;
 he not his mother disobay,
 attending in full seemly fort,
 amongst the many all the way,
 he way did inly mourne like one astray.

XIX.

turned to his mother's bowre,
 y silence, far from wight,
 record the lamentable stowre
 his wretched love lay day and night
 care fake, that ill deserv'd that plight ;
 ight whereof emperit his hart so deepe,
 o worldly thing he tooke delight ;
 food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
 i, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone
 d weepe :

XX.

hort space his wonted chearefull hew
 and lively spirits decaded quight ;
 e-bones raw, and cie-pits hollow grew,
 vney armes had lost their knowen might,
 ing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
 so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
 that lenger he note stand upright,
 bed was brought, and layd above,
 ull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

hen his mother saw, she in her mind
 led forc, ne wist well what to weene,
 by search nor any meanes out find
 : cause and nature of his teene,
 she might apply some medicine ;
 ing day and night did him attend,
 r'n'd to see her losse before her eyne ;
 iev'd her more, that she it could not
 end :

helplesse evill double griefs doth lead.

XXII.

ould she read the root of his disease,
 : what misfer maladie it is,
 : to seeke some meanes it to appease :
 she thinke, but most she thought amis.
 same former fall wound of his
 by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
 y ranked under th'orifs :

she thinke, that which he most con-
 siled,
 it was which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.

to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
 doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
 l the trust which she in him had plast,
 er soune, as he his faith had lent,
 was false into new languishment
 hurt, which was not throughly cured ;
 ie came unto her patient,
 rching every part, her well assured,
 was ne old sore which his new paine
 xured :

XXIV.

: was some other maladie,
 unknowne, which he could not discernie ;
 her withouten remedie.
 her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,

And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
 Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
 Now with faire speaches, now with threatnings
 sterne,

If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
 It to reveale : who still her answered there was
 nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so fatiside ;
 But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
 Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
 And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
 Apollo came ; who soone as he had fought
 Through his disease, did by and by out finde
 That he did languish of some inward thought,
 The which afflicted his engrieved mind ;
 Which love he red to be, that leads each living
 kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
 She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve ;
 And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold
 And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve ;
 But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
 And wooc with faire entreatie, to disclose
 Which of the nymphes his heart so fore did mieve,
 For sure she weend it was some one of those
 Which he had lately seane, that for his love he
 chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatal read,
 That warned him of womens love beware,
 Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
 For love of nymphes she thought she need not
 care,

But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
 That she her love to him would shortly gaine :
 So he her told ; but soone as she did heare
 That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
 She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie
 In which his life unluckily was layd,
 It was no time to scan the prophecie,
 Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
 That his decay should happen by a mayd :
 It's late in death of danger to advise,
 Or love forbid him that is life denyd ;
 But rather gan in troubled mind devise
 How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus' selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
 Who was the root and worker of her woe,
 Nor unto any meaner to complaine,
 But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
 And on her knee before him falling lowe,
 Made humble suit unto his maiestie
 To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
 A cruell tyrant, had presumptuouslie
 By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to
 die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus ;
 " Daughter ! me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,

" Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;
 " For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
 " To none but to the seas sole foverayne.
 " Read, therefore, who it is which this hath
 " wrought,
 " And for what cause; the truth discover plaine;
 " For never wight so evill did or thought,
 " But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
 rightly nought."

xxx.

To whom she answer'd, " Then it is by name
 " Proteus, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die,
 " For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 " Upon your seas, he claym'd as proprietie;
 " And yet nor his nor his in equitie,
 " But your's the waift by high prerogative;
 " Therefore I humbly crave your mi-
 " It to replevie, and my sonne repriv-
 " So shall you by one gift save all us three
 " alive."

xxxii.

He graunted it, and straight his warrant made,
 Under the sea-god's scale authenticall,
 Commaunding Proteus straight t'enlarge the
 mayd,
 Which wandering on his seas imperiall
 He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall:
 Which she receiving, with meeete thankfulnessse
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possessse.

xxxiii.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But unto her delivered Florimell,
 Whom she receiving by the lily hand,
 Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
 For she all living creatures did excell;
 And was right ioyous that she gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell:
 So home with her she straight the virgin led,
 And shewed her to him then being fore besta-

xxxiv.

Who soone as he beheld that angel's face,
 Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
 His cheared heart estfoones away gan chase
 Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
 And feeble spirit inly felt refection;

withered weed through cruell Winter's time
 at feelles the warmth of sunny beames reflect

Lites up his head that did before decline,
 And gins to sprud his leafe before the faure
 shine.

xxxv.

Right to himselfe did Marinell upreare,
 When he in place his dearest love did spy,
 And though his limbs could not his body beare
 Ne former strength returne s. suddenly,
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
 But that she masked it with modestie,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected,
 Which to another place I leave to be perfect

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE.

I.
As I with state of present time
Of the antique world compare,
Man's age was in his freshest prime,
First blossome of faire vertue bare,
Les I finde twixt those and these which are,
Through long continuance of his course,
As the world is runne quite out of square
From first point of his appointed course,
Which once amisse, growes daily worse and
Worse :

II.
In the Golden Age, that first was named,
At earth become a stonie one ;
In themselves, the which at first were
Named
By mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Transformed into hardest stone,
Behind their backs (so backward bred)
Brought downe by Tyrrha and Deucalion ;
When those may any worse be red,
So that ere long will be degenerated.

III.
Then blame me if, in discipline
Of and of civill use's lore,
I forme them to the common line
Of these dayes, which are corrupted fore,
In antique use which was of yore,
And was onely for itselfe defyred,
.. II.

And all men fought their owne, and none no
more ;
When iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV.
For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice ; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all :
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are changed quight ;
Ne wonder, for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

V.
For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first
tooke

Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares,
They all are wandred much ; that plaine appears
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plapt of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa
bore :

VI.
And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horse,
So hardly butted those two twinnes of love,

have cruft the Crab, and quight him
ne

Into that great Nemæan Lion's grove :
So all range and doe at Random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amiffe doe move,
And all this creatures from their courfe astray,
Till they arrive at their laft ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that fame great glorious lampe of light
That doth enlumine all thefe leffer fyres
In better cafe, ne keeps his courfe more right,
But is miferried with the other fpheres ;
For fince the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæ his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the fouterne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite for-
fake.

VIII.

And if to thofe Ægyptian wifards old
(Which in ftar-read were wont have beft in-
fight)

Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That fince the time they firft tooke the funnes
hight,
Foure times his place he fhifted hath in fight,
And twice hath rifen where he now doth weft,
And wefted twife where he ought rife aright ;
But moft is Mars amiffe of all the reft,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be
beft.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's fayd
That all the world with goodneffe did abound ;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found ;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful tromper
found ;

Peace univerfal rayn'd mongft men and beaft,
And all things freely grow out of the ground :
Iuftice fate high ader'd with folemn feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred behests :

X.

Moft facred Vertue ſhe of all the reft,
Reſembling God in his imperiall might,
Whoſe foveraine powre is herein moft expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iuftice hath bedight,
That powre he alfo doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himſelfe in glorious fight
To fit in his own feate, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recom-
mend.

XI.

Dread foverayne Goddeſſe ! that doſt higheſt fit
In feate of iudgment in the Almightyes ſtead,
And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
Doeſt to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheſt nations fills with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldneſſe of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo divine a read
As thy great iuftice prayed over all,
The inſtrument whereof, loe here thy Artegall

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in iustice lore
Irenas quest perfewed;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

I.
Vertue then were held in highest price
Old times of which I doe intreat,
likewise the wicked seede of vice
spring, which shortly grew full great,
their boughes the gentle plants did beat;
more some of the vertuous race
inspired with heroicke heat,
at the branches of the sient base,
in strong hand their frukfull rancknes did
face.

II.
was Bacchus, that with furious might
aft, before untam'd, did over-ronne;
ng repressed, and establist right,
wlesse men had formerly fordonne;
since first her princely rule begonne:
cules his like ensample shewed,
he West with equall conquest wonne,
strous tyrants with his club subdewed,
of iustice dread, with kingly powre en-
wed.

III.
was he of whom I have to tell,
apion of true iustice, Artégall,
is ye lately mote remember well)
adventure, which did them befall,
ubted perill forth did call;
to succoure a distressed dame,
strong tyrant did uniuistly thrall,

And from the heritage which she did claime,
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto wold
his name.

IV.
Wherefore the lady, which Irens hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way adreste,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse:
That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patronesse,
Chose Artégall to right her to restore,
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous
lore.

V.
For Artégall in iustice was upbrought,
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa with great industric,
Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie;
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

VI.
Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport,
Who seeing fit, and with no crime deside,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde

To wend with her, so thence him farre she
brought
Into a cave, from compaine exile,
In which she nourished him till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

vii.

There she him taught to weigh both right and
wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equirie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needes with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caufed him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their
kind.

viii.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of man's yeares he raught,
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull
fight,

And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadful heart, much lesse him match in
fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath list up his steely brand:

ix.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her flight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In love's eternall house, unwillt of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor! that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when love those
gyants quelled:

x.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade,
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue than of faire;
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave wherefo it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But wheresoever it did light it throughly shard.

xi.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa lothing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men in whom no truth she
found,
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race,
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes which nightly we do
see
The heavens bright shining baudricke to enchace,
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next herselfe her righteous Ballance hanging
bee.

xii.

But when she parted hence she left her groomes,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus; made of yron mould,
Immoveable, refilless, without end,
Who in his hand an yron slea did hould,
With which he threst out falshood, and did true
fould.

xiii.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aid, if aide he chaunft to neede,
Against that cruell tyrant which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
That kept the crowne in which she should succeede
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a squire, in squallid weed,
Lamenting fore his sorrowfull sad tync,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubber
eyne.

xiv.

To whom as they approached, they espide
A forie fight as ever scene with eye,
An headlesse ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die:
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight,
And, flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that dame so fouly dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether oth-
er wight?

xv.

" Ah! wee is me, and well away!" quoth he,
Burfing forth teares like springs out of a banke,
" That ever I this dismall day did see!
" Full farre was I from thinking such a prank
" Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanks,
" If I should grant that I have doon the same,
" That I mote drinke the cup whereof she drank
" But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
" The which another did, who now is fled
" shame."

xvi.

" Who was it then," sayd Artegall, " and
" wrought?
" And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
" A knight," said he, " if knight he may
" thought
" That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
" And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
" This day as I in solace fate hereby
" With a faire love, whose losse I now do rewe,
" There came this knight, having in companie
" This lucklesse ladie which now here doth
" lesse lie.

xvii.

" He whether mine seem'd fairer in his eye,
" Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
" Would change with me; but I did it deny,
" So did the ladies both, as may be knowne;
" But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne

It fo rest contented with his right,
 From his courser her downe throwne,
 At mine away by lawlesse might,
 His steed her set, to beare her out of
 ;ht.

XVIII.

When his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
 Him catching hold, gan loud to crie
 Leave her, nor away to cast,
 From of his hand befought to die;
 His sword he drew all wrathfully,
 One stroke crop off her head with
 rne,

In place where as it now doth lie :
 Love away with him hath borne,
 Me here both his and mine owne love
 morne."

XIX.

Sayd he, " which way then did he
 ke ?
 What markes may he be knowne
 sine ?"

Quoth he, " him soone to overtake,
 He so long departed, is but vaine ;
 Pricked over yonder plaine,
 Marked bore upon his shield,
 It's easie him to know againe,
 Sword within a bloodie field,
 Well his nature which the same did
 :ld."

XX.

Sayd, but streight he after sent
 He, who him purfewd so light,
 And above the ground he went ;
 Swift as swallow in her flight,
 As lyon in his lordly might.
 He before he overtooke
 (So cleeped was that knight)
 First he ghesped by his looke,
 Other markes which of his shield he

XXI.

Say, and backe with him retire ;
 Come to be commaunded so,
 Light did est require,
 Formed that uncivell so,
 At him with all historce did go ;
 No more therewith, then when a

ken with some stone's throw,
 Sping, lent him such a knocke,
 Ground he layd him like a fencelesse

XXII.

Old himselfe recure againe,
 In paw he seized had,
 : wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 Selfe unwill so ill bestad,
 Could not wag ; thence he him lad,
 Deaft appointed to the stall,
 Proof the lady fore adrad,
 Fly for feare of being thrall ;
 Quickly staid, and forst to wend

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegall
 By that same carefull squire did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demaund of all
 That did betwix him and that squire betide ;
 Who with sterne countenance and indignat pride
 Did answere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
 And his accuser thereupon deside ;
 For neither he did shed that ladies bloud,
 Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper
 good.

XXIV.

Well did the squire perceive himselfe too weake
 To aunswere his desiaunce in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
 Then to approve his right with speare and shield
 And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield :
 But Artegall, by signes, perceiving plaine
 That he it was not which that lady kiid,
 But that strange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to
 straine ;

XXV.

And sayd, " Now sure this doubtfull cause's right
 " Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
 " Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight,
 " That ill perhaps mote fall to either side ;
 " But if ye please that I your cause decide,
 " Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
 " So ye will sweare my judgement to abide."
 Thereto they both did frankly condifend,
 And to his doome with listfull eares did both
 attend.

XXVI.

" Sith then," sayd he, " ye both the dead deny,
 " And both the living lady claime your right,
 " Let both the dead and living equally
 " Devided be betwixt you here in fight,
 " And each or either take his share aright.
 " But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
 " He for a twelve moneths day shall in despite
 " Beare for his penance that same ladies head,
 " To witnesse to the world that she by him is
 " dead."

XXVII.

Well pleased with that doonie was Sangliere,
 And ofred streight the lady to be flaine ;
 But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
 Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield she rather should with him remaine
 Alive then to himselfe be shared dead ;
 And rather then his love should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that ladies head :
 True love despiseth shame, when life is cold in
 dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved,
 " Not so, thou squire !" he sayd, " but thine I
 " deeme
 " The living lady, which from thee he reaved ;
 " For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
 " And you, Sir knight, that lovd so light ef-
 " teeme,
 " As that ye would for little leave the same,

“ Take here your own that doth you best be-
 “ sceme,
 “ And with it beare the burden of defame,
 “ Your owne dead ladies head to tell abroad your
 “ shame.”

XXIX.

But Sangliere disdaind much his doome,
 And sternly gan repine at his behest,
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
 To beare that ladies head before his breast,
 Untill that Talus had his pride repress,
 And forced him maulgre it up to reare;
 Who when he saw it bootlesse to resist,

He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated spawliell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that squire Sir Artegall adore
 For his great iustice, held in high regard,
 And as his squire him offered evermore
 To serue for want of other meete reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard;
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
 But leaving him, forth on his journey far'd;
 Ne weight with him but onely Talus went;
 They two enough t'encounter an whole regiment

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her castle quight.

I.
is more honourable to a knight,
doth besecme brave chevalry,
defend the feeble in their right,
in redresse in such as wend awry:
those great herodes got thereby
greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
deserved with the gods on hy:
the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
to perils great for iustice' sake pro-
ceedes:

II.
as he now was upon the way,
first to meet a dwarfe in hasty course,
requir'd his forward hast to stay,
tidings note with him discourse:
the dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
of sundry newes his store to tell,
memory they had recourse,
of the fairest Florimell,
was found againe, and spouse to Ma-
nell.

III.
was Dony, Florimel's owne dwarfe,
having lost, (as ye have heard why-
re)
ing in the way the scattered scarfe,
one of her life long time did feare;
health when Artegall did heare,
returne, he was full inly glad,
him where and when her bridal cheare
solemniz'd? for if time he had,
be there, and honor to her spouse all ad.

IV.
"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I doe heare,
"It will be at the Castle of the Stroud;
"What time, if naught me let, I will be there
"To doe her service, so as I am bound;
"But in my way, a little here beyond,
"A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
"That keeps a bridge's passage by strong bond,
"And many errant knights hath there fordonne,
"That makes all men for feare that passage for
"to shonne."

V.
"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how far
"hence
"Is he that doth to travellers such harmes?"
"He is," said he, "a man of great defence,
"Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,
"And more embolden by the wicked charmes
"With which his daughter doth him still support,
"Having great lordships got, and goodly farmes,
"Through strong oppression of his powre extort,
"By which he still them holds, and keeps with
"strong effort."

VI.
"And dayle he his wrongs encreaseth more;
"For never wight he lets to passe that way,
"Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
"But he him makes his passage-penny pay,
"Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
"Thereto he hath a groomme of evill guise,
"Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
"Which pils and pils the poore in piteous wize,
"But he himsele upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

“ His name is hight Pollicte, rightly so
 “ For that he is so puissant and strong,
 “ That with his powre he all doth over-go
 “ And makes them subject to his mighty wrong,
 “ And some by flight he eke doth underfong;
 “ For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 “ Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
 “ And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
 “ Through which the rider downe doth fall through
 “ overflight.

VIII.

“ And underneath the same a river flowes,
 “ That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall,
 “ And in the which whomfo he overthrowes,
 “ All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
 “ But he himselfe through practise usuall
 “ Leapes forth into the flood, and their affaies
 “ His foe confused through his foaine fall;
 “ That horse and man he equally difmaies,
 “ And either both them drownes, or trayterously
 “ slaies.

IX.

“ Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
 “ And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby,
 “ Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
 “ fill
 “ The coffers of her wicked threasury,
 “ Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
 “ That many prieces she in wealth exceeds,
 “ And purchast all the country lying ny
 “ With the revenue of her plenteous meedes;
 “ Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes;

X.

“ Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
 “ With golden hands and silver feete beside,
 “ That many lords have her to wife desired,
 “ But she them all despiseth for great pride.”
 “ Now by my life,” sayd he, “ and God to guide,
 “ None other way will I this day betake,
 “ But by that bridge whercas he doth abide,
 “ Therefore me thether lead.” No more he
 spake.

But thitherward forthright his ready way did
 make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awaiting for some spoile,
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with skull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law;
 To whom he answered wroth, “ Lo there thy
 “ hire.”

And with that word him strooke, that freight he
 did expire.

XII.

Which when the pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
 And freight himselfe unto the sight address;
 Ne was Sir Artegall behind: so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.
 Right in the midst, whercas they breitt to breitt
 Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall

Into the flood; freight leapt the carle wrick,
 Well weening that his foe was false withal;
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew,
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,
 But rather in them kindled cholere new:
 But there the paynim, who that use well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrow;
 And eke the courser whereupon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe
 bestrad.

XIV.

Which oddes wheras Sir Artegall espide,
 He saw no way but close with him in hand;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide,
 Upon his iron collar griped fast,
 That with the strait his welsand nigh he brak,
 There they together strove and strugled long,
 Either the other from his steed to cast;
 Ne ever Artegall his gripe strong
 For any things would slacke, but still upon his
 hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a sele are met
 In the wide champain of the ocean plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they wret,
 The maysterdome of each by force to gain,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them to darraine;
 They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they snuff,
 they rure,

That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
 Doth fric with some above the surges here;
 Such was betwixt these two the troubleome upsteepe

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
 His horse's backe for dread of being drowned,
 And to his handy swimming him betake
 Estones himselfe he from his hold unbowed,
 And then no ods at all in him he found;
 For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water sowned;
 So ought each knight, that use of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters here to
 pas.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
 Uncertaine whether had the better side,
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well trained and throughly
 tride;

But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright;
 But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall pursfwd him still so neare
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a litle reare
 Above the brincke to tread upon the land
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,

arth for very fell despight,
 ed with his teerh, as if he band
 whose goodnesse he despai red quight,
 he hand which did that vengeance on
 ight.

XIX
 was carried downe along the lee,
 ers with his filthy bloud it stayned;
 phemous head, that all might see,
 upon a pole on high ordayned,
 ny yeares it afterwards remayned,
 rrcour t all mighty men,
 ight hands great power is contained,
 of them the feeble over-ren,
 s doe their powre within iust compasse

XX
 unto the castle he did wend,
 e paynim's daughter did abide,
 many which did her defend
 e entrance fought but was denide,
 reprochfull blasphemy defide,
 h stones downe from the battlement,
 s forced to withdraw aside;
 s servant Talus to invent
 y he enter might without endanger-
 it.

XXI
 is page drew to the castle gate,
 is iron saile at it let flie,
 wards it did flie amate,
 ere-while shake so reprochfully,
 them stoupe, that looked earst so hie;
 bet and bounst uppon the dore,
 ed strokes thereon so hideouslie,
 e recee he shook from the flore,
 all the house with feare and great
 ore.

XXII
 thereof the lady forth appeared
 castle-wall; and when she saw
 ous state in which she stood, she
 ed
 ct of her neare overthrow,
 treat that iron man below
 s outrage, and him faire besought,
 force of stones which they did throw,
 of charms, which she against him
 ught,
 ewife prevaile, or make him cease for
 it.

XXIII
 yet she saw him to proceede,
 ith prayers or with piteous thought,
 im to corrupt with goodly meede,
 e great sakes, with endlesse riches
 ght
 tilment to be upbrought,
 d forth over the castle wall,
 ight win sometime, though dearly
 ght,
 to gathering of the gold did fall;
 s nothing mov'd nor tempted there-
 all;

XXIV
 But still continu'd his assault the more,
 And layd on load with his huge yron saile,
 That at the length he has yrent the dore,
 And made way for his maister to assaile;
 Who being entred, nought did then availe
 For wight against his powre themselves to reare;
 Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
 and hid themselves in corners here and there,
 And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide herselfe
 for feare.

XXV
 Long they her fought, yet no where could they
 finde her,
 That sure they ween'd she was escapt away;
 But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
 And all things secret wisely could bewray,
 At length found out whereas she hidden lay
 Under an heape of gold; thence he her drew
 By the faire lockes, and sowly did array
 Withouten pity of her goodly hew,
 That Artegall himselfe her seemesleffe plight did
 rew.

XXVI
 Yet for no pittie would he change the cours
 Of iustice which in Talus' hand did ly,
 Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
 Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
 And kneeling at his feete submissively;
 But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
 Which sought unrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
 Chopt off, and nayd on high, that all might them
 behold.

XXVII
 Herselfe then tooke he by the slender waist,
 In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
 Over the castle wall adowne her cast,
 And there her drowned in the dirty mud;
 But the streame waht away her gully blood,
 Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
 The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
 The which her fire had scrapt by hooke and
 crooke,
 And burning all to ashes, pow'd it downe the
 brooke.

XXVIII
 And, lastly, all that castle quite he rased,
 Even from the sole of his foundation,
 And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,
 Nor memory thereof to any nation
 All which when Talus thoroughly had performed,
 Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,
 And wicked customes of that bridge reformed;
 Which done, unto his former journey he re-
 tourned.

XXIX
 In which they measur'd nickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
 By which as they did travell on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could vew,
 Full many people gathered in a crew,
 Whose great assembly they did much admire,

For never there the like resort they knew;
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing for many nations met did there desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted, in his surquedric,
That all the world he would weigh equallic,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And filld his ballaunce full of idle toys;
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and
boys.

XXXI.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the sea, divided each from eithers;
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether;
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose wight he would not misse a fether;
And looke, what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same
againe.

XXXII.

For why? he sayd they all unequal were,
And had encroched upon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the ayre;
So all the rest did others parts empaire;
And so were realmes and nations run awry:
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see, and heare
How he mist the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or
feare;

XXXIV.

"Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
"And all things to an equal to restore,
"Instead of right, me seemes great wrong dost
"shew,
"And far above thy forces pitch to fore;
"For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
"In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
"What was the poys of every part of yore,
"And looke then how much it doth overflow,
"Or faile thereof; so much is more then iust I
"trow.

XXXV.

"For at the first they all created were
"In goodly measure by their Maker's might,
"And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
"That not a dram was missing of their right:

"The earth was in the middle centre pight,
"In which it doth immoveable abide,
"Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
"And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide;
"Al which the heavens containe, and in their
"courtes guide.

XXXVI.

"Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
"That every one doe know their certaine bound,
"In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
"And mongst them al no change hath yet bene
"found;
"But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in
"pound,
"We are not sure they would so long remaine;
"All change is perillous, and all chaunce as
"found;
"Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
"Till we may be assur'd they shall their course
"retaine."

XXXVII.

"Thou foolish Elf," said then the gyant wight,
"Seest not how badly all things present bee,
"And each estate quite out of order goth?
"The sea it selfe, doest thou not plainly see
"Encroch upon the land there under thee?
"And th' earth it selfe how daily its increas
"By all that dying to it turned be?
"Were it not good that wrong were then for
"ceast,
"And from the most that some were given to the
"least?"

XXXVIII.

"Therefore I will throw downe these mountain
"hie,
"And make them leuell with the lowly plaine;
"These towring rocks, which reach unto the
"skie,
"I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
"And as they were them equalize againe.
"Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
"I will suppress, that they no more may raine,
"And lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
"And all the wealth of rich men to the poore
"will draw."

XXXIX.

"Of things unseene how canst thou come
"aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight!
"What though the sea with waves continuall
"Doe eat the earth, it is no more at all;
"Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
"For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
"Is with the tide unto another brought;
"For there is nothing lost that may be found
"fought.

XL.

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
"By all that dying into it doe fade,
"For of the earth they formed were of yore;
"However gay their blossome or their blade
"Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
"What wrong then is it if that when they die

to that whereof they first were
le?
sowre of their great Maker lie;
s must obey the voice of the Most

XLI.

hey die, like as he doth ordaine,
y asketh reason why.
e not the lowly dales disdaine;
loç not the lofty hills envy.
kings to sit in soverainty;
subiects to their powre obay;
downe, he setteth up on hy;
this, from that he takes away;
have is his: what he list doe he

XLII.

hing is done, by him is donne,
y his mighty will withstand;
y his soveraine power shonne,
that he hath bound with stedfast
d;
erefore doest thou now take in hand
ount, or weigh his workes anew,
sels depth thou canst not understand,
gs subiect to thy daily vew
not know the causes nor their courses

XLIII.

y ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
the winde that under heaven doth
v;
he light that in the east doth rise,
the thought that from mans mind
flow:
weight of these thou canst not show,
one word which from thy lips doth

ust thou those greater secrets know,
not know the least thing of them all?
rule the great that cannot reach the
ll."

XLIV.

e gyaunt, much abashed, sayd,
the things made reckoning light;
word that ever could be layd
ballaunce, he could way aright,
' sayd he, "more heavy then in
ght,
or wrong, the false or else the
v?"
that he would try it streight;
ds into his ballaunce threw,
he winged words out of his ballaunce

XLV.

he then, and sayd that words were
hin his ballaunce well abide;
iustly weigh the wrong or right.
," sayd Artegall, "let it be tride;
e ballaunce set the true aside."
l, and then the false he layd
cale; but still it downe did slide,

And by no meane could in the weight be stayd;
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be
wayd.

XLVI.

"Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
"And counterpeise the same with so much
"wrong."

So first the right he put into one scale,
And then the gyant strove, with puissance strong,
To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might it not peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way;
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe
way.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage
And almost would his balances have broken;
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, "Be not upon thy balance wroken,
"For they donought but right or wrong broken;
"But in the mind the doome of right must bee,
"And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
"The care must be the hallance, to decree
"And iudge whether with truth or fallhood they
agree.

XLVIII.

"But set the truth and set the right aside,
"For they with wrong or fallhood will not fare,
"And put two wrongs together to be tride,
"Or else two falses, of each equall share,
"And then together doe them both compare;
"For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare
Whether of them the greater were attone;
But right sat in the midst of the beame alone,

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For it was not the right which he did seeke;
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, the other for to ceke,
For of the meane he greatly did missecke;
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him
drownd.

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make herselfe Misfortune's piteous pray;
So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbred bones all broken rudely rumbled;
So was the high-aspurning with huge ruine
humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan together in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation;

THE FAERY QUEENE.

Book V.

He hoped to have got great good,
Which by his innovation;
Sought to revenge his blood,
And all in battell order stood.

LII.

A
H
multitude him comming to
When Artegall did view,
Troubled, he wist what to do,
As his noble hands t'embrew
Ward of such a rascall crew;
As if that he should retire.
After they with shame would him pursue

He Talus to them sent t'inquire
Of their array, and truce for to desire,

LIII.

By him nigh approaching spide,
All their weapons him aslay,
As he at him on every side,

Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay;

But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flies them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way.
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view.

LIV.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flash of ducks fore by the brooke,
The trembling foule, dismayd with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looks
Amongst the flags and covert round about;
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him
Throughout.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights;
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies fights.

I.
long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
He at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
As Fortune all her spight hath showne,
Saful houres at last must needes appeare,
Old afflicted wights oft-times despire:
As it now to Florimell by tourne,
In sorrowes suffe:ed whylere,
Captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
Of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

II.
Being freed from Proteus' cruell band
Florimell was unto him affide,
Whom he brought againe to Faerie Land,
Whom he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The place and place was blazed farre and wide,
Where none feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore,
Whither there did resort from every side
Men and ladies infinite great store;
Whom knight was absent that brave courage
Bore.

III.
The glorie of the feast that day,
And his service, the devicefull fights,
The degroome's state, the bride's most rich array,
The de of ladies and the worth of knights,
The all banquets and the rare delights,
The worke fit for an herald, not for me;
So much as to my lot here lights,
With this present treatise doth agree,
The vertue to advance, shall here recounted
Be.

IV.
When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinke their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalric
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguz'd,
As each one had his furniture devis'd:
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him fixe knights more, which enter-
pris'd
The challenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

V.
The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight and tride in hard assayes;
The second had to name Sir Bellifont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayfe;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
The sixt was Lanfack, a redoubted knight:
All six well scene in armes, and prov'd in many
a fight.

VI.
And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countie under sunne;
None was debar'd, but all had leave that lust.
The trompets found; then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhors'd, and many wounded,
As fortune fell, yet little lost or wonne;
But all that day the greatest prayfe redounded
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud re-
founded.

VII.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame,
Yet whether side was victor not he ghest;
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best:
So they departed were, and all men went to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great decdes of armes did shew,
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmets, and ryving plates asont
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did
wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can alwaies happy stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegal into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame;
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And fraight that boaster prayd, with whom he
rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the bet-
ter hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array,
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
Th' other stayd behind to gard the pray;
But he ere long the former fittie bet,
And from th' other fittie soone the prisoner set.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They brought together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew,
Whom with fore havocke soone they overthrowd,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew:
So were they left lords of the field alone;
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his sone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore;
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store,
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour
bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be aduud'd by
those.

XIV.

And thether also came in open fight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
To witte it to him to whom the best should fall:
Or that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girdon yield;
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegal
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the funne brode blazed in a golden
field.

XV.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill;
So unto him they did addeeme the prize
Of all that triumph; then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochio's name resounded thrise;
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well
Approv'd that day that the all others did excel.

XVI.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdain did scornfull answer make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell;
And further did uncomely speeches crake:
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turp'd aside for shame to heare what he
did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimelle,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a veile;
Whom when discovered they had throughly side,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did passe.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
But like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.

xix.

Unnes appear in th' azure skye,
 Icarus' charret fierie bright,
 forth faire beames to each man's
 ead with lampes of flaming light,
 of so strange prodigious sight,
 Nature's worke, nor what to weene,
 wonder and with rare affright;
 Marinell when he had scene
 of this false by his faire beauties

xx.

in Artegall, who all this while
 in casse close covered, well had vewed,
 boaster's pride and gracelesse guile,
 in honor beare, but forth isswed,
 in himselfe there open shewed;
 after said, "Thou loffel base!
 with borrowed plumes thyselfe en-
 worth with leasings doest deface,
 are all restor'd thou shalt rest in
 grace.

xxi.

which thou doest beare was it in-
 dayes honour sav'd to Marinell;
 t arme, nor thou the man, I need,
 that service unto Florimell;
 shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
 es, what dreadfull stoure it stir'd
 day,
 e wounds which unto thee befell;
 e sweat with which thou diddest
 y
 battel, that so many did dismay.

xxii.

: sword which wrought those cruell
 nds,
 e arme the which that shield did
 e,
 he signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
 hat glory gotten doth appeare.
 ladie which he sheweth here,
 ager) Florimell at all,
 yre franion, fit for such a fere,
 isfortune in his hand did fall;"
 hercof he had them Florimell forth

xxiii.

oble ladie was ybrought,
 honor and all comely grace,
 bashful shamefastnesse ywrought
 ase in her faire blushing face,
 with lillies interlace;
 words, the which that boaster threw,
 conceived great disgrace,
 as all the people such did vew,
 loud, and signes of gladnesse all did

xxiv.

set her by that snowy one,
 : faint beside the image set,

Of both their beauties to make paragone
 And triall whether should the honor get:
 Streightway so soone as both together met,
 The enchanted damzell vanish into nought;
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 Ne of that goodly hew remaind ought,
 But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was
 wrought.

xxv.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire,
 Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
 Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
 That all men wonder at her colours pride,
 All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide;
 So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
 And into nothing goe ere one could it bewray.

xxvi.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
 They stricken were with great astonishment,
 And their faint hearts with senselesse horror
 quell'd,
 To see the thing that seem'd so excellent
 So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
 That what of it became none understood;
 And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
 So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
 That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

xxvii.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
 The which of all her spoyle was onely left,
 Which was not her's, as many it mistooke,
 But Florimell's owne girdle, from her rest
 While she was flying, like a weasy west,
 From that foule monster which did her compell
 To perils great; which he unbuckling est,
 Presented to the fairest Florimell;
 Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

xxviii.

Full many ladies often had assayd
 About their middles that faire belt to knit,
 And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd;
 Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
 Till Florimell about her fastned it.
 Such power it had, that to no woman's wast
 By any skill or labour it would fit,
 Unless that she were continent and chaste,
 But it would lose or break, that many had disgrast.

xxix.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
 And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
 Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
 Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
 His owne good steed, which he had stolen, to
 clame;
 And th' one hand scizing on his golden bit,
 With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
 He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit;
 And had he not bene held, he nought had sayld
 of it.

xxx.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
 Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse:

For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
 And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
 Or it approve upon his carrion corse:
 Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
 He nigh them drew, to stay th' avenger's force,
 And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
 Whether by might extort, or elle by flight de-
 ceaved.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
 About the woefull couple which were slaine,
 And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
 With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine
 His horse purloyned was by subtil traine,
 For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
 But he for nought could him thereto contraine,
 For as the death he hated such despight,
 And rather had to lose then trie in armes his
 right.

XXXII.

Which Artegall well hearing (though no more
 By law of armes there neede one's right to trie,
 As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
 Then that his foe should him the field denie)
 Yet further right by tokens to deserue,
 He aske what privie tokens he did beare?
 "If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfie,
 "Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
 "Shapt like a horse's shoe, who list to seeke it
 "there."

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke,
 But with his heeles so forely he him strake,
 That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
 That never word from that day forth he spoke:
 Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
 Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke,
 But by the shoulder him so fore he bit,
 That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder
 split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
 Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
 And called Brigadore (so was he hight)
 Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
 Estfoones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see;
 And whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
 And strikt, and stond aloft, and louted low on
 knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
 That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
 "Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
 "As he with golden saddle is awayd,
 "And let that losell, plainly now displayd,
 "Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have
 "gwyned."

But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
 And him revild, and rated, and disdayned
 That iudgement so uniuert against him had
 dayned.

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incens't with his lewd wad
 To have revenged that his villeny,
 And thrife did lay his hand upon his sword,
 To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby;
 But Guyon did his cholere pacify,
 Saying, "Sir Knight it would dishonour bee
 "To you that are our iudge of equity,
 "To wreake your wrath on such a carle as him
 "It's punishment enough that all his shame
 "see."

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
 But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall,
 Upon him did inflict this punishment;
 First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
 Then from him rest his shield, and it reuerted,
 And blotted out his arms with falschood bent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unbert,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armes
 sperft.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie,
 Who overtaking him did diseray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamie,
 And out of court him scourged openly,
 So ought all faytours, that true knight-hood shent,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all brave knights be banisht with detemur,
 For oft their lewdneis blotteth good desert
 blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncald
 Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
 All gan to icit and gibe full merilie
 At the remembrance of their knaverie:
 Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
 To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
 He them abused through his subtil sleights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their
 fights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
 And taking usurie of time forepast,
 With all deare delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights;
 And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
 Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
 That whenas tyme to Artegall shall come,
 We on his first adventure may him better
 send.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren hat do strive ;
Saves Terpin from the gallow-tree,
And doth from death reprove.

I.
Open himsef will take the skill
To ce unto people to divide,
Whom have mightie hands for to fulfill
Which he doth with righteous doome de-
termine,
To maister wrong and puiffant pride ;
It is to deeme of things aright,
As wrong doers iustice to deride,
To be perform'd with dreadlesse might ;
Which he is the right hand of iustice truly
right.

II.
Whylome to knights of great emprife
The re of iustice given was in trust,
Which might execute her iudgements wise,
Whom their might beat downe licentious lust ;
Whom audly did impugne her sentence iust ;
To whom no braver president this day
Was on earth, preserv'd from yron rust,
Whom oblivion and long time's decay,
Which of Artegall, which here we have to
see.

III.
Which long lately left that lovely payre,
Fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Which innell with Florimell the fayre,
Which in great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Which from the castle of the Strand,
Which his adventure's first intent,
Which long ago he taken had in hond ;
II.

Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and go-
vernement :

IV.
With whom as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come wheras two comely squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires ;
And them beside two seemly damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to awyge their ired,
Now with faire words ; but words did little good ;
Now with sharpe threats ; but threats the more
increast their mood.

V.
And there before them stood a coffer strong,
Fast bound on every side with yron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine hands ;
Seem'd that for it these squires at odds did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands ;
But evermore those damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

VI.
But firmly fix they were with dint of sword
And battrailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify ;
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combat, with cruell intent ;
V

When Artegall arriving happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this answer frame;
"Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
"To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
"Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
"Two islands, which ye there before you see.
"Not farre in sea, of which the one appeares
"But like a little mount of small degree,
"Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
"As that same other isle, that greater bredth now
"beares.

VIII.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
"And this devouring sea, that nought doth
"spare,
"The most part of my land hath washt away,
"And throwne it up unto my brother's share,
"So his increased but mine did empaire.
"Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
"That further mayd, hight Philtra the faire,
"With whom a goodly dower I should have got,
"And should have ioyned bene to her in wed-
"lock's knot.

IX.

"Then did my younger brother Amidas
"Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
"To whom but little dower allotted was;
"Her vertue was the dower that did delight:
"What better dower can to a dame be hight?
"But now when Philtra saw my lands decay,
"And former livel'ed sayle, she left me quight.
"And to my brother did clope straight way,
"Who taking her from me, his owne love left
"astray.

X.

"She seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
"Through dolorous despayre, which she con-
"ceyved,
"Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
"Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
"But see how much her purpose was deceived:
"Whilst thus amidst the billowes beating of her,
"Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
"She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
"Which to her in that daunger hope of life did
"offer.

XI.

"The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
"Whennas the paine of death she tasted had,
"And but halfe scene his ugly visage,
"Gave to repent that she had bene so mad
"For any death to change life, through most
"bad;
"And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
"(The lucky pyle of her passage sad)
"After long toiling in the seas distress,
"Her weary barks at last upon mine isle did
"rest:

XII.

"Where I by chance then wandring on the shore
"Did her espy, and through my good endeavour

"From dreadfull mouth of death, which then
"ened fore
"Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to
"her.
"She then in recompence of that great favour
"Which I on her bestowed, bestowed as me
"The portion of that good which Fortune gave
"her,
"Together with herselfe in dowry free;
"Both goodly portions, but of both the better

XIII.

"Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
"Great threasure sithence we did finde containe
"Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought
"By this same other damzell since hath found
"That to herselfe she threasure appertained,
"And that she did transport the same by sea,
"To bring it to her husband now ordaind,
"But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way;
"But whether it be so or no I cannot say.

XIV.

"But whether it indeede be so or no,
"This doe I say, that whatso good or ill,
"Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
"(Not wronging any other by my will)
"I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still
"And though my land he first did winne
"And then my love (though now it little is)
"Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise
"But I will it defend whilst ever that I live

XV.

So having sayd, the younger did enswear;
"Full trew it is whatso about our land
"My brother here declared hath to you;
"But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
"But for this threasure throwne upon his hand
"Which well I prove, as shall appeare by
"To be this maides with whom I fastned
"Known by good markes and perfect good
"piall;
"Therefore it ought be rendred her without
"piall."

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight began
"Certes your strife were easie to accord,
"Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
"Unto yourselfe," said they; "we give
"word
"To bide what iudgement ye shall us assigne
"Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
"Under my foot let each lay downe his sword
"And then you shall my sentence understand
"So each of them layd downe his sword out of
"hand.

XVII.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd;
"Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
"Your brother's land which the sea hath
"Unto your part, and pluckt from his away
"By what good right doe you wish
"day?
"What other right," quoth he, "shall
"esteem,
"But that the sea it to my share did lay?"

right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
what the sea unto you sent your own
"should seeme."

XVIII.

urning to the elder thus he sayd;
Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
brother's threasure, which from him is
"strayd,

the dowre of his wife well knowne,
what right doe you claime to be your
"owne?"

other right," quoth he, "should you ef-
"teeme,

what the sea hath it unto me throwne?"
right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
what the sea unto you sent your own
"should seeme."

XIX.

quall right in equall things doth stand;
what the mighty sea hath once possesst,
stuck quite from all possessors hand,
her by rage of waves that never rest,
ic by wracke, that wretches hath distress,
ay dispose by his imperiall might,
ing at random left, to whom he list.
idas, the land was your's first right;
so the threasure your's is, Bracidas, by
"right."

XX.

his sentence thus pronounced had,
idas and Philtra were displeas'd;
idas and Lucy were right glad,
the threasure by that judgment seased.
heir discord by this doome appeas'd,
h one had his right. Then Artegall,
their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,
d on his way, as did befall,
w his old quest, the which him forth did
all.

XXI.

travelled upon the way,
nft to come, where happily he spide
of many people farre away,
n his course he hastily applide,
e the cause of their assemblance wide;
n when he approched neare in sight
outh sight) he plainly then descride
troupe of women, warlike dight,
capons in their hands, as ready for to
ight:

XXII.

he midst of them he saw a knight,
th his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
nd about his necke an halter tight,
r for the gallow-tree prepar'd:
was covered, and his head was bar'd,
so he was underneath was to defcry;
h full heavy heart with them he fard;
to the soule, and groning inwardly,
of womens hands so base a death should dy.

XXIII.

like tyrants mercilesse, the more
l at his miserable case,

And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and terms of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did ask what cause brought that man to decay?
They round about him gan to swarm space,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous af-
say.

XXIV.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe, deceived their intent;
Yet though himselfe did shame on womankind,
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardiment;
Who with few fowces of his yron sle
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vain prowesse turned to their proper
bale:

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit;
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more than losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom some as he beheld he knew, and thus be-
hight;

XXVI.

"Sir Turpine! haplesse man! what make you
"here?
"Or have you lost yourselve and your discretion,
"That ever in this wretched case ye were?
"Or have ye yeccided you to proude oppression
"Of womens powre, that boast of mens sub-
"jection?
"Or else what other deadly difmal day
"Is false on you by Heaven's hard direction,
"That ye were runne so fondly far astray
"As for to lead yourselve unto your owne de-
"cay?"

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame and partly with difmay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; "Most haplesse well ye may
"Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
"And made the forme of knighthood this fame
"day;
"But who can scape what his own Fate hath
"wrought?
"The worke of Heaven's will surpasseth humane
"thought."

XXVIII.

"Right true; but fainly men use oftentimes
"To attribute their folly unto Fate,
"And lay on Heaven the guilt of their owne
"crime."

But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amaze
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?"

U ij

"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know
 "my shame,
 "And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
 "I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 "In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my
 "blame.

XXX.

"Being desirous (as all knights are wont)
 "Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
 "And after fame and honour fer to hunt,
 "I heard report, that farre abroad did fly,
 "That a proud Amazon did late defy
 "All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 "And unto them wrought all the villany
 "That she could forge in her malicious head,
 "Which some hath put to shame, and many done
 "be dead.

XXXI.

"The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
 "Is for the sake of Belldant the Bold,
 "To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
 "And wooed him by all the waies she could;
 "But when she saw at last that he ne would
 "For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
 "She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
 "And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
 "Which she could doe to knights, which now she
 "doth fulfill.

XXXII.

"For all those knights, the which by force or
 "guile
 "She doth falsdoo, the fowly doth entreate;
 "First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
 "And cloth in womens weedes, and then with
 "threat
 "Doth them compell to worke to earne their
 "meat,
 "To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
 "Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
 "But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 "Them to disabill from revenge adventuring.

XXXIII.

"But if through stout diddaine of manly mind
 "Any her proud observance will withstand,
 "Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 "She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand,
 "In which condition I right now did stand;
 "For being overcome by her in fight,
 "And put to that base service of her band,
 "I rather chose die in live's despight,
 "Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a
 "knight."

XXXIV.

"How hight that Amazoni," sayd Artegall,
 "And where and how far hence does she abide?"
 "Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
 "A princeesse of great powre and greater pride,
 "And Queen of Amazons, in armes well tide
 "And sundry battels which she had achieved
 "With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
 "And made her famous more than is believed,
 "Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it
 "prieved."

XXXIV.

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that
 "To Maidenhead and noble knighthead owe,
 "I will not rest it till I her might doe trie,
 "And venge the shame that she to knights
 "show:

"Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly take
 "This squalid weede, the patterne of despair,
 "And wend with me, that ye may see:
 "know
 "How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
 "And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise
 "would empire."

XXXV.

With that like one that hopelesse was repyv'd
 From Deathees dore at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
 The badges of reproch, he threw away,
 And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
 Unto the dwelling of that Amazone;
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway
 A goodly city and a mighty one,
 The which of her owne name she called had
 gone.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen was
 Descried streight, who all the city warn'd
 How that three warlike persons did appear,
 Of which the one him seem'd a knight all
 And th' other two well likely to have harness
 Estfoones the people all to harness ran,
 And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed;
 Ere long their queene herselfe, arm'd like a
 Came forth into the rout, and them t' any
 gan.

XXXVII.

And now the knights being arrived neare,
 Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
 And at the porter, scorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the town did see
 To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin;
 Which whenas Radigund their coming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did
 She bad that straight the gates should be
 bard,
 And to them way to make with weapons
 prepard.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entraunce to have
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which she
 said,
 And better bad advise, ere they assaid
 Unknownen perill of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
 And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
 And arrowes haill so thicke, that they could
 abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
 Sir Terpin from her direfull doome awake,
 So cruell dole amongst her maides divid,

shame they did on him commit,
 flam'd with furious fit,
 fle at him she flew,
 d-piece him so fiercely smit,
 und him quite she overthrew,
 h the stroke that he no colours

XL.

w him on the ground to grovell,
 um leapt, and in his necke
 e setting, at his head did levell,
 ce her wrath on him to wreake,
 pt, that did her iudgment breake:
 re hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
 tasse of some beast too weake,
 over, and a while doth pause
 iteous beast pleading her pleintiffe

XLI.

Artegall in that distresse
 eld, he left the bloody slaughter
 ram, and ranne to his redresse;
 yling fiercely fresh, he raught her
 stroke, that it of sense distraught

ot it warded warily,
 l her mother of a daughter:
 ll the powre she did apply
 agger oft, and stare with ghastly

XLII.

le, in his kingly pride,
 his wide empire of the aire,
 his brode failcs, by chance hath

hich hath seized for her share
 fowle that should her feast pre-

l force he flies at her bylive,
 souce, which none endure dare,
 quarry he away doth drive,
 r griping pounce the greedy prey
 ive.

XLIII.

he her sence recover'd had,
 wards him herselfe gan dight,
 eful wrath and fdcignfull pride half

l she suffred such despight;
 uld ioyne hand with him to fight,
 naides about her flockt so fast,
 parted them, maugre their might,
 ir troupes did far asunder cast
 he rest the fight did untill evening

XLIV.

hile that mighty yron man
 inge weapon, never wont in warre,
 vext, and courtst, and over-ran,
 heir bowes, and did their shooting

,
 all the many once did darre
 it, nor once approach him nie;

But like a sort of sheepe disperfed farr,
 For dread of their devouring enemy,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him
 fle.

XLV.

But whenas daies faire shine beame yclowded
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
 Warr'd man and beast in quiet rest be throwded;
 Bold Radigund, with sound of trompe on-hight,
 Cau'd all her people to surcease from fight,
 And gathering them unto her cities gate,
 Made them all enter in before her sight,
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrace.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted the Elfin knight,
 Wearie of toile and travail of that day,
 Cau'd his pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the city-gate in open fight,
 Where he himselfe did rest in safety,
 Together with Sir Terpin, all that night;
 But Talus wile in times of ieopardy
 To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
 For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe,
 But tossed in her troublous minde what way.
 She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
 There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
 To try her fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
 As she had seene that day, a disadventerous
 fight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
 Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
 "Goe, Damsell, quickly doe thyselfe addressse
 "To doe the message which I shall expresse:
 "Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
 "Who yesterday drove us to such distresse,
 "Tell that to-morrow I with him will fight,
 "And try in equall field whether hath greater
 "might.

XLIX.

"But these conditions doe to him propound,
 "That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
 "My law, and ever to my love be bound;
 "And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
 "Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
 "Goe freight, and take with thee to witness it
 "Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array;
 "And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
 "And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hun-
 "gry sit."

L.

The damzell freight obayd; and putting all
 In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went;
 Where sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
 Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
 Then 'al us forth issuing from the tent,

U iij

Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
 To wecten what that trumpet's founding ment;
 What's this same damzell lowdly him bespake,
 And shewed that with his lord she would enper-
 lance make.

So he them straight conducted to his lord,
 Who as he would, them goodly well did greete,
 Till they had told their marriage word by word;

Which he accepting well, as he could wote,
 Them fairely entertayned with cur'les meete,
 And gave them gifts and things of deare delight;
 So backe againe they homeward turnd their
 fete;

But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next day
 fight.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdued by guyle;
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarin's wife.

I.
As day forth dawning from the East
Amid curtaine from the heavens with-
draw,
ly calling forth both man and beast,
And ended them their daily workes renew,
ble warriors, mindfull to pursue
daies purpose of their vowed fight;
As thereto prepaerd in order drew;
As he as best was seeming for a knight,
Amazon as best it likt herself to dight.

II.
Amis light of purple silke,
Upon with silver, subtly wrought,
And set upon satin white as milke,
With ribbands diversly distraught,
The workeman had their courtes taught,
As short tucked for light motion;
A ham, but when she list it raught
To her lowest heele, and thereupon
For her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.
Her legs she painted bulkins wore,
With bands of gold on every side,
As betweene, and laced close afore;
A thigh her cemitare was tide
Embroidered belt of mickle pride;
Her shoulder hung her shield bedeckt
With bones that shined wide,
As the moone in her most full aspect,
As moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV.
So forth she came out of the city-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzells that did waite
Upon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shauemes and trumpets, that from
hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight;
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavillion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the
fight.

V.
Then forth came Artégall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lista did enter;
Soone after eke came she with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as having fully bent
her
That battel's utmost trial to adventure.
The lista were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that dan-
gerous doubt.

VI.
The trumpets sounded and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very hearts have rended;
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
U liij

From that first saw himselfe right well defended.
The more the rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foyn'd, she last, she laid on every
side.

VII.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did secrow,
Which sayling, he gan fiercely her pursue:
Like as a smith, that to his cupping feat
The stubborn metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feelles it mollifie with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it
beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steele armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene;
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded,
But he that helpe from her against her will dis-
carded:

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side herselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto danger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray,
With her sharp cemitare at him she flew,
That glancing downe his thigh, the purple blood
forth drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbraid that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well,
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the
plaine.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In senelesse swoune, as if her life forooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke;
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have
raced.

XII.

But whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of Nature's goodly grace
In her faire visage void of ornament,

But bath'd in blood and sweat together meet;
Which in the rudeness of that evill plight
Bewrayed the signes of feature excellent;
Like as the moone in foggie winter's night
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkened in
her light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mart:
No hand so cruell; nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie,
By this upstarting from her swoune, she first
Awhile about her with confused eye,
Like one that from his dreame is waked fastid.

XIV.

Soone as the knight she there by her did see,
Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did see,
And gan renew her former crueltie;
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelless
With huge redoubled strokes she on him lay,
And more increasd her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance
have stayd.

XV.

Like as a puttoke, having spyde in fight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmett for flight
Was lately broken by some fortune ill,
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoops her troubling fill;
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him
straine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but thus the dred desight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyr,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Bears off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield;
Yet would she hearke, ne let him once retyr,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine fill.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeilded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warlesse word
To be her thrall, and service her afford;
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword;
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill
gayned.

XVIII.

Tho' with her sword on him she satling strook,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassal him to thraldome took;
But Terpene, borne to a more unhappy hour,

whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
to be attacht, and forthwith led
rooke, t'abide the balefull stowre
he lately had through reskew fled,
full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX.

they thought on Talus hands to lay,
is yron stalle amongst them thondred,
were fayne to let him scape away,
his companie to be so fondred,
fence all their troops so much encom-
d,
apes of those which he did wound and
rest dismayd, might not be nombred;
t while he would not once assay
his owne lord, but thought it iust
ay.

XX.

e the Amazon this noble knight,
will by his owne wilfull blame,
d him to be disarmed quight
ornaments of knightly name,
h whilome he gotten had great fame;
ereof she made him to be dight
weedes, that is to manhood shame,
efore his lap an apron white,
curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI.

lad, she brought him from the field,
re had bene trayned many a day,
g large chamber, which was field
iments of many knights decay,
dedwed in victorious fray;
the which she causd his warlike armes
on high, that mote his shame bewray,
his sword for feare of further harmes,
ich he went to stirre up battailous
rmes.

XXII.

red in, he round about him saw
ve knights, whose names right well he
cw,
ind t'obay that Amazon's proud law,
and carding all in comely rew,
igge hart loth'd fo uncomely vew:
were forst through penurie and pyne
ose workes to them appointed dew;
it was given them to sup or dyne,
their hands could earne by twisting
men twyne.

XXIII.

them all she placed him most low,
s hand a distaffe to him gave,
hereon should spin both flax and tow;
office for a mind so brave:
is to be a woman's slave!
tooke in his owne selves despight,
to did himselfe right well behave
ay, sith he his faith had plight
l to become if she him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

him seene imagine mote thereby
lome hath of Hercules bene told,

How for Iolas' sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His lyon's skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse
toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band
With which wife Nature did them strongly bynd
T'obay the heasts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wisely understand
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the Heavens them list to lawfull sove-
raintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subiection,
However it his noble heart did gall
T'obay a woman's tyrannous direction
That might have had of life or death election;
But having chofen, now he might not change.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue strange.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night;
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassal of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord:
So great her pride, that the such basenesse much
abhorrd.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke
hart,
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart
And wyder made the wound of th' hiddeu dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoup, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeyfance of Love's mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her
paine.

XXIX.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest bandmayd, whom she most did
trust,
And to her sayd, " Clarinda, whom of all
" I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first,
" Now is the time that I untimely must
" Thereof make tryall in my greatek need:
" It is so hapned that the Heavens uniuult,
" Spithing my happie freedome, have agreed
" To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to
" breed."

xxx.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning
flashed.

Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose;
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
"This grieues deepe wound I would to thee
disclose,

"Thereto compelled through hart-murding
paine,

"But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still
restrain."

xxxii.

"Ah, my deare Dread!" said then the fearefull
mayd,

"Canst dread of ought your dreadlesse hart with-
hold,

"That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even Despayres most deadfull face
behold?

"Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmaid's life at your foot
lie?"

Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladis,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it
denie.

xxxiii.

"Clarinda," sayd she, "thou seekst yond Fayry
knight,

"Whom not my valour, but his owne brave
mind

"Subiected hath to my unequall might;
What right is it that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so as bound to mee he may continue still:

xxxiiii.

"Bound unto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and straight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malicious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well
apay.

xxxv.

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant
bee,

"And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
Wish which thou canst even love himselfe to
love entice."

xxxvi.

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some hart's content;
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin knights, her ladies best beloved;
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-whipe of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glancing words one day she to
him proved:

xxxvii.

"Unhappy Knight! upon whose hopelessse fate
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell Heavens have heaped an heavy fate,
I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drownd
In sad despaire, and all thy fences swownd
In stupid sorrow, sith thy iust merite
Might else have with felicitie bene crownd;
Looks up at last, and wake thy dulled sight
To thinke how this long death thou might
disinherit."

xxxviii.

Much did he marvell at her uncomly speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive,
And gan to doubt least she him sought to appeare
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weare,
Through which she might his wretched life
reave;

Both which to harze he with this answer
her;

"Faire Damzell! that with ruth, as I perceive,
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can, but not yet
deter.

xxxix.

"Yet weest ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseming well to beare
The storme of Fortune's frowne or Heavens
threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance dew
Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare;
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despayre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

xl.

"But what so stonie mind," she then replyde,
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a window open wyde,
And to his fortune's helpe make readie way,
Unworthy sure," quoth he, "of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursue, if he attaine it may."
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shewd:

xli.

"Then why dost not, thou ill-advised man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire intreacie can
Move Radigund? who though she still hath
worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weest thou) was
borne

d tygres, nor so salvage mynded,
all love of men she scorned,
but that she of men was kynded ;
oft seene that proudest harts base
hath blysed."

XLI.

inda, not of cancred will,"
obstinate disdainfull mynd,
re this ductie to fulfill ;
say this weene, by that I fynd,
weene, and come of princely kynd,
is for to be fewd unto,
him whose life her law doth bynd,
powre her owne doome to undo,
incely grace to be inclyn'd thereto :

XLII.

meane hath bene mine onely let
z favour where it doth abound,
right by your good office get,
should rest for ever bound,
deserve what grace I found."
thus bite upon the bayt,
his hold was but unfound,
stened, would not strike him strayt,
on with hope, sit leisure to awayt.

XLIII.

yd : whyles heelleffe of the hookc,
was beating off and on,
rie footing fell into the brooke,
caught to her confusion ;
is to false the Amazon,
was with her deceipt's own dart,
eforth to cast affection,
in her beguiled hart,
rough pittie of his causelesse smart.

XLIV.

ot disclose her fancies wound,
for doubt of being fdayned,
other wight on ground,
mistresse should have knowledge

it secretly retayned
et of her covert brest ;
by her tender hart was payned :
t time she weened best,
d dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

XLV.

lie, calling her apart,
of her some tydings good,
ove's successe, her lingring smart ;
gan at first to change her mood,
and halfe confused stood ;
it overpast, so soone
had wypt to fresh her blood ;
ll her all that she had donne,
yes she fought his love for to have

XLVI.

ie was obstinate and sterne,
h- and conditions vaine,
ught with any termes to lerne
as to lo- againe ;
ld he in pen-ous paine,
ed dayes in dolo- wast,

Then his foe's love or liking entertaine ;
His resolution was both firm and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lid's fall ;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she theretofore would him ere long forsake ;
Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan
entreat :

XLVIII.

" What now is left, Clarinda ? what remains,
" That we may compasse this our enterprize ?
" Great shame to lose so long employed paine,
" And greater shame t' abide so great surprize ;
" With which he dares our offers thus despise ;
" Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
" And more my gracious mercie by this wise,
" I will a while with his first folly bære
" Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him
" more neare.

XLIX.

" Say and do all that may thereto prevaile ;
" Leave nought unpromist that may him per-
" swade,
" Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
" With which the gods themselves are mylder
" made :
" Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
" The art of mightie words, that men can charme ;
" With which in case thou canst him not invade,
" Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavy arme :
" Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made
" stoupe with harme.

L.

" Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
" For I him find to be too proudly fed :
" Give him more labour, and with freighter
" law,
" That he with worke may be forwaried :
" Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
" That may pull downe the courage of his pride ;
" And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
" Cold yron chains, with which let him be tide ;
" And let whatever he desires be him denide.

LI.

" When thou hast all this doen, then bring me
" newes
" Of his demeaner ; thenceforth not like a lover,
" But like a rebell stout I will him use ;
" For I resolve this siege not to give over
" Till I the conquest of my will recover."
So she departed full of grieve and fdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her ;
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall re-
maine.

LII.

There all her subtil nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display

In which she ment him warelesse to unfold,
 And of his innocence to make her pray:
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
 That both her ladie and herselfe withall,
 And eke the knight, attonce she did betray;
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurse, which sayping to receive
 In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
 Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
 The infant, so for want of nourture spoyle;
 Even so Charinda her owne dame begayld,
 And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde
 To feeding of her private fire, which beyld
 Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
 The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

LIV.

For coming to this knight, the purpose sayned,
 How earnest suit she carl for him had made
 Unto her queene, his freedom to have gayned,
 But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
 But that instead thereof she sternely bade
 His miserie to be augmented more,
 And many yron bands on him to lade:
 All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
 So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LV.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
 In case she might finde favour in his eye,

Devise how to enlarge him out of hould.
 The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
 Gan yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,
 And with fayre words, fit for the time and place,
 To feede the humour of her maladie,
 Promist, if she would free him from that case,
 He wold by all good meanes he might deserve his
 grace.

LVI.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
 Yet never meant he in his noble mind
 To his owne absent love to be untrew;
 Ne ever did deceptfull Clarin find
 In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
 But rather how she mote him faster tye;
 Therefore unto hir mistresse, most unkind,
 She daily told her love he did defye;
 And him she told her dame his freedom to
 denye.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shew,
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
 And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow
 Yet to her dame him still she discouraged,
 That she with him mote be the more offended.
 Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned
 Of both beloved well, but little friended,
 Untill his own true love his freedom gayned,
 Which in another Canto will be best contayned.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegall's mishap;
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I.

When I wote, will deeme in Artegall
To take, and report of him much ill,
That he himselfe a wretched thrall
To insolent command of womens will,
His former praise doth fowly spill;
The man that say or doe so dare,
I adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For yet was wight so well aware,
That at first or last was trapt in womens
Snare.

II.

The strenghtness of that captive state,
The knight himselfe so well behaved,
Withstanding all the subtil bait
Which those Amazons his love still craved,
Whene love his loialtie he saved,
His character in th' adamantin mould
To be hart so firmly was engraved,
That new love's impression ever could
It thence; such blot his honour blemish
Should.

III.

Whene love, the noble Britomart,
Was conceived in her iealous thought,
The sad tydings of his balefull smart,
Whene his bondage Talus to her brought;
In untimely Houre, ere it was fought:
That the utmost date allynde
Whene she waited hard for nought,
To cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
And feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to
Lynde.

IV.

Sometime she feared lest some hard mishap
Had him misfaine in his adventurous quest;
Sometime lest his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Lest some new love had him from her possess;
Yet loth she was since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not forbear.

V.

One while she blam'd herselfe, another whye
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew;
And then her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres but dayes; for weekes that passed were
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more
few;
Yet when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth
a yeare.

VI.

But whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne
As her own selfe, to ease herselfe of doubt.
Now she devis'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight;
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did
spight.

VII.

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened well,
Towards which coast her love his way adrest;
There looking forth, she in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest.
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then
wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

VIII.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One coming towards her with hasty speede;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede:
Who when he nigh approacht, she mote arede:
That it was Talus, Artegal his groomer;
Whereat her hart was fid with hope and drede:
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to know his tidings
somme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun;
"And where is he thy lord? and how far hence?"
"Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?"
The yron man, albe he wanted fence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stud still mute as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it
spake.

X.

Till she againe thus sayd; "Talus, be bold,
"And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
"That from thy tongue thy heart's intent doth
"hold."

To whom he thus at length; "The tidings sad,
"That I would hide, will needs I see be rad,
"My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
"In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
"Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
"And is he vanquish't by his tyrant enemy?"

XI.

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe,
"But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
"That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
"Cease thou, bad newes-man; badly dost thou
"hide
"Thy maister's shame, in harlots bondage tide;
"The rest myselfe too readily can spell."
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew,
And him to touch with falshood's fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrow.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rewe
For yielding to a stranger's love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;

4

And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last;
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt and chaunft; awhile she threw
Herselfe upon her bed, and did lament;
Yet did she not lament with lowde alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighs and
gulfes few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleep
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weep,
Ne can be stild for all his nurse's might,
But kicks and squala, and shriekes, for full
pight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks minding
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing
Such was this ladies fit in her love's fond
cuing.

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herselfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine,
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of Artegal's detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he
wo'd?

XVI.

"Ah! wel'away!" sayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo,
"But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wun,
"Nor by strong hand compelled thereunto,
"But his owne doome, that none can now undo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth she, "ere-while might
"That this is thinge compucke betwixt you tw,
"Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
"Since that he was not surd, nor overcome
"fight?"

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late;
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe extort;
Ne would abide till she had answer made;
But streight herselfe did dight, and armour don,
And mounting to her steede, bad Talus guide
her on.

XVIII.

So forth she rode upon her ready way
To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide,
Sadly she rode, and never word did say,

nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
right downe, and in her thought did
le
fe of her heart, right fully bent
vengeance of that woman's pride
l her lord in her base prison pent,
eat honour with so fowle reproch had
nt.

XIX.
hus melancholicke did ride,
he ead of griefe and inward paine,
It to meeete, toward the even-tide,
hat softly paced on the plaine,
lfe to solace he were faine :
in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
hen needlesse trouble to constraîne,
view of that his vestiment,
modest semblant, that no evill ment.

XX.
ng neare gan gently her salute
ous words, in the most comely wise ;
zh desirous rather to rest mute,
ies to entertaine of common guise,
then the kindnesse would despise,
herselfe displeas'd so him requite.
the other further to devise
brode, as next to hand did light,
things demaund, to which she answer'd
at :

XXI.
ust had she to talke of ought,
o heare that mote delightfull bee ;
: was whole possess'd of one thought,
: none other place : which when as

d signes (as well he might) did see,
lenger to use lothfull speech,
ought to take it well in gree,
dampe had dimd the heaven's reach,
with him that night, unles good cause
peach.

XXII.
pionesse, now seeing night at dore,
to yeeld unto his good request,
him went without gaine-saying more.
away, but little wide by west,
ng was, to which he him adress ;
ne arriving, they received were
wife, as them beficemed best ;
ir host them goodly well did cheare,
of pleasant things, the night away to
are.

XXIII.
ng th' evening well, till time of rest
-mart unto a bowre was brought.
omes awayted her to have undrest ;
would undressed be for ought,
her armes, though he her much be-
ght ;
l vow'd, she say'd, not to forgo
like weedes till the revenge had wrought
rong upon a mortall foe,
would sure performe, betide her wele
wo.

XXIV.
Which when her host perceiv'd, right discoment .
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment ;
Yet taking leave of her he did depart ;
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe griev'd,
Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved ;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she straight re-
prieved.

XXV.
" Ye guilty eyes," said she, " the which with
" gayle
" My heart at first betrayed, will ye betray
" My life now too, for which a little whyle
" Ye will not watch ? false watchmen, wellaway !
" I wote when ye did watch both night and day
" Unto your looke ; and now weedes will ye sleepe ?
" Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
" Now will ye sleepe ? ah ! wake, and rather
" weepe
" To thinke of your night's want, that should yee
" waking keepe."

XXVI.
Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease ;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry change her seemed best to case.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to cease
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great discase,
Like to a spaniel wayting carefully,
Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

XXVII.
What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell e'each sleepe wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall ;
All fofainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roomie, and by and by
The loft was rais'd againe, that no man could
aspic.

XXVIII.
With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment ;
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men, coming with close intent
Towards her chamber ; at which dreadfull sound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about
her bound.

XXIX.
With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight ;
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight ;

They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

xxx.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like sca'tred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

xxxii.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t'abide the daies returnir-
She there remain'd, but with right war,
Least any more such practice should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

xxxiii.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtyll wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesf honour, by that warlike kinde
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with flie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacher-
rous.

xxxiiii.

He had three sonnes, all three like father's sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wones;
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had devis'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred
hate.

xxxv.

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,
And therefore meant him surely to have slaine;
But by God's grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from that traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

xxxvi.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yflew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'avenge that villany
On that wilde man and all his family;
And comming down to seeke them where they
wound,

Nor fire, nor sonnes, nor any could the spie;
Each rowme she fought, but them all emper-
fond;
They all were fled for feare, but whether nethe
kond.

xxxvii.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her fleed, and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight;
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall o'er
the lidge.

xxxviii.

they did thinke themselves on her to
wreake,

Who as the nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recreant false Traytor! that with lone
"Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art
"none,
"No more shall now the darknesse of the night
"Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
"But with thy blood thou shalt appeake us
"spright
"Of Guizor, by thee slaine, and murdered by thy
"flight."

xxxix.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared;
But she thereat was wreth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glar-
red,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a silver center sparkles
bright.

xl.

She stay'd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midde of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increas'd,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridge's further end she past,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast;
The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly lafe.

xli.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appears in sight,
The engin fiercely flying forth doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the air
doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare;
So did the championesse those two there frow,
And to their fire their carcasses left to beflow.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis church,
Where she strange visions sees;
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.
There is on earth more sacred or divine,
Which men and men doe equally adore,
Which is the same vertue that doth right define;
Which heavens themselves, whence mortal men
Explore their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Which is true love, who doth true iustice deale
Which is superior gods, and evermore
Which contains his heavenly common-weale;
Whereof to princes hearts he doth recalc.

II.
Therefore did the antique world invent,
Which Isis was a god of soveraine grace,
Which was sent unto him and temples lent,
Which was heavenly honours in the highest place,
Which was him great Osyris, of the race
Which was the Egyptian kings that whylome were,
Which was the shadings of a true case,
Which was Osyris, whilest he lived here,
Which was the first man alive and truest did appeare.

III.
Which was Isis, whom they likewise made
Which was the esse of great powre and soverainty,
Which was her person cunningly did shade
Which was the true of iustice which is equity,
Which was that I have to treat here presently;
Which was those temple whenas Britomart
Which was shee with great humility
Which was that in, ne would that night depart;
Which was that is mote not be admitted to her part.
.. II,

IV.
There she received was in goodly wise
Of many priests, which duly did attend
Upon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,
And on their heads, with long locks comly kemd,
They wore rich mitres, shaped like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend,
Likeas Osyris signifies the sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

V.
The championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led,
Whose goodly building when she did behold
Borne upon stately pillours, all dispreed
With shining gold, and arched over head,
She wondred at the workman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red,
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VI.
Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twae;
Upon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divine;
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foot was set upon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force; and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe upon the land
She did prostrate, and with ri. her humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence defining;
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of love forsooke;
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altar's side herselfe to slumber plaste.

IX.

For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother Earth's deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides upon the cold hard stone,
T'ensure themselves to sufferance thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify;
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshy food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud con-
taine,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine;
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did
rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them
swell:

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within Reason's rule her madding mood con-
taine.

XII.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night,
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight;
Where whiles her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly sight
A wondrous vision, which did close implic
The course of all her fortune and posteritie,

XIII.

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole, after those priestes guise;
All sodainly she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mirre to a crowne of gold,
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a change, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and icwels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midst of her felicity
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainly,
Tha from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground, which kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in icopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idol's feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre,
And gaping greedy wide, did straight devoure
Both flames and tempest; with which growe
great,
And swolne with pride of his owne pceresse
powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe
did beat.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleesse mecke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she loone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all o her beasts subdew:
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncom
sight.

XVII.

So thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts seeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifed in the porch of heaven hic;
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas,
Whom she saluting faire, faire re-saluted was.

XVIII.

But by the change of her unchearefull looke
They might perceive she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she trooke;
Therefore bus one of them who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake; "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
" That thorough evill rest of this last night,
" Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be; [see."
" That by your change of cheare is cause for to

XX.

She, "sith ye so well have spide
 as passion of my pensive mind,
 eke the same from you to hide,
 cares unfold, in hope to find
 guide me out of errour blind."
 Oth he, "the secret of your hart;
 holy vow which me doth bind,
 I best counsell to impart
 shall require my comfort in their
 t."

XXI.

to declare the whole discourse
 on which to her appeared,
 her minde it had recourse:
 on he unto the end had heard,
 ke faint-hearted man he fared
 : astonishment of that strange sight,
 ; locks up-standing stiffly, flared
 red with some dreadfull spright;
 :avenly fury thus he her behight;

XXI.

Virgin! that in quiet disguise
 rmes doest maske thy royall blood,
 a perillous emprise,
 t thou weene through that disguised

state from being understood?
 h' immortal gods ought hidden bee?
 y lineage, and thy lordly brood,
 hy fire lamenting sore for thee,
 hy love forlorne in womens shra-
 ce fec.

XXII.

ereof, and all the long event,
 o thee in this same dreame discover;
 me crocodile doth represent
 us knight that is thy faithfull lover,
 tris in all iust endeavor;
 ne crocodile Otyris is,
 'His' feete doth sleepe for ever;
 at clemence oft' in things amis
 hose sterne behaits and cruell doomes
 us.

XXIII.

t shall all the troublous stormes af-
 ge,
 ; flames, that many foes shall reare
 thee from the iust heritage
 :s crowne, and from thy countrey
 e;
 thou take him to thy loved fere,
 in equall portion of thy realme;
 ards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 ike shall shew his powre extreame.
 ce God, and give thee ioyance of thy
 tunc."

XXIV.

en she unto the end had heard,
 s eafed in her troublous thought,
 priests bestowed rich reward,
 its, of gold and silver wrought,
 sent to their goddesse brought:
 leave of them, she forward went

To seeke her love, where he was to be fought,
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
 Not with amaze as women wonted bee,
 She was confused in her troublous thought,
 But filld with courage and with ioyous glee,
 As glad to heare of armes; the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bad to open hold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see;
 But when they of that yron man had told,
 Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
 forth to hold.

XXVI.

So therewithout the gate, as seemed best,
 She caused her pavilion be pitcht,
 In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
 Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night,
 All night likewise they of the towne in fright
 Upon their wall good watch and ward did
 keepe;

The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
 Bad doe away the damps of drouzie sleepe,
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

XXVII.

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warne her foe to battell soone be prest,
 Who long before awoke (for she full ill
 Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet breast
 Did closely harbour such a lealous guest)
 Was to the battell whylome ready dight.
 Effronces that warriorresse with haughty crest
 Did forth issue, all ready for the fight;
 On th' other side her foe appeared foene in fight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she used still to tye her sone
 To serve her so, as she the rest had bound;
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdain of such indignity,
 And would no lenger treat, but bad them found;
 For her no other termes should ever tie
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets sound, and they together ran
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
 Ne either fought the other's strokes to shun,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,
 And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
 Their daintie parts, which Nature had created
 So faire and tender, without stain or spot,
 For other uses then they them translated,
 Which they now hackt and hewd, as if such use
 they hated.

XXX.

As when a tygre and a lionesse
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
 Both challenge it with equall greedinesse,
 But first the tygre claws thereon did lay,
 And therefore loth to lose her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stonde;
 To which the lion strongly doth gaine say,

X ij

That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hand,
And therefore ought it have whereever she it found.

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully fore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And then repaide again with double more.
So long they fought that all the grassie flore
Was filld with bloud, which from their sides did

flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did

stroy,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should
grow.

XXXII.

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage nere,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said; " This token beare
" Unto the man whom thou dost love so deare,
" And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; " Lewdly thou my love de-
" pravest,
" Who shortly must repent that now so vainely
" bravest."

XXXIII.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it hit
Unto the bone, and made a grisly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold, yet soone she it requit;
For having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the
plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her love's distresse
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft;
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one, of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left:

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may
empesch.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengfull vow she did professe,

Yet when she saw the brapes which he did make
Of slaughtered carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake;
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of spirite would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd,
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire;
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanlike attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery midlight.

XXXVIII.

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abast with secrete shame,
She turn'd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so sad,
And then too well believ'd that which taken
Jealous suspect as true unruly drad;
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no man,
She fought with ruth to save his sad misdeeds
fore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chaste Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported dead,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heeres;
But stood long staring on him mough uncomely
feares.

XL.

" Ah! my deare Lord! what sight is this?" quoth
she,
" What May-game hath Misfortune made of you?
" Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where
" Those mighty palmes, the which ye wold
" embrew
" In bloud of kings, and great boastes to subdue
" Could ought on earth, so wondrous change have
" wrought,
" As to have robde you of that manly hue?
" Could so great courage stouped have to nought?
" Then farewell fleshy force, I see thy power
" nought."

XLI.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought
And cauld him those uncomely weedes unright,
And in their steede for other rayment sought
Whereof there was great store, and armour bright,
Which had bene rest from many a noble knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdued had,
Whilest Fortune favoured her successe in fight,
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his fresh
glad.

XLII.

there awhile they afterwards remained,
 to refresh, and her late wounds to heale;
 King which space she there as princes rained;
 and changing all that forme of common-weale,
 the liberty of women did repeale,
 which they had long usurpt, and them restoring
 men's subiection, did true iustice deale;
 at all they as a goddesse her adoring,
 her wisdom did admire, and bearkned to her
 loving;

XLIII.

all those knights, which long in captive shade
 shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
 magistrates of all that city made,
 gave to them great living and large see;
 that they should for ever faithfull bee,
 le them sweare fealty to Artégall;
 when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
 purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
 on his first adventure; which him forth did
 call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
 For his departure, her new cause of grieffe;
 Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
 Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
 Consisted much in that adventure's price,
 The care whereof, and hope of his successfe,
 Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
 That womanish complaints she did repressfe,
 And tempered for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
 Till through his want her woe did more increase;
 Then hoping that the change of aire and place
 Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat
 ease,
 She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
 Meane while her noble lord, Sir Artégall,
 Went on his way, ne ever howre did cease,
 Till he redeemed had that lady thrall;
 That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan; drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

I.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repressse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawing with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his leman's traine;
So also did that great Oetean knight
For his love's sake his lion's skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's fight:
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world
reicct.

III.

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane,
But left his love (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomart, in languor and unrest,
And rode himselte uppon his first intent;
Ne day or night did ever idly rest,
Ne wight but only Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous govern-
ment.

IV.

So travelling, he chauntt far off to heed
A damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercel chace,
In hope to have her overhent at last;
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent,
And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

V.

Soone after this he saw another knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might;
So ran they all as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace:
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
Howe'er loth he were his way to flake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and sniwen
make.

VI.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearfull mayd,
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for nought her speede passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her flie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did flie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy;
Who seeing her approach, gan forward set
To save her from her fear, and him from force to
let.

vii.

nd full greedy of his pray,
of impediment,
is course, and by the way
his feare him quight have over-

ylike felly bent,
t; but Artegail was stronger,
in tilt and turnament,
nite out of his saddle, lenger
s length; so mischief overmatch
ger :

viii.

isfortune him mistooke,
unhappily he pight,
aight his necke afunder broke,
dead: meane while the other

other saytor quight,
ls in his body brast;
ere in that distiteous plight,
hinking to follow fast
pagan, which before him past.

ix.

finding there ready prest
hout discretion
ith ready speare in rest;
come still so fiercely on,
e againe; so both anon
id strongly either strooke,
speares; yet neither has forgon
; yet to a d fro long sh:oke,
: two towres which through a
uoke.

x.

they had recovered sence,
swords, in mind to make amends
: are had sayld of their petence;
damzell, who thole deadly ends
had seene, and now her friends
g a more fearefull fray,
es in hast, and her haire rends,
heir cruell hands to stay,
to heare what she to them will say.

xi.

r hands, when she thus gan to
ights, what meane ye thus unwise
es another's wrong to wreake?
g'd, whom ye did enterprize
e, and both redrest likewise;
aynius both, wh-m ye may see
ground: what do ye then devise
ge? if more, then I am shee
ie roote of ail; end your revenge

xii.

y heard so say, they lookt about,
ere true as she had told;
y law their foes dead out of doubt,
in their wrathfull hands to hold,
ire, each other to behold:
egall did Arthure vew,
e, and so wondrous bold,

5

He much admired both his hart and hew,
And, touched with iniure affection, nigh him
drew;

xiii.

Saying, " Sir knight, of pardon I you pray,
" That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus fore,
" Suffring my hand against my hart to stray;
" Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
" Yield for amends my selfe your' evermore,
" Or whatso penaunce shall be by you red."
To whom the prince; " Certes me needeth more,
" To crave the same, whom error so misled,
" As that I did mistake the living for the ded:

xiv.

" But sith ye please that both our blames shall die
" Amends may for the trespass soone be made,
" Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So can they both themselves full each perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either other's cause to maintaine mutually.

xv.

Then Artegail gan of the prince enquire
What were those knights which there on ground
were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chafed so that mayd?
" Certes I wote not well," the prince then sayd,
" But by adventure found them saying so,
" As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
" And lo the damzell seise, whence all did grow,
" Of whom we may at will the whole occasion
" know."

xvi.

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And asked her what were those two her sone,
From whom she erst so fast away did flie;
And what was she herselfe, so woe begonne,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone?
To whom she thus: " Then wote ye well that I
" Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth
wone,
" A princeesse of great powre and maiestie,
" Famous through all the world, and honor'd far
" and me:

xvii.

" Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
" That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
" For her great boun y knowen over all
" And soveraine grace, with which her royall
" crowne
" She doth support, and strongly beateh downe
" The malice of her foes which her envy,
" And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
" Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
" And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

xviii.

" Mongst many which maligne her happie state,
" There is a mighty man, which wonnes herby,
" That with most fell despight and deadly hate
" Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
" And all his powre doth thenceunto apply;

X iij

And her good knights (of which so brave a band,

Serves her as any princeesse under sky)

He either spoiles, if they against him stand,

Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill

Which he unto her people does each day,

But that he seekes by trayterous traines to spill

Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay;

That, O ye Heavens! defend, and turne away

From her unto the miscreant himselfe,

That neither hath religion nor fay,

But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,

And idoles serves; so let his idoles serve the else.

XX.

To all which cruell tyranny, they say,

He is provokt, and stir'd up day and night

By his bad wife, that hight Adicia,

Who counsels him, through confidence of night,

To breake all bonds of law and rules of right;

For she herselfe professeth mortall foe

To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,

Working to all that love her deadly woe,

And making all her knights and people to doe

so.

XXI.

Which my liege lady seeing, thought it best

With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,

For stint of strife and stablishment of rest

Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,

And all forepast displeasures to repeale;

So me in message unto her she sent,

To treat with her by way of enterdeale

Of finall peace and faire attonement,

Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

XXII.

All times have wont safe passage to afford

To messengers that come for causes iust;

But this proud dame disdayning all accord,

Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,

Reviling me, and rayling as she lust,

But, lastly, to make proove of utmost shame,

Me like a dog she out of doores did thrust,

Miscalling me by many a bitter name,

That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII.

And, lastly, that no shame might wanting be,

When I was gone, soone after me she sent

These two false knights, whom there ye lying

see,

To be by them dishonoured and shent;

But thank be God, and your good hardiment,

They have the price of their owne folly payd."

So sayd this damzell, that hight Samient,

And to those knights for their so noble ayd

Herselfe most gratefull shewd, and heaped thanks repayd.

XXIV.

But they now having thoroughly heard and scene

All those great wrongs the which that mayd complaind

To have bene done against her lady queene

By that proud dame, which her so much displaynd;

Were moved much therat, and twist them fained,
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And upon all those knights that did to her be-
long.

XXV.

But thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their desaigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twist themselves devise;
First that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two knights which dead ther
lay,

And then that damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convey
Unto the Souldan's court, her to present
Unto his scornfull lady, that for her had sent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquish't thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldan's right;
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She wועud streight it was her paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchast pray,
And sent to him a page that mote direct his way:

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offerd his service to disarm the knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the prince arriv'd there,
And sending to the Souldan in dispyght
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan, all with farie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blisphemiously,
Commanded streight his armour to be brought,
And mounting streight upon a charret hye,
With yron wheelcs and hookcs arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtered had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did
spread.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with blondie rust; whiles on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well bescene,
That shone as bright as doth the Heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his page's part, as he had bene
Before directed by his lord, to th' end
He should his stalle to finall execution bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their gearc
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheer
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement;

ave prince for honour and for right,
ious powre and lawlesse regiment,
ake of wronged weake did fight:
his cause's truth he trusted then in
ght.

XXXI.

e Thracian tyrant, who they say
orses gave his guests for meat,
nselfe was made their greedie pray,
in pieces by Alcides great;
t the Souldan, in his follies threat,
prince in peeces to have torne
harpe wheelcs in his firſt rage's heat,
his fierce horses feet have borne,
pled downe in dust his thoughts disdaind
me.

XXXII.

id child that perill well espying,
shly to his charret drew,
unto his horses speedie flying,
refittlesse rigour did eschew;
passed by, the pagan threw
g dart with so impetuous force,
he net it shun'd with heedfull vew,
selfe transfix'd or his horse,
them both one masse withouten more
nerſe.

XXXIII.

the prince unto his charret nigh
me stroke to fasten on him neare,
s mounted in his seat so high,
ring-footed courſers him did beare
ay, that ere his readie speare
advancke, he sawe was gon and past;
e him did fellow every where,
ved was of him likewise full fast,
in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV.

pagan throw another dart,
he had with him abundant store
ſide of his embattel'd cart,
other weapons lesse or more,
ſlike uſes had devin'd of yore;
d shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
ad ſpirit that it so miſchiefe bore,
ſill through his curat it did glyde,
a grieſly wound in his enrivens ſide.

XXXV.

he grieved with that haplesſe throe,
ed had the wellspring of his blood,
the more that to his hatefull foe
ot come to wreake his wrathfull mood;
e him rave, like to a lyon wood,
ng wounded of the huntſman's hand,
me neare him in the covert wood,
with boughs hath built his shady stand,
himſelfe about with many a flaming
nd.

XXXVI.

he ſought t'approch unto him ny,
t wheelcs about him whirled round,
him backe again as fast to fly;
is steedes, like to an hungry hound
ing after game hath carrion found,

So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſeed, all were he much renownd
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durſt not endure their fight, but fled from place
to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traſt and travell to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make ſome breach,
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might unto him reach,
Where by his ſtrengthes affay he might him
teach:

At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The vails, which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his hostes vew,
As they upon him preſt, it plaines to them did
ſhew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightning flaſh that both the gazer burn'd,
So did the fight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe upon themſelves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away;
Ne could the Souldan them from flying ſtay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew;
Nought feared they what he could do or ſay,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like maſed deer diſmayfully they
ſlew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly, ſo thum their ſeeto could beare,
High over hills and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the pagan beates, and ſweares, and
rayles;
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The reſly raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought
awayles;

They heare him ſee, they have forgot his love,
But go which way they liſt; their guide they have
loſtore.

XL.

As when the fire-mouthed ſeedes, which drew
The funnes bright wayne to Phaeton's decay,
Soone ſo they did the monſtrous Scorpion vew,
With ugly crables crawling in their way,
The dreadfull fight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well-knownen courſes they forſweat,
And leading th' ever burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firm-
ment.

XLI.

Such was the ſerie of theſe head-ſtrung ſeedes,
Soone as the infant's ſunlike ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcorn'd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines, they
did draw

The yron charret, and the wheelcs did teare,
And toſt the paynim without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying
heare.

XLII.

Yet still the prince purfew'd him close behind;
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind:
 At last they have all overthrowne to ground
 Quite topside turvey, and the pagan hound
 Amongst the yron hookes and grapes keene
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
 That no whle piece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the
 greene.

XLIII.

Like as the cursed sonne of Theseus,
 That following his chace in dewy morne;
 To fly his stepdame's love outrageous,
 Of his own steedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorne,
 That for his sake Diana did lament,
 And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne;
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

XLIV.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to brask and
 broken,
 He up did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remaine for an eternall token
 To all, mongt whom this storie should be spo-
 ken,

How worthily by Heaven's high decrees
 Justice that day of Wrong herselfe had wroken,
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree before the tyrant's dore
 He caused them be hung in all men's sight,
 To be a monument for evermore:
 Which when his ladie from the castle's hight
 Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright;
 Yet not as women wont, in dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,
 But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
 And gan estfoones devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
 To wreake her on that mayden messengere
 Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
 By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
 That brought her backe; and coming present
 there,

She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husband's murdered infant out
 Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
 Her brother's bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother mongt the roas
 Of Bacchus' priest: her owne deare flesh did te
 Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
 Nor all the Mynades so furious were,
 As this bold woman when she saw that dan
 there.

XLVIII.

But Artegall being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruel hand ere she her raught,
 And as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
 With that, like one enscelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did rove whether her rage her bore,
 With franticke passion and with furie fraught,
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolour to d
 plore.

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, whereas the franticke fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wit
 On man and beast that commeth in her path:
 There they doe say that she transformed was
 Into a tigre, and that tigris scath
 In cruelty and outrage she did pas,
 To prove her surname true, that she imposel
 L.

Then Artegall himselfe discovering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
 Of Knights and armed men, which did ma
 taine

That ladies part, and to the Souldan lost;
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of rout,
 And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with cowheard rout,
 So that with final force them all he overcom

LI.

Then caused he the gates be opened wide;
 And there the prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array
 And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and wrong

Of that proud Souldan, whom he erst did day;
 So both for rest there having stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for matter
 long.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth difmay ;
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

I.
WHAT tygre or what other falvage wight
is fo exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itfelfe with
might ?
Nor fit mongft men that doe with reason mell,
But mongft wild beafts and falvage woods to
dwell ;
Where kill the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that moft in boldnefs doe excell
Are dredded moft, and feared for their powre ;
it for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II.
Here let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled ;
here let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
or none but beafts may be of her despoyled :
and turne we to the noble prince, where late
he did him leave, after that he had foyled
he cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.
There having with Sir Artegall a space
well foft in that Souldan's late deight,
they both refolving now to leave the place,
both it, and all the wealth therein, behight
into that damzell in her ladies right,
and fo would have departed on their way ;
but the them wo'd by all the meanes she might,

And earnestly befought to wend that day
With her, to see her ladie, thence not farre a-
way.

IV.
By whose entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to go with her, and by the way,
As often falles, of fundry things did commen ;
Mongft which that damzell did to them bewray
A ftraunge adventure which not far thence lay,
To weete, a wicked villaine bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the country thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could
get it out.

V.
Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she fayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unaffayable, gave him great ayde ;
For he fo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So fmoother of tongue, and fubtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face ;
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knownen by his feates, and famous over all.

VI.
Through these his flights he many doth confound ;
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and he wen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe fay it goeth downe to hell ;

And all within it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by
 smell
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone
 amis.

VII.

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts
gan earne
To understand that villein's dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," said she, "that it should let your
 " pace
" Towards my ladies presence by you ment,
" I would you guyde directly to the place."
" Then let not that," sayd they, " stay your in-
 " tent,
" For neither will one foot, till we that carle
 " have hent."

VIII.

So forth they past, till they approached by
Unto the rocke where was the villaine's won;
Which when the damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
Gan to advise what best were to be done:
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayning pittifull upore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in wayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
And so would hope him easly to foyle.
The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the foyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiceted,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her
 affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
Eitfoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishful boot to have:
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curl'd locks, that downe his shoulders
 sagged,
And on his backe an unseouth vestiment
Made of straunge stufte, but all to worne and
 ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and
 jagged.

XI.

And in his hand a huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,
And ever round about he cast his looke;
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore, [store.
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great

XII.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride;
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd
He gan with guilefull words her to perfwade
To banish feare; and with Sardonian foyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herselfe unwares he might her free
 the whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pipe
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruin lay;
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in flights and iuggling feates did show,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV.

To which whyleft she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That overspared her like a puffe of wynd;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud; but thenceas ny
He came unto his cave, and thereas did view
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

XV.

But Artegall him after did peruse,
The whiles the prince there kept the entrance
 still:
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wild goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought awayled for the armed knight
To think to follow him that was so swift and
 ligh.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his yron man he best
To follow him, for he was swift in chace:
He him perfwade wherever that he went,
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place,
Wherefo he fled, he followed him apart,
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the vale:
There he him court' aressh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape
 take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne,
But he him hunted like a foxe full fast;
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him pass,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then stoncs at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

xviii.

ought with him unto the knights,
 lord Sir Artegall it lent,
 him hold it fast for feare of flights;
 it in hand it grypping hard he hent,
 hehogge all unwares it went,
 him so that he away it threw;
 it ranne away incontinent,
 rned to his former hew;
 soone him overtooke, and backward
 w.

xix.

s he would to a snake againe
 d himselfe, he with his yron flayle
 at him with so huge might and maine,
 s bones as small as sandy grayle
 and did his bowels disentrayle,
 vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
 ipt the selfe deceiver fayle;
 him left a carrion outcast,
 and soules to feede upon for their
 aft.

xx.

th they passed with that gentle mayd
 ladie, as they did agree;
 when she approached, thus she sayd;
 w, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye
 ce
 the place which ye desir'd to see;
 all ye see my flowerayne lady queene,
 red wight, most debonayre and free,
 r yet upon this earth was scene,
 with diademe hath ever crowned
 eene."

xxi.

knights rejoyced much to heare
 s of that prince so manifold,
 g little further, commen were
 y a stately pallasce did behold
 us show, much more then she had
 y towres and tarras mounted hyc,
 ir tops bright glistering with gold,
 ed to out-shine the dimmed skeye,
 heir brightnesse daz'd the straunge be-
 ders eye.

xxii.

alighting, by that damzell were
 , and shewed all the sight;
 h, that most magnificke did appeare,
 wyde to all men day and night,
 I well by one of mickle might
 hereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
 ut Guyle and Malice, and Despight,
 ' shew oft-times of fayned semblance,
 in princes courts to worke great scath
 hindrance:

xxiii.

was Awe; by whom they passing in,
 se Hall, that was a large wyde roome,
 people making troublous diu
 rous noyse, as if that there were
 e
 o them was dealing righteous doome;

By whom they passing through the thickest
 preasse,
 The Marshall of the Hall to them did come,
 His name hight Order; who commanding
 peace,
 Them guydeth through the throng, that did their
 clamors cease.

xxiv.

They ceast their clamours upon them to gase;
 Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
 Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
 And with unwonted terror halfe affray;
 For never saw they there the like array,
 Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
 But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
 Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
 For any brybes, or thrates of any to be wroken.

xxv.

There as they entred, at the sericene they saw
 Some one whose tongue was for his trespassse
 vyle
 Nayld to a post, adindged so by law,
 For that therewith he falsly did revyle,
 And soule blasphemie that queene for forged
 guyle,
 Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
 And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
 For the bold title of a poet had
 He on himselfe had ta'en, and sayling rymes had
 sprad.

xxvi.

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
 There written was the purport of his sin
 In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon fons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
 Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in;
 So now *Mal font* was plainly to be red,
 Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
 Or that he likened was to a welhod
 Of evill words, and wicked sclanders by him
 shed.

xxvii.

They passing by, were guydeth by degree
 Unto the presence of that gracious queene;
 Who sate on high that she might all men see,
 And might of all men royally be scene,
 Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
 Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
 As either might for wealth have gotten beens,
 Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device,
 And all embost with lyons and with flourdlice.

xxviii.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
 Not of rich tiffew nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
 But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
 That her brode-spreading wings did wyde un-
 fold;
 Whose skirts were bordred with bright saany
 beames,
 Glistering like gold amongst the plights enfold
 And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
 Mongst which crept litle angels through the glit-
 tering gleames.

XXIX.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purple wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimbleste
bold;
Besides a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sat;
She angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state,
*Whylest kings and kafars at her feet did them
prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in soveraine maiestie,
Holding a scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand;
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends fought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dif-
mayle.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet there sat
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorn her royall state,
All lovely daughters of high love, that hight
LITÆ, by him begot in love's delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those, they say,
Upon love's iudgment-seat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's
decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance
slay.

XXXII.

They also doe by his divine permission
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission,
To suppliants, through fraytie which offend:
Those did upon Mercilla's throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Economic, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sat gently Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly streng.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whylest underneath her feete, there as the fate,
An huge great lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie couragè, like captived thrall,
*With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he could not move nor quick at all;
Yet did he murther with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage cholere gan re-
dound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreared soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her presence
brought,
Who bowing low before her maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclining her withall,

As a faire flosse of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maieslic imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright sunne, what time his fierc teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her
make,

Bate somewhat of that maieslic and awe
That whylome wont to do so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to ce-
tertake.

XXXVI.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in
place,

She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The triall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard,
But at the sight of these those were awhile debat.

XXXVII.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe estfoones she gan convert againe,
Which that those knights likewise mote under-
stand,
And witnesse forth aright in sovrain land,
Taking them up into her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly
scand

On either part, she plac'd ih' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them
none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought as prisoner to the bar,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface;
Yet in that wretched semblant she did save
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele,
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
speach

To all assayes; his name was called Zele;
He gan that lady strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons tang her such a pele,
That those whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had se-
cured.

XL.

First gan he tell how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight,

ueffa, which had wrought great

ifchiefe unto many a knight,
and confounded quight :
ofe ſhe now in queſtion came,
roſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
reaſons and outrageous ſhame,
gainſt the dred Mercilla oft did

XLII.

me (as ye mote yet right well
ad her counſels falſe conſpyred
: Blandamour and Paridell,
paramours, both by her hyred,
a hope of ſhadowes vaine inſpyred)
n practiz'd how for to depryve
r crowne, by her aſpyred,
it it unto herſelfe deriue,
in their blood whom ſhe to death
yve.

XLIII.

igh Heavens' grace, which favour

riſtes of trayterous deſynes
rinces, all this curſed plot,
ooke, diſcovered was betymes,
rs won the meede meet for their
:

ade of all that by ſuch meane
of kingdomes title clymes;
fa, now entituled queene,
to her ſad doome, as here was to
ie.

XLIII.

Zelee her haynous fact enforce,
er crimes of foule deſame
ought, to baniſh all remorſe,
e the horror of her blame;
e to make part againſt her came
erſons that againſt her pled :
ge old fyre, that had to name
es Care, with a white ſilver hed,
gh regards and reaſons gainſt her

XLIV.

thority her to oppoſe
orie powre, that made all mute;
Law of Nations gainſt her roſe,
ought, that no man could refute;
igion gainſt her to impute
cheaſt, and powre of holy lawes;
peoples cry and common ſute
e of their owne publicke cauſe;
iſtice charged her with breach of

XLV.

er on the contrarie part
vocates for her to plead :
ne Pittie, with full tender hart,
ioyn'd Regard of Womans head;
ame Daunger, threatning hidden

And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of Birth, that bread
Great ruth through her miſfortunes tragicke
flowre;
And, laſtly, Griefe did plead, and many teares
forth powre.

XLVI.

With the near touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was fore empaſſionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the ſad terror of ſo dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of ſo high eſtate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent;
Which whenas Zelee perceived to abate,
He gan his earneſt fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to preſent.

XLVII.

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accuſements to produce in place;
He brought forth that old hag of helliſh hew,
The curſed Até, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the caſe:
She, glad of ſpoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeaſt, and to her more diſgrace
The plot of all her practice did diſplay,
And all her traynes and all her treaſons forth
did lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim af-
pect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie blouddiſh charged ryſe;
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding ſtryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore;
Then brought he forth Incontinence of Lyſe,
Even foule Adulterie, her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accuſed fore.

XLIX.

All which, whenas the prince had heard and
ſcene,
His former fancie ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eſtfoones was drawn cleene;
But Artegall, with conſtant firme intent,
For zeale of iuſtice was againſt her bent;
So was ſhe guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zelee began to urge her puniſhment,
And to their queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myid, for iuſtice gainſt the thrall.

L.

But ſhe, whoſe princely breſt was touched
neare
With piteous ruth of her ſo wretched plight,
Though plaine ſhe ſaw, by all that ſhe did heare,
That ſhe of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iuſt vengeance on her light;
But rather let inſtead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of
light;
The which ſhe covering with her purple pall,
Would have the paſſion hid, and up aroſe with-
all.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belges for to fight;
Gorioness fencethall
He stays in Belge's right.

I.
Some clerkes doe doubt in their deuicifull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To wheeten Mercilla, he of iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine exteate:
This well I wote that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes euerlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence
of grace.

II.
For if that vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inuiolated right
Oft spillis the principall to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III.
Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour
rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy iustice do adore,
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much
more.

IV.
Much more it prayd was of those two best
The noble prince and righteous Aragon,
When they had seene and heard her
sights
Against Duessa, damned by them all,
But by her compassed without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then raising her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yielding the last honour to her
corse.

V.
During all which those knights continu'd thus
Both doing and receiving courtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, sit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthe patterns of her elemencies,
Which till this day amongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still delect.

VI.
Amongst the rest, which in that space betwixt
There came two springalls of full tender years,
Farre thence from forraign land where they
dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her parents,
With humble prayers and intreatfull tears,
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly fears
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children rycfully, she!

VII.

As Belge, who in former age
Great worth and wealth had beene,
Of a fruitfull heritage,
Gave goodly sonnes, which who had

Flowre, before this fatal teene
ooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
His mother would her surely weene
As Niobe, before she tasted
Her childrens wrath, that all her issue
Should.

VIII.

Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Now but five of all that brood;
Of them he did by times deuoure,
Dols sacrifice their blood,
Of none was stopped nor withstood:
He was one of matchlesse might,
Aspect and dreadfull mood,
Whose bodies in one wast empyght,
Whose eyes and legs of three to succour him in

IX.

They say that he was borne and bred
In the sonne of Geryon,
Whom in Spaine so fore was dreed
For his powre and great oppression,
Which that land to his subiection,
In three bodies powre in one com-
mand;

Whom strangers in that region
Took for his kyne for food assynd,
Whom kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

X.

Where all, they say, of purple hew,
A cowheard, hight Eurytion,
Whom he, the which all strangers slew,
That night did sleepe, attend them on,
About them ever and anon
A three-headed dogge, that Orthrus hight,
Whom gotten by great Typhaon
In the house of Nychidna in the house of Night,
Whom as them all did overcome in fight

XI.

As this Geryoneo hight,
Whom that his monstrous father fell
From his club, straight tooke his flight
From that land, where he his fyre did quell,
To this, where Belge then did dwell,
Whom in all wealth and happynesse,
Whom new made widow, as befell,
Whom his noble husband's late deceffe,
Whom as beginning to her woe and wretched-

XII.

Whom bold tyrant of her widowed
Whom outrage, and her yet fresh woes,
Whom to service to her offered,
Whom and against all forrein foes,
Whom did their powre against her right op-
posed;
Whom as glad, now needing strong defence,
Whom as aynd, and did her champion chose,

Which long he used with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her searlesse confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit;
Which having got, he gan forth from that bowre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke flowre,
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monster to deuoure,
And setting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
Whom the woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayd against that cruell tyrant's theft,
Ere all her children from her had rest;
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies giest;
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies
gent.

XV.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare,
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprize to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it; then he straightway
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his
fare.

The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre,
Yct dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and
count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind beseeene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did
guide,

And all his way before him still prepare;
He after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad,
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glad
In which she went to harbour happily;
But now his cruelty so fore she drad,

That to those scones for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard ty-
ranny.

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight,
For all her other children through affray
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight;
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly:
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully,
For well she wist this knight came succour to
supply:

XX.

And running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And burking forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet
" Boyes!"

Sayd she, "yet now I gin new life to seele,
" And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
" Now rise againe at this your ioyous fight:
" A'leadie seemes that Fortune's headlong wheele
" Begins to turne, and suane to shine more bright
" Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
" knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him; "And you, Sir Knight,"
Said she, "that taken have this toylefome paine
" For wretched woman, miserable wight,
" May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
" For so great travell as you do sustaine;
" For o'her meede may hope for none of mee,
" To whom nought else but bare life doth re-
" maine;
" And that so wretched one, as ye do see
" Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his lofty steede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede;
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort, which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

"Ay me!" sayd she, "and whither shall I goe?
" Are not all places full of forraine powres?
" My pallaces possessed of my foe,
" My cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres
" Raced and made smooth fields now full of
" flowres?
" Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
" In which the fearefull ewfies do build their
" bowres,
" Yeeld me an hostry amongst the croking frogs,
" And harbour here in safety from those ravenous
" dogs."

XXIV.

"Nathlesse," said he, "deare Ladie! with me
" goe,
" Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;

" If not, we will it force managre your foe,
" And purchase it to us with speare and shield;
" And if all sayle, yet farewell open field:
" The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speeches he doth widd
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
And bynding up her locks and weeds, furch with
him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene,
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny shene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had bene,
And in her pecke a castle huge had made,
The which did her command without neede
perswade.

XXVI.

That castle was the strenght of all that stete,
Untill that stete by strenght was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdome crownne,
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th'offended Heavens list to lowne
Upon their blisse, and balefull Fortune sowerne!
When those gainst states and kingdomes do
injure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine
to cure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Striving long time in vaine it to withstand,
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life eniye for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole most unrew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this castle-greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich befene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named,
Offering to him, in sinful sacrifice,
The flesh of men, to God's owne likenesse framde
And powring forth their blood in brutish wine
That any yron eyes to see it would agrinde.

XXIX.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idole's altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadful shape was never scene of none:
That lives on earth, but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee;
Thofe he devours, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrant's fee,
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrison,
And set a seneſchall of dreaded might,

owre oppressed every one,
 ed all venturous knights in fight,
 wont shew all the shame he might,
 m in battell he had wonne;
 en now they gan approach in fight,
 nfeld him the place to shonne,
 many knights had fouly bene for-

XXXI.

speeches nought he did regard,
 eight under the castle-wall,
 into the watchfull ward,
 did wayte, willing them forth to call
 their tyrant's seneſchall;
 en tydings thereof came, he freight
 mes, and arming him withall,
 h pricked proudly in his might,
 courage force addresse him to the

XXXII.

counter in the middle plaine,
 speares doe both together smite
 ields with so huge might and maine,
 their soules they would have ryven

reasts with furious despight;
 seneſchal's no entrance find
 e's shield where it empight,
 etall was and well refynd,
 all about, and scattered in the wynd.

XXXIII.

ince's; but with restlesse force
 it readie passage found,
 his haberdon and eke his corse,
 ng downe upon the seneſelle ground
 to his ghost, from thraldoms bound,
 the grieſly shades of night:
 : prince him leave in deadly ſwound,
 to the castle marched right,
 ance there as yet obtaine he might:

XXXIV.

her drew, three knights he spyde,
 point, issuing forth apace,
 ds him with all their powre did ryde,
 him right in the middle race,
 peares atonce on him enchace.
 t culverings for batterie bent,
 l against one certaine place,
 e their thunders rage forth-rent,
 the wals to stagger with astonish-

XXXV.

they on the prince did thonder,
 saddle ſwarved nought aſyde,
 force gave way, that was great
 r,

But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
 Rebutting him which in the midſt did ryde
 With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
 Paſt thro' his ſhield, and pierſt through either
 ſyde,
 That downe he fell upon his mother deare,
 And powred forth his wretched life in deadly
 dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
 As faſt as feete could carry them away;
 And after them the prince as ſwiftly ſped,
 To be aveng'd of their unknighly play.
 There whileſt, they entring, th' one did th' other
 ſtay,

The hindmoſt in the gate he over-hent,
 And, as he preſſed on him there did flay;
 His carkaſſe rumbering on the threshold, ſent
 His groning ſoule unto her place of puniſhment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured faſt
 To ſperre the gate, but that ſame lump of clay,
 Whoſe grudging ghooſt was thereout fled and paſt,
 Right in the middeſt of the threshold lay,
 That it the poſterne did from cloſing ſtay:
 The whiles the prince hard preaſed in betweene,
 And entraunce wonne: ſtreight th' other fled
 away,

And ran into the hall, where he did weene
 Himſelfe to ſave; but he there ſlew him at the
 ſkreene.

XXXVIII.

Then all the reſt which in that caſtle were,
 Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
 Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
 And them conveyd out at a poſterne dore:
 Long fought the prince; but when he found no
 mote

T' oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
 Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
 And her gan cheare with what ſhe there had
 vewed,
 And what ſhe had not ſeene within unto her
 ſhewed:

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly
 greeting,
 For ſo great prowefſſe as he there had proved,
 Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
 With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
 And honourd him with all that her behoved;
 Thenceforth imo that caſtle he her led,
 With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloved,
 Where all that night themſelves they cheriſhed,
 And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerione in fight;
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

I.
It often falls in course of common life,
That Right long time is overborne of Wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right,
As by sad Belge seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton
knight.

II.
Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belge now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his fenshall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frische in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unfound;
Yet sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

III.
Nathelasse himselfe he armed all in haist,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the castle which they conquer'd had;
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the castle-gate,
And with bold vaunts and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull
state.

IV.
The prince staid not his aunswere to devise,
But opening streight the sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wise,
And asked him, if that he were the same
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame?
He boldly aunswerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

V.
With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have
rive.

VI.
Thereto a great advantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyd
Besides the double strength which in them was;
For still when sit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimbleste by
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

couth use whenas the prince perceived,
 watch the wielding of his hand,
 uch slight he were unwares deceived,
 ere he saw the stroke to land,
 it meete and warily withstand.
 when he his weapon saynd to shift,
 wont, and changed from hand to hand,
 in with a counter-stroke so swift,
 smit off his arme as he it up did list.

VIII.

all fraught with fury and disdaine,
 aloud for very fell despight;
 nly t' avenge himselfe againe,
 one assemble all the might
 hands, and heaved them on hight,
 to pay him with that one for all;
 d Steele scizd not, where it was hight,
 ing on but somewhat short did fall,
 on his horse's head him quite did
 ll.

IX.

eight to ground fell his astonisht speed,
 o th' earth his burden with him bare,
 nselfe full lightly from him freed,
 nselfe to fight on foote prepare:
 whenas the gyant was aware,
 ght blyth, as he had got thereby,
 t so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
 t have scene enraung'd disorderly,
 ncke of piles that pitched are awry.

X.

againe his axe he raught on hie,
 re throughly buckled to his geare,
 t drive at him so dreadfullie,
 he chaunced not his shield to reare,
 uge stroke arrived on him neare,
 m surely cloven quite in twaine;
 amantine shield which he did beare
 as tempred, that for all his maine,
 io passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

XI.

ne stroke so forcibly applide,
 e him stagger with uncertaine sway,
 ould have tottred to one side;
 h full wroth, he fiercely gan assay
 sie with like kindnesse to repay,
 e at him with so importune might,
 more of his armes did fall away
 leffe braunches, which the hatchet's
 ght
 ned from the native tree, and cropped
 ght.

XII.

all mad and furious he grew,
 mastiffe through enraging heat,
 and band, and blasphemies forth threw
 gods, and fire to them did threat,
 into himselfe, with horreur great:
 th he car'd no more which way he strooke,
 e it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
 at his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
 rely him beheld with grim and ghastly
 ke.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his
 threats,
 But onely wexed now the more aware,
 To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
 And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
 The which good fortune to him offred faire;
 For as he in his rage him over-strooke,
 He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
 His side all bare and naked overtooke,
 And with his mortall steel quite through the body
 strooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him strooke atonce,
 That all the three atonce fell on the plaine,
 Else should he thrife have needed for the nonce
 Them to have stricken, and thrife to have slaine.
 So now all three one fencelesse lump remaine,
 Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
 And byting th' earth for very Death's dildaine,
 Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
 Downe to the house of Dole, his daies there to
 deplore.

XV.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
 She towards him in hast herselfe did draw,
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand;
 And all the people both of towne and land,
 Which there stood gazing from the citties wall
 Uppon these warriors, greedy t' understand
 To whether should the victory befall, [all.
 Now when they saw it false, they eke him greeted

XVI.

But Belge with her sonnes, prostrated low,
 Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
 Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some
 wo,
 Him thus bespake; "O most redoubted knight!
 "The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
 "That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
 "And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
 "What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
 "But even that which thou savedst thine still to
 "remaine?"

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying "Deare lady! deedes ought not be scand
 "By th' author's manhood nor the doer's might,
 "But by their trueth and by the cause's right:
 "That fame is it which fought for you this day.
 "What other meed then need me to requight,
 "But that which yeeldeth vertue's meed alway?
 "That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth
 pay."

XVIII.

She humbly thankd him for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd, "Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,
 "Sith ye thus farre have tenderd my poore case,
 "As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 "That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
 "Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
 "Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace."

"What is there else," sayd he "left of their
"rout?
"Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in
"dout."

XIX.

"Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
"There stands an idole of great note and name,
"The which this gyaunt reared first on his,
"And of his owne vaine fancies thought did
"frame;
"To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame
"He offered up for daily sacrifice
"My children and my people, burnt in flame,
"With all the tortures that he could devise,
"The more t'aggrate his god with such his,
"bloudy guise.

XX.

"And underneath this idoll there doth lie
"An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
"And feedes on all the carcases that die
"In sacrifice unto that cursed fend;
"Whose ugly shape none ever saw nor kend,
"That ever scap'd; for of a man they say
"It has the voice, that speeches forth doth send,
"Even blasphemous words, which the doth bray
"Out of her poyntous entrails, fraught with dire
"decay."

XXI.

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan
carne
For great desire that monster to assay,
And prayd the place of his abode to learne;
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto adresse, and his bright shield display:
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did be-
hold.

XXII.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issued from under th' altar's smooke
A dreadfull fend, with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still,
And her long taile and fetters strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill,
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great beast it was, when in length
Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength,
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race;
Borne of the brooding of Echidna bace,
Or other like infernall furies kinde;
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell :avin and fierce greedinesse;
A lion's clawes with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;

A dragon's taile, whose ring without redresse
Full deadly wounds, whereof it is empight;
An eagle's wings for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy sight.

XXV.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very heart's despaynt
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Cou'd ever looke, but suffred deadly dole;
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schole,
Whom he did put to death, deceived like a foole.

XXVI.

She coming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed prince with shield so blasing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly quelld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turn'd for great
fright;
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forth her turne againe in her despaynt,
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turn'd
way.

XXVII.

The when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish fiend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hold;
Strongly he strove out of her greedie gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend
But when he could not quite it, with one gripe
Her lion's clawes he from her secte away
wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloud she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did call,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That even the temple, wherein she was plac'd,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strook,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shok,
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage
tooke.

XXIX.

As when the mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottoome of the hulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were tomme,
Whilest still she stands astonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile;
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her
faile.

XXX.

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belge' selfe was therewith stonied sore,

nely found thereof the feard;
 he feend her selfe more fiercely reard
 wide great winges, and strongly flew
 er body at his head and beard,
 ic not foreseene with heedfull vew,
 vn his shield atween, she had him done
 rew:

XXXI.

prest on him with heavy sway,
 wombe his farall sword he thrust,
 r entrailles made an open way
 rth; the which, once being brust,
 great mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
 ed out of her infernall sinke
 filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
 nigh choked with the deadly stinke;
 ily matter were small lust to speake or
 nke.

XXXII.

ne to ground fell that deformed masse,
 out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
 puddle of contagion was,
 id then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
 nan would nigh awhaped make;
 en he saw on ground he was full glad,
 ht went forth his gladnesse to partake
 e, who watcht all this while full sad,
 what end would be of that same daunger
 d.

XXXIII.

en the saw so ioyously come forth,
 ioyce, and shew triumphant chere,
 nd praying his renowned worth
 names that honourable were
 : brought her, and her shewed there
 at of his paines, that monster's spoyle,
 at idoll deem'd so costly dere,
 did all to peeces breake, and foyle
 art, and left to in the loathely foyle.

XXXIV.

ic people which beheld that day
 aloud, that unto Heaven it rong;
 e damzels of that towne in ray
 ncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
 y led through all their streetes along,
 with girlonds of immortal baies;
 e vulgar did about them throng,
 man, whose everlasting praise
 vere bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV.

with Belge did awhile remaine,
 reat feast and ioyous merriment,
 ad her settled in her raine
 assurance and establishment;
 is first emprize his mind he lent,
 to Belge and to all the rest,
 yet taking leave, thenceforth he went,
 former journey him address;
 long way he rode, ne ever day did
 t.

XXXVI.

we now to noble Artegall,
 ng left Mercilla, streightway went,
 quest, the which him forth did call,

To weet, to worke Irenas franchisement,
 And eke Grantortoos worthy punishment:
 So forth he tared, as his manner was,
 With onely Talus wayting diligent;
 Through many perills, and much way did pas,
 Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he
 has.

XXXVII.

There as he traveld, by the way he met
 An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
 Who through his yeares long since aside had set
 The use of armes, and battell quite forgone;
 To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
 That it was he which whilome did attend
 On faire Irene in her affliction,
 When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,
 Unto his soveraine queene her suite for to com-
 mend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
 "Haile, good Sir Sergis! truest knight alive,
 "Well tride in all thy troubles than
 "When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
 "What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
 "Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
 "Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive."
 To whom he thus; "She liveth sure and sound,
 "But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome
 "bound:

XXXIX.

"For she, presuming on th' appointed tyde,
 "In which ye promise, as ye were a knight,
 "To meete her at the Salvage Iland's syde,
 "And then and there for triall of her right
 "With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
 "Did thither come, were she, afrayd of nought,
 "By guilefull treason and by subtil flight
 "Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
 "Who her imprisonéd hath, and her life often
 "fought.

XL.

"And now he hath to her prefix a day,
 "By which if that no champion doe appeare,
 "Which will her cause in battailous array
 "Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
 "Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth
 "reare,

"She death shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
 And grieved fore that through his fault she had
 Fallen into that tyrant's hand and usage bad.

XLI.

Then thus replide; "Now sure, and by my life,
 "Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
 "That have her drawne to all this troublous
 "strife,
 "Through promise to afford her timely aide,
 "Which by default I have not yet defraide;
 "But witnesse unto me, ye Heavens! that know
 "How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
 "For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
 "And kept from accomplishing the faith which I
 "did owe.

Y iijj

XLII.

"But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
 Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
 "Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of
 "grace,
 "For that he wecneth well before that tide
 "None can have tidings to assist her side;
 "For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
 "He day and night doth ward both farre and
 "wide,
 "That none can there arrive without an hoste;
 "So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

XLIII.

"Now turne againe," Sir Artegall then sayd,
 "For if I live till those ten daies have end,
 "Assure yourselfe, Sir knight, she shall have aid.
 "Though I this dearest life for her do sp.
 So backward he attone with him did wete.
 Tho as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kend,
 Flocking together in confusde array,
 As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
 They saw a knight in dangerous distresse
 Of a rude rout him chafing to and fro,
 That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse;
 And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage
 with-stands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares
 To rescue her from their rude violence,
 And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence:
 But all in vaine; their numbers are so great
 That naught may boot to banishe them from
 thence;
 For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former
 threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro daungers dread his doubtfull life to save,
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnifie his noble name;
 For from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant knight with endlesse
 shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, however strong and stout
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to recule, untill that yron man
 With his huge haile began to lay about,

From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
 Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind awy
 doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare began to grette them faire,
 And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
 In saving him from daungers dangerous deaire
 Of those which fought his life for to empaire;
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misaere
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him purs'd'st
 nere?

XLIX.

To whom he thus; "My name is Burbon hight
 I knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
 Whill late mischief did upon me light,
 "That all my former praise hath blemisht fore;
 "And that faire lady, which in that upore
 "Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
 "Is mine own love, through me she have lost
 "lore;
 "Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 "Or with her owne good will, I cannot read
 "aright.

L.

"But sure to me her faith she first did plight
 "To be my love, and take me for her lord;
 "Till that a tyrant, which Grantorto hight,
 "With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
 "Entyced her to him for to accord.
 "O who may not with giftes and words be
 "tempted!
 "Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
 "And to my foe hath guilefully consented.
 "Ay me! that ever guyle in women was invented!

LI.

"And now he hath this troupe of villaines sent
 "By open force to fetch her quite away,
 "Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent
 "To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
 "Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
 "For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 "And with unequal might doe over-lay,
 "That oft I driven am to great distresse,
 "And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedlesse."

LII.

"But why have ye," said Artegall, "forborne
 "Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?
 "That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne
 "Which unto any knight be happen may,
 "To looke the badge that should his deedes dis-
 "play."

To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame,
 "That shall I unto you," quoth he, "bewray,
 "Least ye therefore mote happily me blame.
 "And deeme it doen of will, that through in-
 "forcement came.

LIII.

"True is that I at first was dubbed knight
 "By a good knight, the knight of the Red-crosse,
 "Who when he gave me armes in field to fight
 "Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse

Redeemer's badge upon the bosse :
 long while I bore, and therewithall
 my battels without wound or losse ;
 Grandtorto felse I did appall,
 : him oftentimes in field before me

LIV.

at many did that shield envie,
 enemies increased more,
 I strife and troublous enmitie,
 lie scutchin being battred fore,
 le, and have of late forbore,
 thereby to have my love obtained :
 not my love have mathemore ;
 force is still fro me detained,
 corruptfull brybes is to untruth mis-
 yned."

LV.

us Artegall ; " Certes, Sir knight,
 : case the which ye doe complaine,
 hard (for nought so hard may light
 such a stright mote you constrain)
 don that which doth containe
 ur's stile, that is your warlike shield ;
 ought be lesse, and lesse all paine,
 of fame in disaventrous field :
 then doe ought that mote dishonour
 id."

LVI.

quoth he ; " for yet when time doth
 ve.
 r shield I may resume againe :
 rize is not from truth to swerve.
 antage terme to enterraine,
 ecessitie doth it constraine."
 a forgerie," said Artegall,
 hood to shadow faces twaine ;
 ight be true, and truth is one and
 ;
 gs to dissemble foully may befall."

LVII.

: you of courtesie request,"
 , " to assist me now now at need
 ese peasants which have me oppress,
 d me to so infamous deed,
 my love may from their hands be
 ed."
 albe he er did wyte
 mind, yet to his aide agreed,
 g him estoones unto the fight,
 those troupes with all his powre and
 t.

LVIII.

: round about them, as a swarme
 a birchen bough doth cluster,
 aut with terrible allarme,
 the fields themselves did muster,
 d glayes making a dreadfull luster,
 first those knights backe to retyre ;
 wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
 abide the tempest of his yre,
 d beast doe flie, and succour doe in-
 .

LIX.

But whenas everblowne was that brunt,
 Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
 And all about the fields like squirrels hunt ;
 But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
 Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
 And chased them both over hill and dale :
 The raskall manie soone they overthrew ;
 But the two knights themselves their captains did
 subdew.

LX.

At last they came whereas that ladie bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
 To save themselves, and scattered were abroad ;
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
 As neither glad nor sorie for their sight ;
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
 In roiall robes, and many iewels dight ;
 But that those villens through their usage had!
 Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But Burbon streight, dismounting from his steed,
 Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
 Would have embraced her with hart entyre ;
 But she back-starting, with disdainefull yre
 Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
 Allured be for prayer nor for mced :
 Whom when those knights so froward and for-
 lore

Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded fore.

LXII.

Sayd Artegall, " What foule disgrace is this
 " To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in fight,
 " To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
 " With so foule blame as breach of faith once
 " plight,
 " Or change of love for any world's delight ?
 " Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
 " As prayse and honour ? or is ought so bright
 " And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
 " Whose goodly light then Phœbus' lamp doth
 " shine more cleare ?

LXIII.

" Why then will ye, fond Dame ! attempted bee
 " Unto a stranger's love, so lightly placed,
 " For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
 " To leave the love that ye before embraced,
 " And let your fame with falshood be defaced ?
 " Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
 " And honour with indignitie debased ;
 " Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold ;
 " But dearer then them both your faith once
 " plighted hold."

LXIV.

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
 Ne ought to answer thereunto dis find ;
 But hanging down her head with heavie cheare
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare ;
 Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd,
 And clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare

Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-sayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill sayd.

LXV.

Nathlesse the yron man did still purswe
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle;
Ne ceased not, till all their scattered crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,

The which they troubled had with great
moyle;

But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recyle,
And to his voyage againe proceed,
For that the terme approaching fast repaid
speed.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield :
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaith him in field.

I.

By hunger of ambitious mindes,
Content desire of men to raine !
Neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Nor from outrage and from doing wrong,
Wherby may hope a kingdom to obtaine :
Wherof firme, no trust can be so strong,
Nor lasting then, that may endure long.

II.

For Sir Burbon he; whom all the bands
By a knight assure, had surely bound,
Wherof love of lordship and of lands
Him become most faithles and unfound :
Wherof effe he Gerioneo found,
Wherof like cause faire Belge did oppresse,
Wherof and wrong most cruelly confound :
Wherof now Grantorto, who no lesse
He rest burst out to all outragioufnesse.

III.

For Sir Artegall, long having since
In hand th' exploit, being theretoo
Wherof by that mightie Faerie prince,
Wherof riane, that tyrant to fordoe,
Wherof other great adventures hethertoo
Wherof slackt; but now time drawing ny
Wherof synd her high behest to doo;
Wherof i-shore he gan his way apply,
Wherof if shipping readie he mote there descry.

IV.

Tho when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell :
The winde and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall,
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did for-
fall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But whenas nigh unto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might found the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth isswe,
Through darts from shore, and stones, they at him
threw ;
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chast away,
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth
affry.

VI.

The whyles Sir Artegall, with that old knight,
Did forth descend, their being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight :
By this came tydings to the tyrant's care,
By those which carit did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall; wherewith troubled fore,

He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the
shore :

vii.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force ;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse ;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrow both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sower's hand :

viii.

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage,
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce di
To which all hearkning, did awhile assv.
Their forces furie, and their terror flake ;
Till he an herald cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughter's sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenas cause with him in single fight :

ix.

And willed him for to reclayne with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were flaine ;
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine :
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat, twixt them twayne,
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day ;
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

x.

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine,
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine ;
Which none durst breake, though many would
right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare ;
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purway which for them needful
weare.

xi.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irena's death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearcfull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegall's arrival her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad, and hart full fore,
Weening her life's last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor
see.

xii.

'Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
And with dull countenance and with doleful
spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receive the doom of her decay ;

But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battalious array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

xiii.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and dew her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Disprede the glorie of her leaves gay ;
Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant till it was fare day.

xiv.

Who came at length with proud presumpuous
gate

... the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a fleete-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong ;
And in his hand a huge polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he went to fight, to iustifie
wrong :

xv.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,
Ne ever any found his match in might ;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight :
His face was ugly, and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very fight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could see
discerne.

xvi.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grinning grimly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held ;
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had scene like fight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing quell'd
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

xvii.

The trumpets sound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow
To doe most dammage whereas most they meet
But with such force and furie violent
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they reed
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they clef
braff.

xviii.

Which cruell outrage, whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed ;
As when a skilfull marriner doth reed

approching, that doth perill threat,
 to bide the daunger of such dread,
 his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
 unto it leaue the emptie ayre to beat.

XX.

Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
 ed oft his head from shame to shield;
 to floupe onc's head, more high to
 ure,

to gain a litle for to yield;
 knights doen oftentimes in field:
 the tyrant sternely at him layd,
 his yron axe so nimble wield,
 y wounds into his flesh it made,
 his burdenous blowes him fore did
 erlade.

XXI.

as fit advantage he did spy,
 the curfed felon high did reare,
 hand to smite him mortally,
 stroke he to him stepping neare,
 the flanke him strooke with deadly
 care,
 gore-bloud thence gushing grievously,
 neath him like a pond appeare,
 is armour did with purple dye;
 he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXII.

uge stroke, which he before intended,
 his course, as he did it direct;
 such monstrous poise adowne descended,
 need nought could him from death pro-
 ct;
 well did ward with wise respect,
 t him and the blow his shield did cast,
 ereon seizing tooke no great effect;
 g deepe therein did sticke so fast,
 no meanes it backe againe he forth could
 rast.

XXIII.

ile he tug'd and strove to get it out,
 is powre applyed thereunto,
 herewith the knight drew all about;
 for all that ever he could doe,
 he could not from his shield undoe:
 rteggall perceiving, strooke no more,
 ng soone his shield, did it forgoe,
 es he combred was therewith so fore,
 at him let drive more fiercely then
 ore.

XXIII.

ic him purfew'd, that at the last
 e him with Chrysaor on the hed,
 h the soule thereof full sore aghast,
 ered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
 hiles he him saw so ill bested,
 im smite with all his might and maine,
 ing on his mother Earth he fed;
 then he saw prostrated on the plaine,
 ly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

XXIV.

hen the people round about him saw,
 uted all for ioy of his successe,
 he quit from that proud tyrant's awe,

Which with strong powre did them long time op-
 presse,

And running all with greedie ioyfulness
 To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humbleness,
 As their true liege and princeesse naturall,
 And eke her champions glorie founded over all.

XXV.

Who streight her leading with meeete maiestie
 Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
 Did her therein establish peaceable,
 And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne
 That tyrant's part with close or open ayde,
 He sorely punished with heauey payne,
 That in short space, whiles there with her he
 stayd,
 Not one was left that durst her once have dis-
 obeyd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remayne,
 His studie was true iustice how to deale,
 And day and night employ'd his busie paine
 How to reforme that ragged common-wele:
 And that same yron man, which could reveale
 All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
 To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
 Or did rebell gainst lawfull government,
 On whom he did inflict most grievous punish-
 ment.

XXVII.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
 He through occasion called was away
 To Faerie Court, that of necessity
 His course of iustice he was forst to stay,
 And Talus to revoke from the right way
 In which he was that realme for to redresse;
 But Enui's cloud still dimmeth Vertue's ray:
 So having freed Irena from distresse,
 He tooke his leave of her, there left in heauiness.

XXVIII.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
 And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
 He had not passed farre upon the strand,
 Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met
 By the way-side, being together set,
 Two grieufully creatures; and to that their faces
 Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
 Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
 Did much the more augment, and made most
 ugly cases.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
 With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
 That her mis-shape much helpt, and her foule
 heare
 Hung loose and loathsomely; therto her hew
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
 And all her bones, might through her cheekes be
 red;
 Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew;
 And as she spake, therewith she flavered;
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the lesse
 she sed;

XXX.

Her hands were foule and dirtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught
Like puttocks clawes; with th'one of which she
scratched

Her curst head, although it itched naught:
The other held a snake, with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought,
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loth-
somely.

XXXI.

Her name was Envie, knownen well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily,
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall;
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous dyet:

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for selnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake,

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree;
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd;
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she fought was mens good name to have
bereaved.

XXXIV.

For whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes in-
vent

How to deprave or slanderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment;
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companie frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked
fort;

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it ecke, and make much worfe by
telling,

And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That every matter worfe was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envie's selve excellling

In mischief; for herselfe she early went,
But this same both herselfe and others de-
plext.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gill,
In which her curst tongue, full sharpe and hot
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kill,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she will:
Her distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but fill,
And saynes to weave false tales and leadings bad,
To throw amongst the good which others had
disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall foe,
How they might make him into mischief le,
For freeing from their snares Irens thrall:
Besides unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their
pote lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were these hags, and so unhandsome de-
st;
Who when they nigh approaching had espyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards cures had soryd
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flocke;
And Envie first, as she that first him cyde,
Towardes him runs, and with reade staning lookt
About her eares, does beat her breast, and forshet
knockes.

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The curst serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be
read.

XL.

Then th' other coming neare, gan him revik,
And foully rayle with all she could invent;
Saying, that he had with unmanly guile
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sward of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent;
As for Grantorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did to de-

XLI.

There to the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dymmy,
And all the aire rebellowed againe;

dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray :
 And evermore those hags themselves did paine
 To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did
 straine :

XLII.

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
 Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
 That they the mildest man alive would make
 Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
 To her that so false sclaunders at him threw ; [deepe,
 And more to make them pierce and wound more
 With the sting which in her vile tongue grew
 To sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe ;
 And he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But Talus hearing her so lewdly raile,
 And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
 Would her have chastiz'd with his yron saile,
 If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
 And him forbidden, who his heast observed :
 So much the more at him still did she scold,
 And stones did cast, yet he for nought would
 swerve
 From his right course, but still the way did hold
 To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be
 told.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

I.

THE waies through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull Land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to care or eye,
That I, nigh raviſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and cheares my dulled
ſpright.

II.

Such ſecret comfort and ſuch heavenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred Imps that on Parnaſſo dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learning's threa-
ſures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of morrall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuſe ;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies where never foote did uſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by
the Muſe :

III.

Revele to me the ſacred nurſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſilver bowre does hidden ly,
From view of men and wicked world's diſdaine ;
Since it at firſt was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at firſt
From heavenly feedes of bounty ſoveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour
burſt.

IV.

Amongſt them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the blooſme of comely Courteſie,
Which though it on a lowly ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,

And ſprede itſelfe through all civilitie ;
Of which though preſent age doe plenteous ſeeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies
deeme :

V.

But in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to plecte the eies of them that paſſe,
Which ſee not perfect things, but in a glaſſe :
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blynde
The wiſeſt ſight to thinke gold that is bras ;
But vertue's feat is deepe within the mynde,
And not in outward ſhowes but inward thought
deſynde.

VI.

But where ſhall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of princely curteſie,
As in yourſelfe, O ſoveraine Lady Queene !
In whoſe pure minde, as in a mirrour ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher fame ;
Yet ſo from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Sovereine !
That from yourſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourſelfe doe it returne againe ;
So from the ocean all rivers ſpring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king ;
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adore your court, where courtiers
excell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A damzell used vylde;
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana weze more mylde.

I.
it seemes men courtesie doe call,
: there most usefull to abound;
besecmeth that in princes hall
we should be plentifully found,
all goodly manners is the ground,
: of civill conversation:
In Faery Court it did redound,
courageous knights and ladies most did won
earth, and made a matchlesse paragon:

II.
first them all was none more courteous
sight
Calidore, beloved over all,
it seemes that gentleness of spright
ners mylde were planted naturall;
: he adding comely guise withall,
civill speech, did scale mens hearts away:
thereto he was full stout and tall,
approved in batteious affray,
did much renownme, and far his fame
display.

III.
here knight, ne was there lady found,
Court, but him did deare embrace
ire usage and conditions found,
: h in all mens liking gayned place,
: the greatest purchast greatest grace,
: could wisely use and well apply,
: the best, and th' evill to embale;
: athd leasing and base flattery,
: d simple truth and stedfast honesty.
I.

IV.
And now he was on travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure fore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had;
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad;
When Calidore thus first; "Haile, noblest Knight
" Of all this day on ground that breathe living
" Spright!

V.
" Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
" Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploitte and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arise.
" Now happy man," said then Sir Calidore,
" Which have so goodly as ye can devise,
" Atchiev'd so hard a quest as few before,
" That shall you most renowned make for ever-
" more.

VI.
" But where ye ended have, now I begin
" To tread an endlessse trace, withouten guyde
" Or good direction how to enter in,
" Or how to issue forth, in waies untryde,
" In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
" In which although good fortune me befall,
" Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
" What is that quest," quoth then Sir Artegall,
" That you into such perils presently doth call?"
Z

VII.

"The Blattant Beast," quoth he, "I doe pursue,
 "And through the world incessantly doe chase,
 "Till I him overtake or else subdew;
 "Yet know I not or how or in what place
 "To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
 "What is that Blattant Beast?" then he replide:
 "It is a monster bred of hellishe race,
 "Then answered he, "which often hath annoyd
 "Good knights and ladies true, and many else
 "destroyd.

VIII.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
 "And fell Chimæra in her darkefome den,
 "Through fowle commixture of his filty blot,
 "Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
 "Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
 "Into this wicked world he forth was set
 "To be the plague and scourge of wretch
 "Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 "He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly tor-
 "ment."

IX.

"Then since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
 "Said Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
 "The which did seeme a thousand tongues to
 "have,
 "That all in spight and malice did agree;
 "With which he bayde and loudly barkt at mee,
 "As if that he attonce would me devoure;
 "But I, that knew my life from perill free,
 "Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 "But he the more his wicked poyson forth did
 "poure."

X.

"That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
 "Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 "To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 "Through all my weary travell I have had,
 "Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
 "Now God you speed," quoth then Sir Artegall,
 "And keepe your body from the daunger drad;
 "For ye have much adoe to deale withall."
 "So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 "Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
 "That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
 "Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
 "Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
 "Of his shrill cries him called to his aide;
 "To whom approching in that painefull stound,
 "When he him saw, for no demaunds he saide,
 "But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him
 "saide;

XII.

"Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee
 "brought
 "Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 "What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome
 "wrought,
 "And thee captived in this shamefull place?"
 "To whom he answered thus; "My haplesse case
 "Is not occasioned through my misdeffere,

"But through misfortune, which did me abate
 "Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 "Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well in-
 "part.

XIII.

"Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
 "Hard by a streight there standes a castile strong,
 "Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
 "And it hath long mayntaind with mighty
 "wrong;
 "For may no knight nor lady passe along
 "That way, (and yet they needs must passe that
 "way,
 "By reason of the streight and rocks among)
 "But they that ladies lockes doe shave away,
 "And that knights berd for toll, which they in
 "passage pay."

XIV.

"hamefull use as ever I did heare,"
 "Says Calidore, "and to be overthrowne;
 "But by what means did they at first it reare,
 "And for what cause? tell if thou have it
 "knowne."
 "Said then that squire; "The lady which doth
 "owne
 "This castile, is by name Briana hight,
 "Then which a prouder lady liveth none;
 "She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty
 "knight,
 "And fought to win his love by all the means
 "she might.

XV.

"His name is Crudor, who through high dis-
 "daine
 "And proud despight of his self-pleasing mynd,
 "Refused hath to yeild her love againe,
 "Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
 "With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd;
 "Which to provide she hath this castile dight,
 "And therein hath a fenshall affynd,
 "Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
 "Who executes her wicked will with work
 "despight.

XVI.

"He this same day, as I that way did come
 "With a faire damzell, my beloved deare,
 "In execution of her lawlesse doome,
 "Did set uppon us flying both for feare,
 "For little bootes against him hand to reare:
 "Me first he tooke unable to withstand,
 "And whiles he her pursued every where,
 "Till his returne into this tree he bond,
 "Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have
 "fond."

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake they heard a rustling
 "shricke
 "Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghesse
 "That it was she the which for helpe did seeke;
 "The looking up unto the cry to left,
 "They saw that carle from farre, with hand un-
 "blest,
 "Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 "That all her garments from her snowy bred,

her head her lockes, he nigh did teare,
he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare,

XXVIII.

ynous fight when Calidore beheld,
he loofd that squire, and so him left,
t's dismay and inward dolour queld,
sue that villaine which had rest
ous spoile by so iniurious theft;
ertaking, loude to him he cryde,
Faytor! quickly that misgotten west
that hath it better iustifyde,
me thee soone to him of whom thou art
defyde."

XXIX.

kning to that voice himselfe upreard,
z him so fiercely towards make,
m stoutly ran, as nought affeard,
more enrag'd for those words sake,
sterne count'nance thus unto him
like;
u the caytive that defyest me,
this mayd, whose party thou doest take,
ve thy beard, though it but little bee?
ll it not her lockes for raunsome fro me
free."

XXX.

he fiercely at him flew, and layd
s strokes with most importune might,
he made him stagger as unstayd,
coule to shunne his sharpe despight;
re, that was well skill'd in fight,
forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
waite how him he damage might;
he felt him shrinke and come to ward,
r grew, and gan to drive at him more
rd.

XXXI.

water-streame, whose swelling soure
: a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
restrayned of his readie course,
s passage is unto him lent
rth, and makes his way more violent;
the fury of Sir Calidore;
e he felt his foe-man to relent,
y him purfu'd and pressed fore,
: still decayd, so he encreased more.

XXXII.

r burden of whose dreadfull might,
ic carle no longer could sustaine,
gan faint, and streight he tooke his
ght

ic castle, where if need constrainde
of refuge used to remaine;
lidore perceiving fast to flie,
rfu'd and chaced through the plaine,
r dread of death gan loude to crie
ward to open to him hastilie.

XXXIII.

1 the wall him seeing so aghast,
soone opened to receive him in,
ore did follow him so fast,
1 in the porch he him did win,
his head afunder to his chin;
ffc tumbling downe within the dore

Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
That it could not be shut, whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steare, in heat of sommers' day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away:
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty
blame.

XXV.

"False traytor knight," sayd she, "no knight at
"all,
"But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty
"hand
"Murdred my men, and slaine my seneschall;
"Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
"And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
"Yet doubt thou not but that some better knight
"Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
"Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
"And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame
"requight."

XXVI.

Much was the knight abashed at that word,
Yet answer'd thus; "Not unto me the shame,
"But to the shamefull doer it afford:
"Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
"To punish those that do deserye the same;
"But they that breake bands of civilitie,
"And wicked customes make, those doe defame
"Both noble armes and gentle curtesie:
"No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII.

"Then doe yourselfe for dread of shame forgoe
"This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
"And do instead thereof mild curt'sie shoue
"To all that passe; that shall you glory gaine
"More then his love, which thus ye seeke
"t'obtaine."

Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde;
"Vile Recreant! know that I do much disdaine
"Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
"Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be
"defyde."

XXVIII.

"To take defiance at a ladies word,"
Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity;
"But were he here, that would it with his sword
"Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
"Cowherd," quoth she, "were not that thou
"wouldst fly
"Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
"If I doe so," sayd he, "then liberty
"I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
"With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to
"deface."

XXIX.

With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
and taking from her hand a ring of gould,

Z ij

(A privy token which betweene them past)
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
 To Crudor, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight
 Who, through strong powre, had now herselfe in
 hould,
 Having late slaine her senechall in fight,
 And all her people murdered with outrageous
 night.

xxx.

The dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
 But Calidore did with her there abyde
 The coming of that so much threatned knight;
 Where that discourteous dame with scornfull
 pryde
 And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine;
 Yet he that could his wrath full wisely guye,
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,
 And did himselfe from traile impatience refraine.

xxx.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
 Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
 The dwarf which bore that message to her
 knight
 Brought answere backe, that ere he tasted bread
 He would her succour, and alive or dead
 Her foe deliver up into her hand;
 Therefore he wild her doe away all dread,
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his bannet as a faithfull band.

xxxii.

Thereof full blyth the lady streight became,
 And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more;
 Yet no whit more appalled for the fame,
 Ne ought disinayed was Sir Calidore,
 But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore;
 And having soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
 Where long he stayed net, whenas a knight
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre and
 night.

xxxiii.

Well weend he streight that he should be the
 same
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine.
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But couht his sweare, and ran at him amaine.
 They bene ymett in midd' st of the plaine
 With to tell fury and dispiteous forke,
 That neither could the other's stroke sustaine,
 But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pittie nor remorie.

xxxiv.

But Calidore uprofe againe full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in fencelesse found;
 Yet would he not him hurt, although he might;
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
 But when Briana saw that dreary found,
 There where she stood upon the cattle-wall,
 She dem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to
 fall.

xxxv.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
 In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still;
 But when he saw his foe before in view,
 He shooke of luskifnesse, and courage chill
 Kindiing afresh, gan battell to renew,
 To prove if better foote then horsebacke would
 ensue.

xxxvi.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two for maystery of might;
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight;
 Which as it still increast, so still increast
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath a while their anger's tempest
 cast.

xxxvii.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies how each mote count
 make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder
 brake,
 As they had pot-shares bene; for nought
 flake
 Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth guthed like a
 flood.

xxxviii.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on his
 At once did heave with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
 And prove the final fortune of the fight;
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight,
 And nimbler-handed then hisemie,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
 That made him floupe to ground with mickle
 minitie;

xxxix.

And ere he could recover foote againe,
 He following that faire advantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast,
 And leaping to him light, would have unlat
 His helme, to make unto his vengeance way;
 Who seeing in what danger he was plait,
 Cryde out "Ah! mercie, sir, doe me not slay,
 " But save my life, which lot before your
 doth lay."

xl.

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
 And having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd:
 " And is the beast of that proud ladies thrax,
 " That menaced me from the field to beat,

ought to this? by this now may ye
 earne
 no more so rudely to entreat;
 away proud looke and usage sterne,
 which shall nought to you but soule disho-
 ur yearne :

XLII.

ving is more blamefull to a knight,
 urt'ie doth as well as armes professe,
 r strong and fortunate in fight,
 e reproch of pride and crueltie :
 he seeketh others to suppress,
 ath not learnd himselfe first to sub-
 lew :
 is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
 to Fortune's chance, still chaunging
 ew :
 aps to day to me, to-morrow may to
 you.

XLIII.

ll not mercie unto others shew,
 n he mercy ever hope to have ?
 each with his owne is right and dew :
 e ye mercie now doe need to crave,
 graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
 ese conditions which I will propound ;
 at ye better shall yourselve behave
 errant knights, wherefo on ground ;
 at ye ladies ayde in every stead and
 bound "

XLIII.

hed man, that all this while did dwell
 death, his heasts did gladly heare,
 ist to performe his precept well,
 oever else he would requere :
 him to rise, he made him sweare
 sword, and by the crosse thereon,
 riana for his loving fere
 dowre or composition,
 ase his former soule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,
 He up arose, however liefc or loth,
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye :
 Then forth he cald, from forrowfull dismay,
 The sad Briana, which all this beheld,
 Who comming forth, yet full of late af fray,
 Sir Calidore up-cheard, and to her told
 All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld,

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad then fory earst,
 All overcome with infinite affect
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
 Before his feet herselfe she did proiect,
 And him adoring as her live's deare lord,
 With all due thankes and dutifull respect
 Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for t'at accord,
 By which he had to her both life and love restord,

XLVI.

So all returning to the castle glad,
 Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,
 Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
 To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
 By all the meanes she mote it best explaine ;
 And after all, unto Sir Calidore
 She freely gave that castle for his paine,
 And herselfe bound to him for evermore ; [afors.
 So wandrouly now chaung'd from that she was

XLVII.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine,
 Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
 But gave them streight unto that squire againe,
 Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
 And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
 For recompence of all their former wrong :
 There he remaind with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong,
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Trifram slay
A proud discourteous knight;
He makes him squire, and of him learns
His state and present plight.

I.
WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love,
As curtesie, to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe;
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II.
Thereto great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend;
For some so goodly grations are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine;
Yet praise likewise deserves good thewes enforst
with paine.

III.
That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whose every deed and word that he did say
Was like enchantment, that through both the
eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke
ryde.

IV.
And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But ere he came in place that youth had hid
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly chid
With great amazement, and his thought
wonder fild.

V.
Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodman's iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head a hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunter's borne he bare;
had.

VI.
Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That first unto his hand in chafe did happen
neare.

VII.

10m Calidore awhile well having vewed,
length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle
" Swaine!
Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee, no knight, which armes impugne
" plaine?"
Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it shéuld againe,
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be
" wroken.

VIII.

'or not I him, as this his ladie here
say witness well, did offer first to wrong;
se surely thus unarm'd I likely were:
ut he me first through pride and puissance
" strong
" sayld, not knowing what to armes doth
" long."
" er die great blame," then said Sir Calidore,
" or armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
" hat then arcaid, thou gentle Chyld! wherefore
" twixt you two began this strife and sterne
" upore?"

IX.

"hat shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare;
" whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
" or thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
" doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse
" wit,
" o salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
" n all this Forrest and wild woodie raine;
" Where, as this day I was enrauging it,
" chaunff to meet this knight who there lyes
" slaine,
" Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

X.

"he knight; as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
" And this his ladie, that him ill became,
" On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
" thro' thicke and thin, unfit for any dame;
" Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
" Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
" He with his speare (that was to him great
" blame)
" Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to
" goe,
" Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous
" woe.

XI.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind;
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud dis-
" daine,
"ooke in soule scorne that I such fault did
" find,
" And me in lieu thereof revild againe,
" Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chyld
" pertaine.

XII.

" Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
" His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,
" That he streightway with haughtie cholour
" burned,
" And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
" twaine;
" Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
" Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
" Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
" Srooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
" That through the wound his spirit shortly did
" depart."

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach,
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a
breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due
hire?

XIV.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore, "Neither will I
" Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite
" clame;
" For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
" And what he did, he did himselfe to save:
" Against both which that knight wrought knight-
" lesse shame;
" For knights and all men this by nature have,
" Towards all women-kind them kindly to be-
" have.

XV.

" But sith that he is gone irrevocable;
" Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
" What cause could make him so dishonourable
" To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread,
" And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
" Certes, Sir knight," sayd she, "full loth I were
" To rayse a lving blame against the dead;
" But since it me concerns my selfe to cleare,
" I will the truth discover as it chaunff whyltes:

XVI.

" This day, as he and I together roade
" Upon our way to which we weren bent,
" We chaunff to come foreby a covert glade
" Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
" Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
" Of their franke loves, free from all gealous
" spyes;
" Faire was the ladie sure, that mote content
" An hart not carred with too curious eyes,
" And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII.

" Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
" He inly gan her lover to envy,
" And with that he part of his spoyle might
" share;

" Whereto whenas my prefence he did spy
 " To be a let, he bad me by and by
 " For to alight; but when as I was loth
 " My loves own part to leave so suddenly,
 " He with strong hand down from his steed me
 " throw' th,
 " And with presumptuous powre against that
 " knight streight go'th.

XVIII.

" Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more
 " meete
 " For ladies service and for love's delight,
 " Then fearing any foeman there to meete;
 " Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him
 " dight
 " Himselfe to yeeld his love, or else to fight:
 " Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
 " Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
 " To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
 " In which he had good right gaynst all that it
 " gaine sayd;

XIX.

" Yet since he was not presently in plight
 " Mer to defend, or his to iustifie,
 " He him requested, as he was a knight,
 " To lend him day his better right to trie,
 " Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 " Might lightly fetch; but he was fierce and
 " whot,
 " Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
 " But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,
 " From which to think to save himselfe it booted
 " not.

XX.

" Meanewhile his ladie, which this outrage saw,
 " Whilest they together for the quarry strove,
 " Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
 " And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
 " My knight her's soone, as seemes, to daunget
 " drove,
 " And left fore wounded, but when her he mist,
 " He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan
 " rove
 " And range through all the wood, wherso he
 " wist
 " She hidden was, and fought her so long as him
 " list.

XXI.

" But whenas her he by no meanes could find,
 " After long search and chauff he turned backe
 " Unto the place where me he left behind;
 " There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
 " Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke,
 " To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong;
 " Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
 " Strove to appease him, and perswaded long,
 " But still his passion grew more violent and
 " strong.

XXII.

" Then as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
 " When forward we should fare, he flat refused
 " To take me up (as this young man did see)
 " Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,

" But forst to trot on foot, and foule mistof,
 " Pouncing me with the butt-end of his speare,
 " In vaine complayning to be so abused;
 " For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
 " But more enforst my paine, the more my paine
 " to heare.

XXIII.

" So passed we, till this young man to mee;
 " And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
 " Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
 " Whereof befell what now is in your sight.
 " Now sure," then said Sir Calidore, " and right
 " Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault;
 " Whoever thinks through confidence of might,
 " Or through suppost of count'nance proud
 " hault,
 " To wrong the weaker, oft fallies in his
 " assault."

XXIV.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
 Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
 Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
 He prayd it much, and much admird it,
 That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly sit;
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these wordes, as to him seem'd
 good;

XXV.

" Faire gentle Swayne! and yet as stout as I
 " That in these woods amongst the nymphs do
 " wonne,
 " Which daily may to thy sweete looks report
 " As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
 " After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,
 " Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 " As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
 " Or surely borne of some heroicke seed;
 " That in thy face appeares and gracions good
 " head.

XXVI.

" But should it not displease thee it to tell,
 " (Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
 " For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell)
 " I would thy/elfe require thee to revele,
 " For deare affection and unsayned zeale
 " Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 " And with thee grow in worship and great
 " weale;
 " For since the day that armes I first did reare,
 " I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble youth: " May be,
 " Sir knight, that by discovering my estate,
 " Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
 " Nathelstles, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
 " To you I will not feare it to relate.
 " Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
 " Sonne of a king, however thorough fate
 " Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
 " And lost the crowne which should my head by
 " right adorne:

XXVIII.

And Trifram is my name, the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras, which did rayne
In Cornewale till that he through lives despeire
Intimely dyde before I did attaine
Ipe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine;
After whose death, his brother seeing me
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him: tooke the roiall high degre,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to
"bee.

XXIX.

The widow queene, my mother, which then hight
Fair Emeline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetic, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,
Wont to cut off all that doubt my breed,
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor
"feed.

XXX.

So taking counsell of a wise man red,
He was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weete of me, nor worke me any wrong;
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me
"streight

Into this land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to sta-
"ture strong.

XXXI.

All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but as was convenient,
I have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres;
Amongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace amongst my percs,
Of all that raungeth in the forreit greene,
Of which none is to me unknown that ev'r was
"scenc.

XXXII.

He is there hauke which mantleth her on
"pearch,
Whether high twrwing or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe searce,
And all her pray and all her diet know;
Such be our ioyes which in these Forrests grow.
Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to
"imploy.

XXXIII.

Therefore, good Sir! sith now occasion fit
Doubt fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battelous array
May beare armes, and learn to use them right;

"The rather since that Fortune hath this day
"Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
"These goodly gilden armes, which I have won
"in fight."

XXXIV.

All which, when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earst he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; "Faire Chyld! the high desire
"To love of armes which in you doth aspire,
"I may not, certes, without blame denie,
"But rather wilst that some more noble hire
"(Though none more noble then is chevalric)
"I had you to reward with greater dignitie."

XXXV.

There him he causd to kneele, and made to
"swear
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Trifram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small,
Long shut up in the bud from heaven's vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displays his
"smyling hew.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Trifram prayd that he with him might
"goe

On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part;
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doubtfull knight;
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight:

XXXVII.

"Glad would I surely be, thou courteous squire!
"To have thy presence in my present queit,
"That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
"And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
"But I am bound by vow, which I profess
"To my dread soveraine, when I it assayd,
"That in atchievement of her high behest
"I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
"Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly
"prayde.

XXXVIII.

"But since this ladie is all desolate,
"And needeth safegard now upon her way,
"Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
"To succour her from daunger of dismay,
"That thankfull gerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of such new service sayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say;
So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX.

But Trifram then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes;

And after having them upon him dight,
He took that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the ffeed of her own late dead knight,
So with her marched forth as she did him be-
hight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them a while,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveld many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded
fore.

Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that Knight found lying on the flose,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the graffe in vermeill
dyde:

XLI.

And there beside him fate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complaying
With loud laments, that most unlucky fount,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constraining
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter
payning;

Which sorie sight, when Calidore did vew,
With heavie cyne from teares unceaseth refraying,
His mightie hart their mouinefull case gan rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher
drew:

XLII.

Then speaking to the ladie, thus he sayd;
"Ye dolefull dame! let not your grieffe impeach
"To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
"This knight unarm'd with so unknighly breach
"Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
"I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The ladie hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her fory hart few heavie words forth
sigh't:

XLIII.

In which she shew'd how that discourteous knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
Ioyning together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound;
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did
leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand
What manner wight he was, and now yclad,

Which had this outrage wrought with wicked
hand?

She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus described, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with aspre band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his taize
A ladie on rough waves, row'd in a lamma
barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse straightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram carit did say,
And to her said; "Dame, be no longer sad,
"For he that hath your knight so ill besad,
"Is now himselte in much more wretched payn;
"These eyes him saw upon the cold earth lay
"The meede of his desert for that despight,
"Which to yourselte he wrought and to your
"loved knight.

XLVI.

"Therefore, faire lady! lay aside this grieffe,
"Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
"For that displeasure, and thinke what releeffe
"Were best devise for this your lover's smart;
"And how ye may him hence, and to what part
"Convey to be recur'd." She thank him
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did bear
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad case.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any way
How thence she might convey him to his
place;

For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a stranger to her wretched case,
And him to beare she thought it thing too brut
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake:
"Faire lady! let it not you seeme disgrace
"To beare this burden on your dainty backe,
"Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your
"packe."

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,
And powring balme, which he had long parryd
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did
beare,

Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
donne;

Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wone:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be
gonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home ;
Pursues the Blatant Beast ;
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppress.

I.
that whilome that good poet sayd,
e minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
by nothing is so well bewrayd
manners, in which plaint is showne
egree and what race he is growne ;
ne seene a trotting stalion get
ng colt, that is his proper owne ;
e seene that one in baseneffe set,
le courage flew with curteous manners
et.

II.
nore contrary hath bene tryde,
le bloud will gentle manners breed,
nay be in Calidore descryde,
asample of that courteous deed
hat wounded knight in his great need,
his backe he bore, till he him brought
castle where they had decreed ;
the knight, the which that castle ought,
abode that night he greatly was befought.

III.
o weete a man of full ripe yeares,
is youth had bene of nickle might,
e great sway in armes amongst his peares ;
weake age had dimd his candle light :
he courteous still to every wight,
d all that did to armes incline,
the father of that wounded knight
alidore thus carried on his chine,
us was his name, and his sonnes Aladine-

IV.
Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare,
By a faire lady and a straunger knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth ; " Ah, fory boy !
" Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
" Thou brings? Aie me! is this the untimely ioy
" Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy

V.
" Such is the weakeneffe of all mortall hope,
" So tickle is the state of earthly things,
" That ere they come unto their aymed scope,
" They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
" And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings
" Instead of comfort, which we should embrace ;
" This is the state of keafars and of kings :
" Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
" Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case."

VI.
So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appare,
That to Sir Calidore was case geare ;
But that faire lady would be cheared for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now
be brought :

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did difaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her

ny,

The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of lesse livelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' other's
riches scorne.

VIII.

So having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade,
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade;
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'advise
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devise
How she the blame might save with coloured
disguize.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Faind her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all means did assay
To make them both as merry as he may:
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his
quest.

X.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and
steepe:
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht
him,
That of the deadly swound in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht
him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with dreary eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke;
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble
blood;
For first, next after life, he tendred her good.

XII.

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares;
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each other's grieffe with zeale affectionate,

And twist them twaine with equall care to see
How to save whole her hazarded estate,
For which the onely helpe now left them left
Seem'd to be Calidore; all other helpe was
past.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them be found,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust,
Therefore to him their cause they best committ
Whole to commit, and to his dealing intrust.
Earely, so soone as Titan's beames forth burst
Through the thicke clouds in which they lay,

All night in darkenesse duld with yron rest,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

XIV.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite after this night's perillous past,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that lady, his faire lovely last.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrows and
sourse.

XV.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadvantages to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behave,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her father's house he had
brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe; so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did feare,
Sith his own thought he knew most dear
wite;

So as they past together on their way,
He gan devise this countercait of flight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by iust avengement
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame;
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies father's house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his
deale became.

XVIII.

There he arriving, boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure and guiltlesse innocent

did on his knighthood sweare,
 v her, and did free from feare
 s knight, who her had rest,
 us force away did beare;
 f he shew'd his head there left,
 life forlorne for vengeance of his

XIX.

n her fire was her to see,
 dventure of her late mischaunce;
 hanks to Calidore for fee
 nes in her deliveraunce
 esse the lady did advaunce.
 r restored trustily,
 d, some small continuance
 ake, and then most carefully
 ploite he did himselfe apply.

XX.

rfuing of his quest,
 ome whereas a iolly knight
 himselfe did safely rest,
 his lady in delight:
 ces he had from hi' undight,
 se he thought from daunger free,
 nvious eyes that mote him spight;
 ly was full faire to see,
 withall, becomming her degree.

XXI.

alidore approaching nyc,
 well aware of living wight,
 asht, but more himselfe thereby,
 dly did uppon them light,
 ad their quiet loves delight:
 s his fortune, not his fault,
 of he labour'd to acquite,
 v'd for his so fr sh default,
 courtlesie so fowly did default.

XXII.

s gentle words and goodly wit
 t that knight's conceiv'd displeasure,
 ht him downe by him to sit,
 e treat of things abroad at leisure,
 res which had in his measure
 s to him befallen late.
 ce, and with delightfull pleasure
 ures gan to him relate,
 red had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

est they discoursed both together,
 ia (so his lady hight)
 yldnesse of the gentle wether,
 of the place, the which was dight
 wres distinct with rare delight,
 t the fields, as liking led
 lust after her wandring sight,
 land to adorne her hed,
 t of ill, or daunger's hidden cred.

XXIV.

ut of the Forrest nere
 east forth rushing unaware,
 us loosely wandring here and there,
 e great mouth away her bare,
 o shew her sad misfare
 hts, and calling oft for ayde;

Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
 Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
 Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV.

The beast with their pursuit incited more,
 Into the wood was bearing her apace
 For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
 Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
 Him overtooke in midst of his race,
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,
 Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
 And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight,
 For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI.

Who nathelless when he the lady saw
 There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
 Yet knowing that her knight now nere did
 draw,

Staide not to succour her in that affright,
 But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
 Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
 That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
 But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
 As if his lungs and lites were nigh afunder brast.

XXVII.

And now by this Sir Calepine, so hight,
 Came to the place where he his lady found
 In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
 All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,
 Having both sides through grypt with grievous
 wound:

His weapons soone from him he threw away,
 And stouping downe to her in drery frownd,
 Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
 And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his buie paines apply,
 That the faint spright he did revoke againe
 To her fraile mansion of mortality;
 Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
 And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
 With carefull hands, soft footing her beside,
 Till to some place of rest they mote attain,
 Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
 Till she recoverd were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
 Unto his inne began to draw apace,
 Tho waxing weary of that toyle some paine
 In travelling on foote so long a space,
 Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
 Downe in a dale forby a river's syde
 He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
 To which he ment his weary steps to guyde,
 In hope there for his love some succour to pro-
 vyde:

XXX.

But comming to the river's side, he found
 That hardly passable on foote it was,
 Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
 Ne wist which way he through the foord mote
 pas:
 Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
 Devisu g what to doe, he nigh epyde

An armed knight approaching to the place,
With a faire lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepar'd thorough the foord
to ride.

XXXI.

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie in that his neede
(For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perillous foord with better
heede)

To take him up behinde upon his steed ;
To whom that other did this taunt returne :
" Pardy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly reed
" Me then to be full bafe and evill borne,
" If I would beare behinde a burden of such
" scorn :

XXXII.

" But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
" So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
" And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
" Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
" And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his lady much displeas'd
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eas'd
For pity of his dame, whom she saw so diseas'd.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleness refus'd,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abus'd
Of a rude churle, whom often he accus'd
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for knight ;
And strongly wading through the waves unus'd,
With speare in th' one hand, stayd himselfe up-
right,
With th' other staide his lady up with stedy
might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him ;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim ;
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage pass that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with count'nance
grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and
fell :

XXXV.

" Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
" And blot of all that armes upon them take,
" That is the badge of honour and of fame,
" Lo I defie thee, and here challenge make,
" That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
" And be for ever held a recreant knight,
" Unless thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake,
" And for thine owne defence, on foote alight,
" To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde

Did scorne the challenge of so bafe a thrall,
Or had no courage, or else had no gall :
So much the more was Calepine offend'd,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemnd,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemn'd.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turn'd his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid
Where was his won ; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sick charge some harbour there to finde
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers mnd,
And myld entreaty, lodging for her did binde.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter, that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad ;
Nathelasse the knight, now in so neede case,
Gan him entreat even with submission bafe,
And humbly praid to let them in that night ;
Who to him aunfwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unless that with his lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

" Full loth am I," quoth he, " as now at eare,
" When day is spent, and rest us needeth more,
" And that this lady, both whose sides are pear'd
" With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghast ;
" Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,
" That should to me such curtesie afford,
" Unless that I were therunto enforst ;
" But yet aread to me, how hight thy lord,
" That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of
" Ford."

XL.

" His name," quoth he, " if that thou list
" learne,
" Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
" And manhood rare, but terrible and steare
" In all assaies to every errant knight,
" Because of one that wrought him fowle dis-
" pight."
" Ill seemes," sayd he, " if he so valiaunt be,
" That he should be so sterne to stranger wight ;
" For seldom yet did living creature see
" That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

" But go thy waies to him, and from me say
" That here is at his gate an errant knight,
" That house-rome craves, yet would be lockt
" t'assay
" The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
" Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite ;
" Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till
" morne ;
" And tell withall the lamentable plight
" In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
" That pity craves, as he of woman was yborne."

XLII.

The groom went streightway in, and to his lord
Declar'd the message which that knight did move

with his lady then at bord,
did not his demaund approve,
himselfe-reuil'd and eke his love;
By that Blandina hight,
gentle usage did reprove,
they entreated that they might
rather to be lodged there for that same
it.

XLIII.

he not perswaded be for ought,
his carrish will awhit reclame:
When the groome returning brought
him, his hart did inly flame
with full fury for so foule a shame,
would not thereof avenged bee;
for pittie of his dearest dame,
and deadly daunger he did see;
meanes to comfort, nor procure her

XLIV.

line; for why? no remedy
present mischiefe to redresse,
to end perforce for to aby,
his night's fortune would for him ad-
vice:
he tooke his lady in distresse,
and underneath a bush to sleepe,
from cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
himselfe all night did nought but
to watch about her for her safegard
vice.

XLV.

next, so soone as ioyous day
else in sunny beames bedight,
of dolorous dismay,
nesse dread and hope of living light,
rather head to see that cherefull sight;
he never inly wroth,
to avenge that vile despight,
of ceble ladies sake, full loth
were lenger stay, forth on his iourney

XLVI.

foote all armed by her side,
will herselfe uppon her steede,
le else alone to ride,
des, so much her wounds did bleede;
length, in his extreamest neede,
rather off an armed knight to spy,
in apace with greedy speed;
he wist to be some enemy,
to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde;
Tho whenas he approached nigh in view,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamde yesterday;
Therefore misdoubting least he should misgyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprife,
He bad him stand, to abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had
done:

With that ran at him, as he would devour
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloody will;
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and thrill,
As ever he to lady was affyde,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason paci-
fyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood en-
few'd

In great abundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his ladies cry,
Not satisfide till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell willany:
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought;
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is ;
And whyleft an infant from a beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

I.
LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storm long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
'That giveth comfort to her courage cold ;
Such was the state of this most courteous knight,
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
'That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad ladie left in pitifull affright ;

II.
Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shrighr,
'Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
'To understand what there was to be donne ;
'There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
Chafing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.
The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentleffe knew,
Secing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoved at his perill's vew,
'That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so puriew ;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him average of that so villenous despight.

IV.
Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as suddenn rage him lent to smite :
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword or speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or beere ;
For from his mother's wombe, which him did beere,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leere.

V.
He stayed not t'advize which way were best
His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran ; who being well prepard,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke so strong and hard,
'That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare ;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI.
With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tyger that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay ;
The salvage nation doth all dread despize :
'Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprise.

VII.

wrest and wring it to and fro,
 way did try, but all in vaine;
 did not his greedie gripe forgoe,
 and puld with all his might and
 e,
 did steed him nigh he drew againe;
 now no use of his long spare
 and, nor force his shield to straine,
 and shield, as things that needlesse
 ;
 rfooke, and fled himselfe away for

VIII.

n the wyld man ran apace,
 rfewed with importune speed;
 wift as any bucke in chace;
 not in his extreamest need
 through the swiftnesse of his steed,
 overtaken in his flight;
 s he saw him nigh succeed,
 id with horrible affright,
 id out; a thing uncomely for d
 it.

IX.

ie salvage saw his labour vaine
 of him that fled so fast,
 roxe; and backe return'd againe
 unto the place whereas he last
 t couple neare their utmost cast;
 at knight full sorely bleeding found,
 lady fearefully aghast,
 perill of the present stound;
 or the sharpnesse of her rankling
 id.

X.

she ware right glad to rid to bee
 ile lozell which her late offended,
 lesse encombrance she did see
 by this salvage man pretended;
 a she saw no means to be defended,
 at her knight was wounded fore;
 rselfe she wholly recommended
 le grace, whom she did oft implore
 succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

d man, contrarie to her feare,
 creeping like a fawning hound,
 rude tokens made to her appeare
 mpassion of her dolefull stound,
 ands, and crouching to the ground;
 ignage had he none nor sprach,
 urmure and confused sound
 e words, which Nature did him
 is passions, which his reason did em-
 2.

XII.

3g likewise to the wounded knight,
 held the streames of purple blood
 fresh, as moved with the sight,
 cat mone after his salvage mood;
 ; streight into the thickest wood,

A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
 Whose vertue he by use well understood,
 The iayce whereof unto his wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stanchd
 thought.

XIII.

Then taking up that recreant's shield and speare,
 Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
 With him to wend unto his wooing neare;
 To which he easily did them perswade.
 Farre in the forest, by a hollow glade,
 Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading
 brode
 Did underneath them make a ghomy shade,
 Where foots of living creature never trode,
 Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this
 wight's abode.

XIV.

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by looks, and all his other gestures;
 But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
 Must be their bed; their pillow was unfowed;
 And the fruites of the forest was their feast:
 For their bad stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
 Ne sed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
 Did taste the bloud, obeying Nature's first be-
 head.

XV.

Yet howsoever base and meanie it were,
 They took it well, and thanked God for all,
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
 And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
 Glad of that casement, though it were but
 small;
 That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

XVI.

During which time that wyld man did apply
 His best endeavour and his daily paine
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
 For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming
 faine
 When ought he did, that did their lyking
 gaine.
 So as ere long he had that knightes wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe;
 But that same ladies hurts no herbe he found
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly un-
 found.

XVII.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
 Upon a day he cast abroad to wend
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
 And without sword his person to defend;
 There him befell, unlooked for before,
 An hard adventure with unhappie end,
 A cruell beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his blood iciawes besprinkled all with
 gore.

A 2

xviii.

The litle babe did loudly strike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose cares those shrieches shrill
Percing, his hart with pitie's point did thrill,
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill;
Whom though he saw now somewhat over-
past,

Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued fast

xix.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to
want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from liberty to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them went to weare, and wend on foot for
need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in ther speed de-
light.

xx.

So well he spread him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And without weapon him assaying neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay;
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him, and to devour his
corse.

xxi.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so Fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all atone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony
masse.

xxii.

Whom whenas he thus combed did behold,
Striving in vaine, that nigh his bowels braft,
He with him closd, and laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he
cast,
And then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatening his sharpe clawes, now wanting
powre to straine.

xxiii.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweete relickes of his pray,
Whom pitying to heare so fore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wpyt away,

And from his face the filth that did it ray,
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay
Least that the beast's sharpe teeth had
wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole ther
found.

xxiv.

So having all his bandes againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne aga-
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he
faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot desery,
Ne by enquire learne, nor ghesse by ayme
For nought but woods and Forrests
nye,
That all about did close the compass
eye.

xxv.

Much was he then encombred, ne could he
Which way to take; now west he went at
Then north, then neither, but as fortune led
So up and downe he wandred many a mil
With wearie travell and uncertaine toyle,
Yet nought the nearer to his journey's end
And evermore his lovely litle spoyle
Crying for food did greatly him offend;
So all that day in wandring vainely
spend.

xxvi.

At last, about the setting of the sunne,
Himselfe out of the Forrest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine did
wonne;
Where looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd
At length he heard, under the Forrest's syde
A voice that seemed of some woman-kynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting, loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune
fyde.

xxvii.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceivd
A stranger knight in place, her playnt she
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed;
Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
"What be you, wofull Dame! which
ment?"
"And for what cause declare, so mote
repent."

xxviii.

To whom she thus; "What need me, Sir,
That which yourself have earst sared to
"A wofull dame ye have me termed well
"So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
"Cannot redressed be by living wight."
"Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need do
"bynd,

disclose, to ease your grieved spright;
 As it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
 Remedie unsought, which seeking cannot
 fynd."

XXXIX.
 She began the lamentable dame;
 When ye needs will know the griefe I
 hoord,
 ' unfortunate Matilde by name,
 fe of bold Sir Bruin, who is lord
 his land, late conquer'd by his sword
 great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
 he did overthrow by yonder foord,
 three batailles did so deadly daunt,
 he dare not returne for all his daily
 vaunt.

XXX.
 My lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 is free, with peaceable estate,
 yettly doth hold it in his hand,
 dares with him for it debate;
 these happie fortunes cruell Fate
 yn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
 our ioyes, and all our blisse abate,
 e in time to further ill to grow,
 l this land with endlesse losse to over-
 flow.

XXXI.
 Heavens, envying our prosperitic,
 doth vouchsafte to graunt unto us twaine
 dfull blessing of posteritic,
 we might see after ourselves remaine
 ritage of our unhappie paine;
 for want of heirs it to defend,
 time like to returne againe
 soule feend, who daily doth attend
 e into the same after our lives end.

XXXII.
 My lord is grieved herewithall,
 takes exceeding mone, when he does
 thinke
 this land unto his foe shall fall,
 such he long in vaine did sweat and
 swinke,
 now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
 it sayd there should to him a sonne
 , not begotten, which should drinke
 up all the water which doth runne
 ext brooke, by whom that feend should
 be fordonne.

XXXIII.
 He p't he then, when this was propheside,
 on his side some noble chyld should
 rise,
 rich through fame should farre be mag-
 nifide,
 as proud gyant should with brave em-
 prize
 overthrow, who now ginnes to de-
 size
 d Sir Bruin, growing farre in yeares,
 unkes from me his sorrow all doth
 ize.

" Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares,
 " For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth
 " ceaselesse teares."

XXXIV.
 Which when he heard he inly touched was
 With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
 And when he had devised of her case,
 He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
 For all her paine, if please her make the priefe;
 And having cheared her, thus said; " Faire
 " Dame!

" In eville counsell is the comfort chiefe,
 " Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
 " Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without
 " blame.

XXXV.
 " If that the cause of this your languishment
 " Be lacke of children to supply your place,
 " Lo how good Fortune doth to you present
 " This little babe of sweet and lovely face,
 " And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
 " Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
 " Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 " Whether ye list him traine in chevally,
 " Or nurse up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

XXXVI.
 " And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene
 " That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
 " More brave and noble knights have rayfed
 " beene,

" (As their victorious deedes have often shoven,
 " Being with fame through many nations blowen)
 " Then those which have bene daddled in the
 " lap;
 " Therefore some thought that those brave impe
 " were sowen
 " Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly
 " sap,
 " That made them grow so high t' all honourable
 " hap."

XXXVII.
 The ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach;
 Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geafon,
 Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach;
 Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place and season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her owne by liverey and seisin,
 And having over it a little wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it
 kept.

XXXVIII.
 Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
 Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought;
 Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
 And with her husband under hand so wrought,
 That when that infant unto him she brought,
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne;
 And it in goodly thewes so well up-brought,
 That it became a famous knight well knowne,
 And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere
 are shovne.

XXXIX.

Now being left alone
 In the wood's side in sorie plight,
 Hee would have or steede to ride upon,
 Or to hide his head from heaven's spight,
 Or to come home by all the meanes he might
 To be fired home with her to wend,
 Or to see him, his courtesie to requite,
 Or to see his horse and armes, and whatso else, to lend,
 Or to see them all refusd, though thank her as a
 friend:

XL.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
 That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
 On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
 For fell despight, to be so sorely crost,
 And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
 Vowing that never he in bed againe
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
 Till that his ladies fight he mote attaine,
 Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well
Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his squyre,
With th' hermit leaves behind.

I.
in case thing is to descry
bloud, however it be wrapt
ortune's foule deformity,
hed sorrowes, which have often hapt?
ever it may grow mis-shapt,
vyld man, being undisciplynd,
vertue it may seeme unapt,
shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
ie last breake forth in his owne proper
id.

II.
ly may in this wyld man be red,
gh he were still in this desert wood
ivage beasts both rudely born and bred,
w faire guise, ne learned good,
some token of his gentle blood
sface of that wretched dame;
he was borne of noble blood,
y hard hap he hether came,
y know, when time shall be to tell the
ic.

III.
ias now long time he lacked had
iir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
xceeding sorrowfull and sad,
me misfortune were afraid;
g there this ladie all dismayd,
staightway into the Forrest wyde
he perchance asleep were layd,
else were unto him betyde;
him farre and neare, yet him no where
pyde.

IV.
Tho backe returning to that forie dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament;
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe tor-
ment.

V.
Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast, new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vital powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay;
Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI.
Whom when the salvage saw so fore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And fought by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony swoond,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound;
Yet would she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vex her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction
wrought.

vii.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that forie case.
His steede, now strong through rest so long a
space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressor's
might.

viii.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whylcare
Had left behind, he gan estfoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit;
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

ix.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all man seeme an uncouth sight,
A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchased aright;
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

x.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome, which he by signes did
reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right
aray:

xi.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
Which seemed by their portance and attire
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures where they mote them get;
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be
set.

xii.

After that Timias had againe secured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high upreat'd,
Nether of envy nor of change afear'd,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniuert detraction him did beard;

Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That, in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore

xiii.

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by flight;
The first of them by name was calld Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and height;
The second not so strong, but wise, Decetto;
The third not strong nor wise, but spitefull
Desetto.

xiv.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And severall deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treason's subtil traine;
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one company
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they had
To work his utter shame, and throughly him
found.

xv.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a bait
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the danger of defame;
For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in Forrest wyld or tame
Met him in chace, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the prey oftimes out of their
hould.

xvi.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy,
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly;
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was therof
cure.

xvii.

Securely he did after him purfew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight,
Who thro' thicke woods, and brakes, and briars
To weary him the more, and waste his flight,
him drew,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose cover stopt his further flight;
There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to
vade.

xviii.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him hault
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might

their blowes from percing thorough
e;
n all so warily did ward,
of them in his soft flesh did bite,
while his backe for best safegard
gainst a tree, that backward onfet

XIX.

le bull, that being at a bay,
a mastiffe, and a hound,
-dog, that doe him sharp assay
de, and beat about him round,
at curre, barking with bitter fownd,
og still behinde, doth him incounter,
his chauffe he digs the trampled
ind,
as his horns, and bellowes like the
ider;
t squire his foes disperse and drive
der.

XX.

chowed so, for his three foes
compassie him on every side,
oufly did round about enclose;
all Defetto him annoye,
hinde him still to have destroyed;
tto eke him circumvent;
espetto, in his greater pryde,
im face to face, against him bent;
em all withhood, and often made
nt.

XXI.

at length nigh tyrd with former
e,
now with carefull keeping ward,
shrinke, and somewhat to give place,
e long to have escaped hard;
wares he in the Forrest heard
g steede, that with his neighing fast
his rider be upon his gard;
whereof the squire now nigh aghast,
as, and sad despaire away did cast.

XXII.

e spide a knight approaching nye,
; one in so great daunger set
ny foes, himselfe did faster hye
him, and his weake part abet,
to see him overlet;
re as his three enemies did vew,
and fast into the wood did get;
d not to thinke them to pursfew,
t was so thicke that did no passage
v.

XXIII.

ng to that swaine, him well he knew
limias, his owne true squire;
ceeding glad, he to him drew,
embracing twixt his armes entire,
bespake: " My Liefe! my Life's
efire!
re ye me alone thus long ylest?
what world's despight, or Heaven's
re,

" Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
" Where have ye all this while bin wandring,
" where bene west?"

XXIV.

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the squire nought answered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine;
After all which up to their speedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely complement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in fight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well re-
nownd;

Which when that squire beheld, he to them
slept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding bound;
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
And sternely with strong hand it from his hand-
ling kept.

XXVI.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grievely looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he
strooke,

That made him downe unto the earth incline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have
slaine;

Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement
stayd.

XXVII.

With that aloud the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping, did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demaund
What and from whence the was, and by what
traine

She fell into that salvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in
band?

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; " I am, as now ye see,
" The wretchedst dame that live this day on
" ground,

" Who both in minde, the which most grieveth
" me,

" And body, have receiv'd a mortall wound,
" That hath me driven to this dreary flound.

" I was erewhile the love of Calepine,

" Who whether he alive be to be found,

" Or by some deadly chauce be done to pine,

" Since I him lately lost, uncess is to define.

xxx.

" In salvage Forrest I him left of late,
 " Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
 " Or else remained in most wretched state,
 " Had not this wyld man, in that woful stead,
 " Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
 " In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
 " Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred,
 " It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
 " So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

xxx.

" Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
 " That ye will not your wrath upon him
 " wreake,
 " Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
 " Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
 " Small praife to prove your powre on wight fo
 " weake."

With such faire words she did their neer
 swage,

And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of her page.

xxx.

So having all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to procede,
 And they her forth conducted, where they
 might

Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
 For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
 And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed
 has.

xxxii.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
 To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some
 ease

To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe;
 And all the way the prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
 By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
 Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains did them
 torment.

xxxiii.

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
 The foule discourtesies and unknighly parts
 Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts;
 Although Blandina did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade all that she might;
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary
 knight.

xxxiv.

Wherewith the prince fore moved, there avoud
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
 And shamefull knight, of whom she did com-
 plaine.

This wise did they each other entertaire
 To passe the tedious travell of the way,
 Till towards night they came unto a plaie,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy
 may.

xxxv.

And nigh thereto a little chappel stode,
 Which being all with yvy overspred,
 Deckt all the rooffe, and shadowing the roode,
 Seem'd like a grove faire branched over hed:
 Therein the hermite, which his life here led,
 In streight observance of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these knights arriv'd, they wist not wher
 nor how.

xxxvi.

stode, stayd not there, but streightway in
 pas;

Whom when the hermite present saw in place,
 From his devotion streight he troubled was;
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pace
 With stayed steps and grave-beseeming grace:
 For well it seem'd that whilome he had been
 Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
 That could his good to all; and well he
 weene

How each to entertaime with curt'sie well be-
 scene:

xxxvii.

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had bene a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe;
 But being aged now, and weary too
 Of warres delight and world's contentious toyle,
 The name of Knighthood he did disavow,
 And hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this world's incombrance did himself
 affoyle.

xxxviii.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
 Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
 Small was his house, and like a little cape,
 For his owne turne, yet inly neat and cleane,
 Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay be-
 scene:

Therein he them full faire did entertaime,
 Not with such forged shoues as sifter beene
 For courting fooles, that curtesies would faine,
 But with entire affection and appearance plain

xxxix.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well suffiz'd them rested faine:
 But faire Serena all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Fo
 Had given them, whose grife through suffra-
 tore increast.

XL.

that night they past in great diseafe,
 at the morning, bringing early light
 idle mens labours, brought them also ease,
 some asswagement of their painefull plight,
 up they rose, and gan themselves to dight,
 their journey; but that squire and dame
 it and feeble were, that they ne might
 e to travell, nor one foot to frame:
 hearts were sicke, their sides were sore,
 their feete were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
 Would not permit to make there longer stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
 In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well: so forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the salvage (that whylere
 Secing his royall usage and array,
 Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
 Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK

INTO VI.

The hermite heales both squire and dame
Of their fore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeat and shame
For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so fore doth light,
As doth the poyfnous sting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art nor any leaches might
It ever can recured be againe:
Ne all the skill which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish
paine.

II.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant
Beast
Made in the bodies of that squire and dame,
And being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became;
Howbe that carefull hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines, meete to tame
The poyfnous humour, which did most infect
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them
duely drest:

III.

For he right well in leaches craft was seene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound the
weaker spright:

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies;
But being now attacht with timely age,
And wearie of this world's unquiet waies,
He took himselfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in
cage.

V.

One day as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily,
And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past help of surgery,
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reed of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give selves to every sore, but counsell to the
minde.

VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; " Faire Daughte
" dame!
" And you, faire Sonne! which here thus lie
" now lie
" In piteous langour since ye hither came,
" In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
" And I likewise in vaine doe selves to you appo-

VII.

yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
yourselfes, and must proceed alone
your owne will to cure your maladie:
him cure that will be cur'd of none?
the health ye seeke, observe this one;
your outward senses to refrains
things that stirre up fraile affection;
your eares, your tongue, your talk,
braine
that they most affect, and in due termes
maintaine.

VIII.

those outward senses, ill affected,
of all this evill first doth spring,
the first, before it had infected,
to be suppress't with little thing;
grown strong, it forth doth bring
and anguish, and impatient paines
in parts, and lastly, scattering
is poyson close through every vaine,
rests till it have wrought his finall
end.

IX.

beastes teeth, which wounded you
before,
leading venomous and keene,
of rusty yron, rancling sore,
where they bite, it booteth not to weene
of, or antidote, or other means,
amend: ne marvaile ought,
the same beast was bred of hellish fire,
in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
the foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X.

is a monster direfull dreed,
whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
his shape, so huge her head,
the hellish fiends affrighted bee
hereof, and from her presence flee;
her face and former parts profess
a young mayden, full of comely glee,
her hinder parts did plaine expresse
the fowle dragon, full of fearful ugliness.

XI.

the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
in all darknesse, furthest from the skie
of the earth, appointed have her place
in rocks and caves, where she enrold doth

horror and obscurity
the strength of her immortal age:
Typhaon with her company;
Typhaon! whose tempestuous rage
the heavens tremble oft, and him with
his wings affwage.

XII.

the mixture they did then beget
the shag dog, that hight the Blatant Beast,
the monster, that his tongue doth whet
both good and bad, both moist and
dry,
his poyntous gall forth to infect
the world with notable defame;

" Ne ever knight that bore so lofty crest,
" Ne ever lady of so honest name,
" But he them spotted with reproach or secrets
" shame.

XIII.

" In vaine therefore it were with medicine
" To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
" That rather needes wise read and discipline
" Then outward salves, that may augment it
" more."
" Aye me!" said then Serena, sighing sore,
" What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
" If that no salves may us to health restore?"
" But sith we need good counsell," saith the
" swaine,
" Aread, good Sire! some counsell that may us
" sustaine."

XIV.

" The best," sayd he, " that I can you advise,
" Is to avoide the occasion of the ill;
" For when the cause whence evill doth arise
" Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.
" Abstaine from pleasure, and refraine your will,
" Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
" Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill,
" Shun secretie, and talke in open sight;
" So shall you soone repaire your present evill
" plight."

XV.

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
And kept so well his wise commandements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho' when they did per-
ceive

Their wounds recur'd and forces reincreast,
Of that good hermite both they took their leave,
And went both on their way, ne eche would other
leave:

XVI.

But each th' other view'd th' accompany;
The lady, for that she was much in dreed,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need:
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy iade unmeetly set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and
wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbear to you to tell,
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton prince did lye,
Pursuing that proud knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight,
And eke his lady, though the sickly were,
So lewdly had abuse as ye did lately heare.

XVIII.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serena to him delivered had,

Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad
With which he had those two so ill bestad;
Ne wight with him on that adventure went
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there as did by chance befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he wnable wete for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whyles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely groomme there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was?
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lord's forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the prince, him sayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

XXI.

But he the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therfore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

XXII.

Which when the salvage coming now in place
Beheld, estfoones he all enraged grew,
And running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes in present vew
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore;
So miterably him all helpelesse flew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great up-
rore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow
slaine,
And that same knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently;
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repel,
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him
fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,
That few of them he left aive, which fled
Those evill tidings to their lord to shew;

Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenas with the dust
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same
knight

And salvage with their blood fresh-stoeking
He wore nigh mad with wrath and fell delight,
And with reproachfull words him thus bespake
in
hight;

XXV.

" Art thou he, Traytor! that with treason
Hast slaine my men in this common maner,
" And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
" Of these poore folk, whose soules with
" dishonor
" And foule defame doe decke thy bloody
" The meede whereof shall shortly be thy
" And wretched end, which still attendeth
" her."

With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with
came.

XXVI.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous
frank
presse,

That on his shield did rattle like to hail
In a great tempest, that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to address;
And evermore that craven coward knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse hoodinesse,
Waying if he unwares him murder might;
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof whenas the prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curr behind his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement;
So likewise turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his wil
might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had
tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hastid
Through the thick prease, there thinking him
hyde;

But when the prince had once him plainly eyed,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
But ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay,
Who flying still did ward, and warding by
sway.

XXIX.

But when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw;
Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake
Wherefo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place
to
place,

Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake;

after him that did him chace,
 him evermore increafe his speedie
 .

XXX.

up into the chamber came,
 his love was sitting all alone,
 hat tydings of her folke became ;
 he prince him overtake anone,
 raine to her him to bemone,
 his sword him on the head did smyte,
 ground he fell in senselesse swone
 r thwart or flatly it did lyte,
 ed Steele did not into his brayne-pan
 .

XXXI.

in the lady saw, with great affright
 up, began to shriek aloud,
 her garment covering him from fight,
 ler her protection him to shroud ;
 lowly at his feet, her bowd
 mee, intreating him for grace,
 him besought, and prayd, and vow'd,
 the ruth of her so wretched case,
 his second strooke, and did his hand
 e.

XXXII.

she then withdrawing did him dis-
 er,
 come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
 lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
 the prince his baseness did despize,
 is dame him seeing in such guise,
 comfort and from ground to reare ;
 up at last in ghastly wize,
 led ghost did dreadfully appeare,
 had no life him left through former
 e.

XXXIII.

in the prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 baseness shamefully him shent,
 sharpe words did bitterly unbrayd ;
 heard Dogge : now doe I much re-
 t

er I this life unto thee lent,
 thou, Caytive ! so unworthie art,
 h thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
 thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
 : all knights hast shamed with this
 nightlesse part.

XXXIV.

er hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 me to crime, by this thy cowheard
 care ;
 , it was to thee reprochful blame
 his wicked custome, which I heare
 rrant knights and ladies thou dost
 care ;
 when thou mayst thou dost of arms
 espoile,
 er upper garment which they weare ;
 st thou not with manhood, but with
 uile,
 e this evil use, thy foes thereby to
 vile.

XXXIV.

“ And, lastly, in approovance of thy wrong,
 “ To shew such faintnesse and soule cowardise
 “ Is greatestt shame ; for oft it falles, that strong
 “ And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
 “ Either for fame or else for exercise,
 “ A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
 “ Yet have through prowesse and their brave
 “ emprise
 “ Gotten great worship in this worldes fight ;
 “ For greater force there needs to maintaine
 “ wrong then right.

XXXVI.

“ Yet since thy life unto this lady sayre
 “ I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
 “ Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood, dare
 “ Hence to professe ; for shame is to adorne
 “ With so brave badges one so safely borne,
 “ But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.”
 So having from his craven bodie torne
 Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
 And onely saffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whilest he thus was feeling things above,
 Atwene that ladie myld and recreant knight,
 To whom his life he graunted for her love,
 He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight
 He had behynd him left that salvage wight
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite slaine in so unequal fight :
 Therefore descending backe in haste, he fought
 If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
 With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine.
 And laying yet afresh with courage stout
 Upon the rest that did alive remaine,
 Whom he likewise right: sorely did constraine,
 Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
 After he gotten had, with busie paine,
 Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
 With which he layd about, and made them fast to
 flie.

XXXIX.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
 And fought, by making signes, him to asswage ;
 Who him perceiving, streight to him obeyd,
 As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned :
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
 Into the chamber where that dame remayned
 With her unworthy knight, who ill him enter-
 tayned.

XL.

Whom when the salvage saw from daunger free,
 Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
 He well remembered that the same was hee
 Which lately fought his lord for to displease ;
 Tho all in rage he on him streight did feize,
 As if he would in pecces him have rent ;
 And were not that the prince did him appeaze,
 He had not left one limbe of him unrent ; [ment.
 But streight he held his hand at his commande-

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
 The prince himfelfe there all that night did rest,
 Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
 With all the courteous glee and goodly feaft
 The which for him she could imagine best;
 For well she knew the wayes to win good will
 Of every wight that were not too infest,
 And how to please the minds of good and ill,
 Through tempering of her words and lookes by
 wondrous skill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and
 fayned,
 To some hid end to make more easie way,
 Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
 Into her trap unto their owne decay;
 Thereto, when needed, she could weep and
 And when her listd she could fawne and flatter;
 Now smyling smoothly, like to sommer's day,
 Now glooming fadly, so to cloke her matter;
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares
 but water.

XLIII.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
 As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
 Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd;
 This well I wote, that she so well applyde
 Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
 The wrathfull prince, and wrought her husband's
 peace;
 Who nathelesse not therewith satisfide,
 His rancorous despight did not releasse,
 Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge
 ceasse:

XLIV.

For all that night, that whyles the prince did rest
 In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
 He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
 ; to worke his villenous intent
 ; that had so shamefully him shent;
 recurst he not for very cowardize
 Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
 The morrow next the prince did early rize,
 And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VII.

Turpine is bafful; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed;
Fayre Mirabellæes punishment
For love's disdain decreed.

I.
The gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
gentle deedes with franke delight,
the baser mind it selfe displays
ed malice and revengefull spight;
aligne, t'envie, t'ufe shifting flight,
ments of a vile donghill mind,
what it dare not doe by open might,
ke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
discourteous deede discovering his base
mind.

II.
All appears in this discourteous knight,
ward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
twisting that in former fight
ke prince his life received late,
his mind, malicious and ingrate,
deuize to be aveng'd anew
that shame which kindled inward hate;
re so sone as he was out of view
e in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pur-
few.

III.
He tract his steps as he did ryde,
ould not neare approach in daunger's
eye,
it aloofe for dread to be descryde,
it time and place he mote espy,
he mote worke him scath and villeny;
he met two knights to him unknowne,
ich were armed both agreably,

And both combynd whatever chaunce were
blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his
owne.

IV.
To whom false Turpine comting courteously,
To cloke the mischief which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourteise
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him
went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie hent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly
meed.

V.
The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them, "Where is that wight,
" The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull
" deed,
" That we may it avenge, and punish him with
" speed?"
VI.
"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
" With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,

" That if he list to haste a litle more,
 " Ye may him over-take in timely tyde."
 Esfoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
 And ere that litle while they ridden had,
 The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
 Deuizing of his love more then of daunger
 drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
 Bidding him turne againe; " Falsc traytour
 " knight!

" Foule woman-wronger"—for he him desyde.
 With that they both at once with equall spight
 Did bend their speares, and both with equall
 might

Against him ran; but th' one did misse his
 marke,

And being carried with his force forth-right,
 Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke
 Which glyding through the ayre, lights all the
 heavens darke.

VIII.

But th' other ayming better, did him smite
 Full in the shield with so imperuous powre,
 That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
 And scattered all about fell on the flowre;
 But the stout prince, with much more stedy
 flowre;

Full on his bever did him strike so fore,
 That the cold steele through piercing did de-
 uowre

His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX.

As when a cast of faulcons make their sight
 At an hernesshaw that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse
 might,

The warie foule his bill doth backward wring,
 On which the first, whose force her first doth
 bring,

Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
 And falleth downe to ground like senselesse
 thing,

But th' other not so swiff as she before,
 Fayles of her soule, and passing by doth hurt no
 more.

X.

By this the other, which was passed by,
 Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight,
 Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
 He much was daunted with so difmall sight,
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,
 Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
 As if he would have passed through him quight;
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could
 fynd,

But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he de-
 synd.

XI.

Not so the prince, for his well-learned speare
 Tooke surer hould, and from his horse's backe
 Above a Iauccc's length him forth did beare,

And gainst the cold hard earth so fore he
 strake,

That all his bones in peeces might he brake;
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to tak
 Of him for all his former follies meed,
 With flaming sword in hand, his terrour more
 breed.

XII.

The fearefull swaine beholding death so nie,
 Cryde out aloud for mercy him to save,
 In lieu whereof he would to him descric
 Great treasor to him meane, his life to reue:
 The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgon
 Then thus said he, " There is a stranger hid
 " The which for promise of great meed
 " drave

" To this attempt, to wreake his hild despayre,
 " For that himselfe thereto did want
 " might."

XIII.

The prince much mufed at such villenie,
 And sayd, " Now sure ye well have earn'd
 meed,

" For th' one is dead, and th' other soon
 " die,

" Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
 " The wretch that hyr'd you to this wile
 " deed."

He, glad of life, and willing che to wreake
 The guilt on him which did this mischief leue
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor wead
 He would surceasse, but him whereto he w
 would seeke.

XIV.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
 Backe to the place where Turpine late he lort
 There he him found in great astonishment
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
 And grievely wounds, that him appalled fore.
 Yet thus at length he sayd, " How now,
 " Knight!

" What meaneth this which here I see before
 " How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
 " So different from that which earst ye seem'd
 " fight?"

XV.

" Perdie," said he, " in euill houre it fell,
 " That ever I for meed did undertake
 " So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell,
 " The which I earst adventur'd for your sake,
 " Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bla
 " lake,

" Which ye may see yet all about me steeme:
 " Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise mak
 " My due reward, the which right wel
 " deme

" I yearned have, that life so dearely did
 " deme."

XVI.

" But where then is," quoth he, halfe w
 " fully,

" Where is the bontie, which therefore I beg
 " That cursed caytiffe, my strong enour,

reant knight, whose hated life I
 ght?
 re is eke your friend which halfe it
 ght?"
 said he, "upon the cold bare
 ound,
 that errant knight with whom he
 ght,
 erwards myselfe with many a wound,
 gaine, as ye may see there in the
 und."

XVII.

Turpin was full glad and faine,
 with him streight to the place would

myselfe might see his foeman flaine,
 feare could not be satisfide:
 de he saw the way all dyde
 es of bloud, which tracking by the

y came, whereas in evill tyde
 wayne, like ashes deadly pale,
 lap of Death, rewing his wretched

XVIII.

e craven seeme to mone his case,
 fake his deare life had forgone,
 wayling with affection base,
 eit kynd pittie where was none,
 no courage there's no ruth nor

ng forth, not farre away he found
 prince himselfe lay all alone,
 ayd upon the grassie ground,
 sweete sleepe that luld him soft in
 nd.

XIX.

avell in his former fight,
 shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 rmes and warlike things undight,
 foes that mote his peace molest;
 his salvage page, that wont be

d in the wood another way,
 thing that seemed to him best;
 his lord in silver slomber lay,
 evening starre adorn'd with dewy

XX.

ras Turpin saw so loosely layd,
 well that he indeed was dead,
 other knight to him had sayd;
 igh approach, he mote aread
 in him of life and livelikead:
 such griev'd against the stranger

ht,
 o light of credence did mislead,
 ave backe retyred from that fight,
 to him on earth the deadliest de-
 dit:

XXI.

me knight would not once let him
 ;
 gan to him declare the case

Of all his mischief and late lucklesse smart;
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished and put to soule disgrace;
 And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
 Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
 And follow through the world wherso he
 went,

Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
 Began to tremble every limbe and vaine,
 And softly whispering him, entyrcly prayd
 T'advize him better then by such a traine
 Him to betray unto a stranger swaine;
 Yet rather counfeld him contrary wise,
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
 To ioyne with him, and vengeance to devize,
 Whyleft time did offer meanes him sleeping to
 surprize.

XXIII.

Nathelesse for all his speech the gentle knight
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,
 Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
 All were it to his mortall enemye,
 Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
 Thus whyleft they were debating diverslie,
 The salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
 Backe to the place whereas his lord he sleeping
 vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he saw those two so neare him
 stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning
 bee,

And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
 (To weet great store of Forrest frute which hee
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
 Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
 That was an oaken-plant, which lately hee
 Rent by the root, which he so sternly thooke,
 That like an hazell wand it quivered and
 quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spyde
 The traytour Turpin, with that other knight,
 He started up, and snatching near his syde
 His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
 Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
 And his left hand upon his collar layd;
 Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
 But holding up his hands, with silence mercie
 prayd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine;
 Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
 He gan to him abiect his haynous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly, to despoyle of knightly bannerall:

B b

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffled so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee;
However they through treason doe trespassse,
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a carle and foole, which by her side did
passe.

XXVIII.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Nature's
grace,

That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight and many a gentle
squire:

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scorned them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
For beautie is more glorious, bright, and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

XXX.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her prayesd
more;

And that the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her fere,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne de-
light.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborne stiffnesse and hard
hart,

Mary a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die;
Whylest she, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such souveraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would
hight;
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more
aright?

XXXII.

But see the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this mayden's pride,
And nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide;

For on a day when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may
report;

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roales
red,
In which the names of all Love's folks
fyled,

That many there were missing which were
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled;
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wath,
And doubting to be wronged or beguyed,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and make them
oth.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe sute and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew;
Therefore a iurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force or
Or their owne guile, they were away
vayd;

To whom soules infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdered cruelly by a rebellious mayd:

XXXV.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crimes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wild Capias
Should issue forth t'attach that scornfull life:
The warrant streight was made, and the
withall

A baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name their Portnamore did call
He which doth summon lovers to love's in-
ment hall.

XXXVI.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned;
But she thereto would plead, nor answer ought
Even for stubborne pride, which her rebeyns
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before
dayned,

Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble
Cryde Mercie, to abate the extremite of law.

XXXVII.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
Yet not so freely, but that mathelesse
He unto her penance did impose,
Which was, that through this world's
wildernes

She wander should in companie of thos,
Till she had sav'd to many loves as she
lose.

XLVIII.
 He had bene wandring two whole
 years
 In the world in this uncomely cast,
 For goodly hew in heavy teares,
 And dayes in dolorous disgrace;
 Not in all these two yeares space
 He wo; yet in two yeares before
 Dispiteous pride, whilst love lackt
 care,
 Destroyed two and twenty more.
 Now could her love make half amends
 before!

XLIX.
 He was upon the weary way,
 A gentle squire with faire Serene
 Such misseeming foule array;
 That mighty man did her demean
 In evil termes and cruell meane
 Would make, and eke that angry foole,
 Would'd her, with curst hands un-
 der
 Her horse, did with his smarting
 Her dainty selfe, and much augment
 doole.

XL.
 He mote avails her to entreat
 Than other better her to use,
 For wilfull were and obstinate,
 For piteous plaint they did refuse,
 He did the more her beate and brufe;
 He former villaine, which did lead
 In iade, was bent her to abuse;
 Though she were with wearinesse night
 Would not let her lye, nor rest a little
 day.

XLI.
 He sterne and terrible by nature,
 A person huge and hideous,
 Much the measure of man's stature,
 Like a gyant monstrous;
 He was descended of the hous
 Of gyants which did warre darraine
 In heaven in order battailous,
 Great Orgolio, which was slaine
 In, whenas Una's knight he did main-
 taine.

XLII.
 He were dreadfull, and his eyes
 Like great beacons, glared bright and
 red,
 He askew, as if his enemies
 Were in his over-weening pryde,
 He stately like a crane did stryde
 Upon the tip-toes hie;
 He way he went on every lyde
 About and staid horrible,
 With his lookes would all men ter-
 rify.

XLIII.
 He in armour, he for none did care,
 He dreadning any living wight,

But in a jacket, quilted richly rare
 Upon checkelate, he was strangely dight;
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Mores of Mahaber, he wore,
 With which his locks, as blacke as
 night,
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.
 This was Dismaine, who led that ladies horse
 Thro' thick and thin, thro' mountains and thro'
 plains,
 Compelling her where she would not by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines;
 But that same foole, which most increaseth her
 paines,
 Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks, and still when she com-
 plains
 The more he laugheth, and does her closely quip,
 To see her so lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV.
 Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
 And saw those villainies her so videly use,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
 As such a lady so to beate and brufe;
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th' halter from his hand to loofe,
 And maugre all his might backe to relent;
 Else had he surely there beneaine or fowly
 shent.

XLVI.
 The villaine, wroth for greeting him so fore,
 Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton which he bore
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constraine
 To give him ground, and shift to every side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine;
 For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
 So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his
 pride.

XLVII.
 Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
 A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
 Desperate daunger if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
 To spy where he may some advantage get,
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
 So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound
 swore.

XLVIII.
 Natherlesse so sharply still he him pursfwd,
 That at advantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slippt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke,
 Where still he lay, he cut of swoune awooke,
 Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
 And bound him fast; tho when he up did looke,
 And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
 Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,
 No ought that foole for pittie did him spare,
 But with his whip him following behynd,
 Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd;
 And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd,
 Was much more grievous than the other's blowes:
 Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of
 scorning growes.

L.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
 Under that villaines club, then surely thought
 That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
 And fled away with all the speede she mought
 To seeke for safety, which long time she sought,
 And past through many perils by the way,
 Ere she againe to Calepine was brought;
 The which discourse as now I must delay,
 Till Mirabellacs fortunes I doe further say.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine ;
Quites Mirabell from Dreed :
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calcipine is freed.

I.
Ole Ladies ! in whose soveraine powre
th the glory of his kingdome left,
earts of men, as your eternall dowre,
chaines of liberty bereft,
d hath unto your hands by gift,
aware how ye the same doe use,
de doe not to tyranny you list,
men you of cruelty accuse, [abuse.
you take that chieftedome which ye doe

II.
ye soft and tender are by kynde,
with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
soft and tender ecke in mynde ;
lty and hardnesse from you chace,
your othyr praises will deface,
m you turne the love of men to hate ;
e take of Mirabellaes case,
m the high degree of happy state
wretched woes, which she repented late.

III.
er thraldome of the gentle squire,
he beheld with lamentable eye,
ched with compassion entire,
ch lamented his calamity,
her faks fell into misery ;
ooted nought for prayers nor for threat
for to releafe or mollify,
the more that she did them entreat,
re they him misust, and cruelty did beat.

IV.
So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting fore,
They met Prince Arthure, with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd, yet did to life restore)
To whom as they approcht they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement,
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V.
The squire himselfe, whenas he saw his lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all ;
Shame would be hid : but whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved there-
withall ;

VI.
And to the prince thus sayd, " See you, Sir
" knight,
" The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
" Yond lady and her squire, with foule despight,
" Abuse, against all reasons and all law,
" Without regard of pitty or of awe :
" See how they doe that squire beat and revile ;
" See how they doe the lady hale and draw :

" But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
" I will them soone acquite, and both of blame
" affoile."

VII.

The prince assented; and then he streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
" Abide, ye caytive Treachetours untrew,
" That have with treason thralld unto you
" These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
" And now your crime with cruelty purfew:
" Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
" Or else abide the death that hard before you
" stands."

VIII.

The villaine stayd not answer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him set
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could
stay,

No more then lightening from the lofty sky;
Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping
by,

Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the carle with
paine

Saved himselfe, but that he there him flew;
Yet fav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory;
Who therewith sleight, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainly
To have supplyde the first, and paid the usury:

X.

But Fortune answerd not unto his call;
For as his hand was heaved up on high,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yrong
bright

So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
He driven was to ground in selfe despight,
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell dis-
daine.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whilst on ground he lay,
Laid heavy hands on him, and held so straye,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull
sway,

So as he could not weld him any way;
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their
courage stout.

XII.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,

They downe him hold, and fast with cords do
bynde,

Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare;
So did these two this knight oft tug and teare:
Which when the prince beheld there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
And buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to save his friend from leopardy.

XIII.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he
mist;

So sturly, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the
blow.

XIV.

But yet the prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pass,
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light:
At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,
Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or re-
morse.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have powdered him to powder
soft,

Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre,
But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was
bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no blood appeare;
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground like to a lump of durt;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his
hurt.

XVII.

Estsoones the prince to him full nimbly slept,
And leaft he should recover foete againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept;
Which when the lady saw, she cryde amaine,
" Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God ab-
" staine

" From that unwares ye wretched doe intend:
" Slay not that carle, though worthy to be
" slaine,

on his duth then himselfe depend ;
will by his death have lamentable
d."

XVIII.

hand according her desire,
re him suffred to arise,
wrestling, gan of her inquire,
ng mote those uncouth words com-
villaines health her safety lies ;
no might in man, nor heart in
re,

her dreaded rescue enterprise,
themselves, that favour feeble rights,
tselfe redresse, and punish such de-
ts.

XIX.

g forth in teares, which gushed fast
water streames, awhile she stayd,
passion being overpast,
to her restor'd, then thus she sayd ;
us nor men can me most wretched
yd !

um the doome of my desert,
ed the god of Love hath on me layd,
to endure this direfull smart,
nce of my proud and hard rebellious
t.

XX.

of youthful yeares, when first the
wre

gan to bud, and blossom delight,
re me endu'd with plenteous dowre
gifts that please each living sight,
v'd of many a gentle knight,
and fought with all the service dew ;
y a one for me deepe groand and
ht,

:dore of death for sorrow drew,
ing out on me that would not on
m rew.

XXI.

um love that list, or love or die,
t die for any lover's dole ;
leave my loved libertie
um that list to play the foole ;
yself I learned had in schoole.
umphed long in lovers paine,
g carelesse on the scormer's stooke,
at those that did lament and plaine ;
now repay with interest againe.

XXII.

e winged god that woundeth harts,
: be called to accompt therefore,
revengement of those wrongfull
arts

o others did inflict afore,
me to endure this pence sore,
is wize, and this unmeet array,
se two lewd companions, and no
re,
nd Scorne, I through the world should
ay,
: sav'd so many as I carst did slay."

XXIII.

" Certes," sayd then the prince, " the god is
" just,

" That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile ;
" For were no law in love, but all that lust
" Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
" His kingdom would continue but awhile,
" But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
" This bottle thus before you with such toile,
" And eke this wallet at your backe arreare,
" That for these carles to carry much more come-
" ly were ?"

XXIV.

" Here in this bottle," sayd the fory mayd
" I put the teares of my contrition,
" Till to the brim I have it full defrayd ;
" And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
" I put repentaunce for things past and gon :
" Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
" That all which I put in falls out anon,
" And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
" Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
" more I mourn."

XXV.

The infant hearkned wisely to her-tale,
And wondred much at Cupid's iudgment wife,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wrake himselfe on them that him despise :
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse
prife,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing
neare.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall,
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall ;
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could appall,
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dis-
praised.

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have un-
wound ;

But when approaching neare he plainly found
It was his owne true groomme, the gentle squire ;
He thereat went exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could wish seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the salvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th' other knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy knight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight,

And downe him plucking, with his nailes and
teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and
bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe fol-
loweth.

XXX.

And sure I weene had not the ladies cry
Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to slay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt, he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise: then thus the prince gan say;
" Now, lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
" That if ye list have liberty, ye may,
" Unto yourselve I freely leave to chose,
" Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines
" lose."

XXXI.

" Ah! nay, Sir knight," said she, " it may not
" be,
" But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
" This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
" Least unto me betide a greater ill;
" Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good
" will."

So humbly taking leave she turn'd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them
deuide.

XXXII.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle squire at variaunce fell
With those two carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd;
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, an two she foure did read,

XXXIII.

Thro' hils and dales, through bushes and through
breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares;
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And sitting downe herselfe, a while bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyleing paine,
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, com-
plaine.

XXXIII.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
As th' only author of her wofull tine,
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight;
Yet never turtle truer to his make
Then he v'stride unto his lady bright,
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did
take.

XXXIV.

The whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved breast,
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd,
Where being tyrd with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest;
There whilest in Morpheus' bosome safe she lay
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a straunge mischaunce, that mome'd
decay.

XXXV.

In these wyld deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of sleath and spoile, and making nightly robs
Into their neighbours borders, ne did give
Themselves to any trade (as for to drive
The painfull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive,
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others

XXXVI.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To cate the flesh of men whom they most hated,
And strangers to devoure, which on their
order
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull way
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde:
They towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by Fortune bynde,
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all
lay.

XXXVII.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull
They made amongst themselves! but when
face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace:
Then gan they to devise what course to take,
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her cate attonce, or many
make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her
better;
Then when she wakt, they all gave one consent,
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifice,
Whose share her guiltlesse bloud they would pre-
sent;
But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, and feed with
mandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the
space;

their eyes the daintest morfels chose,
 ife her paps, some praise her lips and
 fe,
 et their knives, and strip their elboes
 re ;
 : himfelfe a garland doth compose
 lowres, and with full bufie care
 y vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

ell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
 d about her focke, like many flies,
 ; and hallowing on every part,
 would have rent the brazen skies :
 en she fees with ghastly grieffull eies,
 does quake, and deadly pallid hew
 her cheekes; then out aloud she cries
 ne is nigh to heare that will her rew,
 s her golden locks, and snowy brefts
 brew.

XLI.

otes not; they hands upon her lay,
 hey spoile her of her iewels deare,
 wards of all her rich array,
 ; amongst them they in peeces teare,
 : pray each one a part doth beare :
 ; naked to their fordid eyes
 y threasures of nature appeare,
 they view with lustfull fantasyes,
 eth to himfelfe, and to the rest envyes.

XLII.

: neck, her alabaster brest,
 which like white silken pillowes were
 in soft delight thereon to rest;
 : sides, her bellie white and clere,
 : an altar did itfelfe upere
 crifice divine thereon;
 y thighs, whose glorie did appeare
 mphall arch, and thereupon,
 of princes hang'd, which wire in battel
 n.

XLIII.

tie parts, the dearlings of delight,
 :e not be prophan'd of common eyes,
 ins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
 y tempted with their craftie spyes;
 of them gan mongst themselves devise
 : force to take their beafty pleasure;
 he priest rebuking, did advize
 t to pollute so sacred threasure
 he go is : religion held even theeves in
 sure

XLIV.

yd, they her from thence directed
 : grove not farre afyde,
 ; altar shortly they erected,
 on : and now the Eventyde
 lack wings had through the heavens
 le
 red, that was the tyme ordayned
 dismall deed, their guilt to hyde;
 :ne turfes an altar soone they fayned,
 it all with flowres, which they nigh
 l obtayned.

XLV.

Tho whenas all things readie were aright,
 The damsell was before the altar set,
 Being already dead with fearfull fright;
 To whom the priest with naked armes full net
 Approching nigh, and murderous knife well
 whet,

Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
 With other divelish ceremonies met;
 Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the baggyes and the hornes to shrill
 And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voyce
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce;
 The whyles she wayld, the more they did re-
 ioyce.

Now mote you understand to this grove
 Sir Galepine by chaunce, mote then by choyce,
 The selfe same evening Fortune hither drove,
 As he to seeke Sereus through the woods did
 rove.

XLVII.

Long had he fought her, and through many a
 soyle

Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
 Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes;
 And now all weetelesse of the wretched stormes
 In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,
 Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
 He lightly started up like one aghast,
 And catching up his armes, streight to the noise
 forth past.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
 He mote perceive a little dawning sight
 Of all which there was doing in that quire;
 Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
 He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strife,
 And groning sore from grieved hart entire;
 Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
 Redie to launch her brest, and let out loved
 life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
 And even as his right hand adowne descends,
 As him preventing, lays on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th' infernall fends;
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
 Of whom he makes such havocke and such
 hew,
 That swarms of damned soules to hell he sends;
 The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a focke of doves before a faulcon's
 vew.

L.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
 Whom by the altar he doth sitting find,
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind,

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer; so adowne
They prayd him fit, and gave him offer for to feed

Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her own hands
had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes fate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly
view.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full sayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim;
Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The sayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheard's
swayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love; and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone;
But most of all the Shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend;
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind
ascend.

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demcanure, which him
seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a prince's paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surpris'd in subtle bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others
stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereuppon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,

And fate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discourfing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay,
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the dams
fantasy.

XIII.

By this the moystie Night approaching fast
Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes
halt

Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged fyre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit aspyre,
That wil'd the damzell rize; the day did nowe
pyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the sayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very dede so deemed,
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nouris'd well
As his owne chylde; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was
owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare;
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare;
Whilest everie one with helping hands did
strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe
give.

XVI.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with
lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rone;
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his hart's owne wish, and home with him
did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honest fyre,
And of his aged beldame homely well,
Who him besought himselfe to disfatyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the sayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde;
And supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfide;
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I.
ne againe my teme, thou iolly swayne,
the furrow which I lately left;
ft a furrow one or twayne
'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
d the foyle both fayre and frutefull est,
ft; that were too great a shame
ich fruite should be from us berest;
e great dishonour and defame
ould befall to Calidore's immortall name.

II.
well hath the gentle Calidore
endured, sith I left him last
e Blatant Beast, which I forborne
then, for other present hast:
r pathes and perils he hath past,
s, thro' dales, thro' forrests, and thro'
aines,
me quest which Fortune on him cast,
atched to his owne great gaines,
sternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III.
he the monster did pursue,
nor night he suffered him to rest,
he himselfe, (but Nature's dew)
of daunger not to be redrest,
louth forsackt so famous quest.
from court he to the citties coursed,
the citties to the townes him prest,
the townes into the countrie forsed,
the country back to private farmes he
used.

IV.
From thence into the open fields he fled,
Wheras the heardees were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singeing to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youths delightfull heat;
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe feat,
And to the litle cots, where shepheards lie
In winter's wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.
There on a day as he pursue'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded
broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,
For other worldly wealth they cared nought;
To whom Sir Calidore, yet swearing, comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether
brought.

VI.
They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked fend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweate,
After his rusticke wife, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie hear,
And if he hungry were him offred eke to eat.

" As graunt me live in like condition,
 " Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
 " From pitch of higher place unto this low de-
 " gree."

XXX.

" In vaine," said then old Melibee, " doe men,
 " The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
 " Sith they know best what is the best for them;
 " For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
 " As they doe know each can most aptly use:
 " For not that which men covet most is best,
 " Nor that thing worst which men do most re-
 " fuse,
 " But surest is that all contented rest
 " With that they hold: each hath his fortune in
 " his brest."

XXXI.

" It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
 " That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
 " For some, that hath abundance at his will,
 " Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
 " And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
 " But in that litle is both rich and wise;
 " For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
 " They are which fortunes doe by vowes de-
 " vize,
 " Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

XXXII.

" Since then in each man's self," said Calidore,
 " It is to fashjon his owne life's estate,
 " Give leave awhile, good Father, in this shore
 " To reeste my barke, which hath bene beaten
 " late
 " With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
 " In seas of troubles and of toylefome paine,
 " That whether quite from them for to retrate
 " I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
 " I may here with yourselfe some small repose ob-
 " taine."

XXXIII.

" Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 " Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all,
 " For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
 " And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
 " Besides, for recompence hercof, I shall
 " You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
 " That may perhaps you better much wirhall,
 " And in this quiet make you safer live."
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it
 drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the of-
 fer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous
 " proffer
 " Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 " That mucky masse, the cause of men's decay,
 " That mote empaire my peace with daungers
 " dread;
 " But if ye algates covet to assay
 " This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
 " Be it your owne; our rudenesse to yourselfe
 " arcad."

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the fayre Pastorell,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne baue:
 During which time he did her entertaime
 With all kind courtesies he could invent,
 And every day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went, he with her went;
 So for to quench his fire he did it more ex-
 ment.

XXXV.

But she, that never had acquainted bene
 With such quient usage, fit for queens and kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
 But being bred under base shepherds wings
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly thing,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous gaze,
 But cared more for Colin's carolings
 Then all that he could doe or ev' devise:
 His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all
 despize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
 To change the manner of his lustie looke,
 And dosing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
 In shepherds weed; and in his hand he took
 Instead of Steele-head speare, a shepherds hook,
 That who had seene him then, would have in-
 thought
 On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
 When he the love of fayre Enone sought,
 What time the golden apple was unto him
 brought,

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day,
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
 The whylest at pleasure the mote sport and play
 And every evening helping them to fold;
 And otherwhiles for need he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to presse the milke; lest
 much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing, Coridon, who her likewise
 Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that straunger's guise,
 And many gealous thoughtes conceiv'd in vaine,
 That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reape the harvest ere it ripened were,
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft com-
 plaine
 Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
 That she did love a straunger swayne then his
 more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in companie,
 Where Calidore was present, he would lout,
 And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
 Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
 Impatient of any paramoure;
 Who on the other side did feare for farr

icing or grudging his good houre,
 he could he graced him with her,
 hewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

when Coridon unto her brought
 parrowes stolen from their nest,
 and squirrils in the woods farre fought,
 a daintie thing for her adrest,
 to commend his guift, and make the best;
 o whit his presents did regard,
 could find to fancie in her brest;
 the come shepheard had his market guard:
 is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLII.

whenas the shepheard swaynes toge-
 ther
 met, to make their sports and merry glee,
 they went in faire sunshyne weather,
 to les their flockes in shadowes shrouded
 e,

to daunce; then did they all agree
 in Clout should pipe, as one most fit,
 dore should lead the ring, as hee
 that in Pastorellaes grace did sit;
 Coridon, and his lip closely hid.

XLIII.

more, of courteous inclination,
 Coridon, and set him in his place,
 should lead the daunce, as was his fa-
 ion;

Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
 whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
 her ry garland tooke from her owne head,
 set on his, he did it soone displace,
 it put on Coridon's instead;
 Coridon woxe frolicke, that carst seemed
 to ad.

XLIII.

time, whenas they did dispose
 these games and maisteries to try,

They for their iudge did Pastorella chese,
 A garland was the meed of victory;
 There Coridon forth stepping, openly
 Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game,
 For he through long and perfect industry
 Therrin well practised was, and in the same
 Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his
 foe great shame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
 For he was strong and mightily kiffe pight,
 That with one fall his neck he almost brake,
 And had he not upon him fallen light,
 His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
 Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
 Given to Calidore as his due right;
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,
 Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himselve abear
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
 That even they, the which his rivals were,
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs
 For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
 Good will and favour; so it surely wrought
 With this fayre mayd; and in her mynde the seeds
 Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
 The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time
 dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
 To win the love of the faire Pastorell,
 Which having got, he used without crime
 Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
 That he of all the rest which there did dwell
 Was favoured, and to her grace commended;
 But what strange fortunes unto him befell,
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
 Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

THE FAERY QUEENE.



BOOK VI. CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces dance
To Colin's melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high behest,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchiev'd?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath
fore engrieved:

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game, in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather than hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low,
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there did overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hills, in woods, in
dales,

Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternal bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would
daze,

That never more they should endure the shew
Of that funne-shine that makes them looke astray;
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare,
The which, as commeth now by course, I will
declare.

V.

One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunft to come, far from all peoples tread,
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were;
For all that ever was by Nature's skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne she all the rest did pill.

VI.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to be
In which all trees of honour stately stood (daint)
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring hauke did tower,
Sitting like king of fowles in maicesty and power:

VII.

he foote thereof, a gentle flud,
 r waves did softly tumble downe,
 with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
 : wyld beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
 approach, ne filth mote therein drowne;
 nphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
 'ood's shade which did the waters crowne,
 all noysome things away from it,
 he waters fall turning their accents fit;

VIII.

the top thereof a spacious plaine
 d it selfe, to serve to all delight,
 o daunce, when they to daunce would
 aine,
 o course about their bales light;
 it there wanted which for pleasure might
 be, or thence to banish bale;
 untly the hill with equall hight
 ne to overlooke the lowly vale,
 ce it rightly cleped was Mount Acidale.

IX.

y that Venus, when she did dispose
 to pleasaunce, used to resort
 is place, and therein to repose
 : herselfe as in a gladfome port,
 the Graces there to play and sport,
 n her owne Cytheron, though in it
 . most to keepe her royall court,
 ner soveraine maiesty to sit,
 regard hereof refused, and thought unfit.

X.

is place, whenas the Elfin knight,
 it, him seemed that the merry sound
 ill pipe he playing heard on hight,
 ay feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
 ough the woods their echo did rebound:
 er drew, to weete that mote it be;
 e a troupe of ladies dauncing found
 rily, and making gladfull glee,
 the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

XI.

: not enter into th' open greene,
 d of them unwares to be descryde,
 king of their daunce, if he were seene,
 ne covert of the wood did byde,
 g all, yet of them unespide:
 : did see that pleased much his sight,
 : n he himselfe his eyes envyde,
 red naked maidens lilly white,
 ged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

XII.

without were raunged in a ring,
 nced round; but in the midst of them
 her ladies did both dance and sing,
 lest the rest them round about did hemme,
 : a girlond did in compasse steune;
 he midst of those fame three was placed
 damzell, as a precious gemme
 . ring most richly well enchaced [graced.
 th her goodly presence all the rest much

XIII.

ow the crowne, which Ariadne wore
 r ivory forehead, that same day
 II.

That Theseus her unto his bridade bore;
 When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
 With the fierce Lapithes, which did them dif-
 may,

Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heaven doth her beames dif-
 play,

And is unto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell,
 But she that in the midst of them did stand
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
 Crown'd with a rose girlond, that right well
 Did her beseeame; and ever as the crew
 About her daunt, sweet flowres that far did
 smell,

And fragrant odours, they upon her threw,
 But most of all those three did her with gifts en-
 dew.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of Delight,
 Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night;
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
 And all and Venus in herselfe doth vaunt
 Is borrowed of them; but that faire one
 That in the middst was placed paravaunt,
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
 That made him pipe so merrily as never none.

XVI.

She was to weete that iolly shepheard's lassie
 Which piped there unto that merr. rout;
 That iolly shepheard which there piped, was
 Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
 He pypt apace, whilst he him daunt about.
 Pype, iolly Shepheard! pype thou now apace
 Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
 Thy love is present there with thee in place,
 Thy love is there advaunt to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
 Whose like before his eye had never scene,
 And standing long astonished in spright,
 And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene,
 Whether it were the train of Beauties queene,
 Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted snow,
 With which his eyes mote have deluded beene;
 Therefore resolving what it was to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did
 go:

XVIII.

But soone as he appeared to their view,
 They vanisht all-away out of his sight,
 And cleane were gone, which way he never
 knew,

All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that unhappy turue;
 But Calidore, though no lesse fory wight
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote
 learne.

Cc.

XIX.

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
 "Haile, iolly Shepheard! which thy ioyous dayes
 Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
 "Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
 "Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes;
 "Tell me what mote these daintie damzels be,
 "Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
 "playes?
 "Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see,
 "But why when I them saw fled they away from
 "me?"

XX.

"Not I so happy," answered then that swaine,
 "As thou unhappy, which them thence didst
 "chace,
 "Whom by no means thou canst recall againe,
 "For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 "But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
 "Right forry I," said then Sir Calidore,
 "That my ill fortune did them hence displace;
 "But since things passed none may now restore,
 "Tell me what were they all whole lacke thee
 "grievous so fare?"

XXI.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
 "Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
 "That all those ladies which thou sawest late
 "Are Venus' damzell, all within her see,
 "But differing in honour and degree:
 "They all are Graces, which on her depend,
 "Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
 "Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend;
 "But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her
 "attend;

XXII.

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling love,
 "By him begot of faire Erynome,
 "The Ocean's daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 "As he this way coming from feastfull glee
 "Of Thetis' wedding with Accider,
 "In sommer's shade himselfe here rested weary;
 "The first of them high mylde Euphrosyne,
 "Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
 "Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth
 "do cherry.

XXIII.

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 "Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 "To make them lovely or well-fayoured show,
 "As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 "Sweete semblant, friendly offices that hynde,
 "And all the complements of curtesie:
 "They teach us how to each degree and kynde
 "We should ourselues demaunc, to low, to hie,
 "To friends, to foes; which skill men call Ci-
 "vility.

XXIV.

"Therefore they alwayes smoothly seeme to smile,
 "That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
 "And also naked are, that without guile
 "Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see
 "Simple and true, from covert malice free;

"And eke themselves so in their daunt
 "bore;
 "But two of them still froward seem'd
 "But one still toward shew'd herselfe as
 "That good should from us goe, then
 "greater store.

XXV.

"Such were those goddesses which ye d
 "But that fourth mayd, which there am
 "traced,
 "Who can arcad what creature mote she b
 "Whether a creature or a goddesse grace
 "With heavenly gifts from heaven
 "raced?"

"But whatso sure she was, she worthy w
 "To be the fourth with these three othe
 "Yet was she certes but a country lass,
 "Yet she all other lasses farre di

XXVI.

"So farre as doth the daughter of the De
 "All other lesser lights in light excell;
 "So farre doth she in beautifull array
 "Above all other lasses beare the bell;
 "Ne lesse in vertue that befeemes her we
 "Doth she exceede the rest of all her race
 "For which the Graces that here went to
 "Have for more honour brought her
 "place,

"And graced her so much to be another
 "Grace."

XXVII.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 "In whom so many graces gathered are,
 "Excelling much the meane of her deg
 "Divine resemblance, beauty sovaine:
 "Firme chastity, that spight ne hie
 "All which she wish such courtesie doth
 "That all her peres cannot with her com
 "But quite are dimmed when she is in p
 "She made me often pipe, and now to
 "pace.

XXVIII.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the
 "That all the earth dorst lighten with th
 "Great Gloriana! greatest maiesty,
 "Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many
 "As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes
 "To make one minime of thy poore har
 "And underneath thy feete to place her
 "That when thy glory shall be farre disp
 "To future age, of her this mention
 "made."

XXIX.

When thus that shepheard ended hail his
 "Said Calidore, "Now sure it yrketh mee,
 "That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse
 "As now the author of thy bale to be,
 "Thus to bereave thy love's deare sig
 "thee;

"But, gentle Shepheard! pardon thou my
 "Who rashly sought that which I mote n
 "Thus did the courteous knight excuse his
 "And to comfort him all comely mes
 "frame.

XXX.

they together spent
occasion forth them led,
might him selfe did much con-
his greedy fancy fed
, which he with reason red,
ace, whose pleasures rare
his fences ravished,
ad no will away to fare,
th that shepheard he mote dwell-

XXXI.

'd sting, the which of yore
t deepe fixed in his hart
t afraich to rancle fore,
vigour of his smart,
no skill of leaches art
but to returne againe
orker, that with lovely dart
ad bred his restlesse paine,
led whale to fiore flies from the

XXXII.

that same gentle swaine,
l to his rusticke woune,
storella did remaine;
, as he at first begonne,
; him selfe to donne
; voide of thoughts impure;
perill did he shonne,
ht her to his love allure,
yt untamed heart procure :

XXXIII.

shepheard Coridon,
e did her to aggrate,
h with streng contention,
did closely emulate;
to caroll, as they fate
pe, or games to exerceize,
with their labours late;
any grace chaunt to arize
pheard fraight with ieaousie

XXXIV.

all three together went
od to gather strawberies,
tham a dangerous accident;
of the wood did rise,
wes full of fierce gourmandize,
h wide-gaping like hell-gate,
orell her to surprize,
ing, now all delidate,
aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

rst hearing, ran in hast
ut when he saw the feend,
i feare he fled away as fast,
e danger of the end;
d fearer than his friend:
e coming to her ayde,
l saw readie now to end prayde,
spoil, in which his heart was
aged, instead of being fayde.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his shepheard's hooke
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will,
With which so sternly he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou're, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell,
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thanks that had her death
prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth she gas him to affect,
And daily more her-favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdis reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for love's content;
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement:
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he wooed her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her,
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And loyed long in close felicity;
Till Fortune, fraught with malice blinde and
brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of soule aduersity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never vsde to live by plough or spade,
But fed on spoile and booty which they made
Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them boe-
der,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did mur-
der,
And drove away their flocks, with other much
disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest the which they then did pray,
They spoy'd old Melibce of all he had,
And all his people captive led away,
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella! sorrowful and sad,
Most sorrowful, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants
bad,

Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might,

XLI.

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away,
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mete them desery, nor riskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convey:
Their dwelling in a litle island was,
Covered with scrubby wood, in which no way

d for people in or out to pas,
 footing fynde for overgrown gras :

XLII.

From beneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
 In the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies
 shade

From view of living wight, and covered over ;
 But darknesse dred and daily night did hover
 Through all the inner parts whercin they dwelt,
 Ne lighted was with window, nor with lover,
 But with continual candle-light, which delt
 A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as
 felt.

XLIII.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
 Meaning so soone as they convenient may

For slaves to sell them for no small reward
 To merchants, which them kept in bondage here
 Or sold againe. Now, when faire Pastorell
 Into this place was brought, and kept with care
 Of grievely theeves, she thought herselfe in hell
 Wherewith such damned fiends she should in dar-
 nesse dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dremment
 And pittifull complaints which there she made,
 (Where day and night she nought did but lament
 Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
 Like to a flowre that feels no heate of sunne,
 Which may her feeble leaves her comfort glad)
 And what befelle her in that theevish weene,
 Will in another Canto better be begonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain ;
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.
As of love, if they should ever last
Affliction or disquietnesse,
Wholly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Upon earth too great a blessednesse,
Heaven then mortall wretchednesse ;
The winged god, to let men weete
Upon earth is no sure happinesse,
And sowres hath tempted with one
Sweet, it seeme more deare and dainty, as is
Sweet.

II.
Now befall to this faire mayd,
Pastorell ! of whom is now my song,
Layd now in dreadfull darknesse
By those theeves, which her in bondage
Layd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Layd, greater mischief on her threw,
Which was heapt on her in greater throng,
Which heares her heaviness, would rewee
Her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant
Hew.

III.
Thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
In wretched cares and heart's unrest,
Which, as Fortune had ordayned,
Which was their capitaine protest,
Which he chiefe command of all the rest,
As he did all his prisoners view,
Whom all eyes beheld that lovely guest,

Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew,
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did
Shew.

IV.
At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot ;
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote ;
With looks, with words, with gifts, he oft her
Vowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her
Vowed.

V.
But all that ever he could doe or say,
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love ;
Yet ceast he not to see, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove ;
No day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day
Molest.

VI.
At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend,
She thought it best for shadow to pretend

Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

vii.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better rearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade

That he in time her ioyance should obtaine;
But when she saw, through that small favour's gaine,

That further then she willing was he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to feine
A sodaine sicknesse, which her sore oppress,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

viii.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privy,
But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy;
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde;
Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the mynde.

ix.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount

To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke he after gaires to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
To inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves, at th' instant brunt

Where brought unto their captaine, who was set
By his faire patient's side with sorrowfull regret:

x.

To whom they shewed how those marchants were

Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives there

Meete to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and amongst them shared equally.
This their request the captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their iust demand deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,

And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

xi.

Then forth the good old M. lisee was brought,
And Condon, with many other mee,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught,
All which he to the merchants tale did shewe;
Till some, which did the fensy prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire th' phecasse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

xii.

To whom the captaine in full angry wight
Made answer, that the mayd of v
spake

Was his owne purchase and his onely p
With which none had to doe, ne ought
But he himselfe, which did that conqu
Litle for him to have one silly lassie;
Besides through sicknesse now so
weake,

That nothing meet in merchandize to
So shew'd them her, to prove how pal
she was.

xiii.

The sight of whom, though now c
mard,

And eke but hardly scene by candle-lig
Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darksome ni
With starrie beames about her shining b
These merchants fixed eyes did so amaz
That what through wonder, and what
delight,

A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did he
praise.

xiv.

At last when all the rest them offered w
And prizes to them placed at their pleas
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, however prid
sure,

Withouten her, whose worth above all
They did esteeme, and offered store of gold
But then the captaine, fraught with
pleasure,

Bad them be still, his love should not be
The rest take if they would, he her to hi
hold.

xv.

Therewith some other of the chiefest thee
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbear,
For that same mayd, however it him gre
Should with the rest be sold before him
To make the prizes of the rest more deare
That with great rage he stoutly doth cen
and fiercely drawing forth his blade, d
That whose hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handiell

xvi.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply
They fall to strokes, the frere of too much
And the mad Steele about doth fiercely fly
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke.
But making way for Death at large to wa
Who in the horror of the grieftly right
In thousand dreadful shap'es doth many
slake,

And makes huge havocke; whiles the care
Cut-quenched leaves no skill nor differ
wight.

xvii.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,

gether, stryving each to get
 est portion of the greedie pray;
 refused heapes themselves assay,
 h, and bite, and rend, and tug; and
 re,
 them sees would wonder at their fray,
 sees not would be affrayd to heare;
 the conflict of those cruell Brigants
 re.

XVIII.

all their captives they do kill,
 should ioyne against the weaker side;
 sinte the remnant at their will;
 ce is slaine, and him beside
 wife; with many others wide;
 on, escaping craftily,
 rth of dores, whilst darknes him doth
 e,
 away as fast as he can hyc,
 leavc to take before his friends doe
 .

XIX.

ella, wofull wretched elfe,
 e captaine all this while defended,
 ing more her safety then himselfe,
 always over her pretended,
 whereof, that mote not be amendd,
 length was slaine and layd on ground;
 g fast, twixt both his armes extended,
 orell, who with the selfe same wound
 ro' the arme, fell downe with him in
 ric ffound.

XX.

he covered with confused preasse
 , which dying on her fell:
 is he was dead the fray gan cease;
 o other calling, did compell
 ir cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 hat were the cause of all were gone:
 ey attonce agreed well,
 ig candles new, gan search anone,
 of their friends, were slaine, how many
 .

XXI.

ine there they cruelly found kild;
 armes the dreary dying mayd,
 et angell twixt two clouds up-hild;
 light was dimmed and decayd,
 of death upon her eyes displayd;
 : cloud make even that dimmed light
 ch more lovely in that darknesse
 l,
 the twinc kling of her eye-lids bright
 out little beames, like starres in foggie
 it.

XXII.

hey mov'd the carcasses aside,
 that life did yet in her remaine;
 cir helps they busily applyde
 soule backe to her home againe,
 ght so well with labour and long
 e,
 o life recovered her at last;
 g fore, as if her hart in twaine

Had riven bene; and all her hart-strings braist,
 With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one
 aghast.

XXIII.

There she beheld that fore her griev'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Herselfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
 Of those that having saved her from dying,
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
 What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
 Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
 Albe with all their might those Brigants her did
 keepe.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
 They left her so, in charge of one, the best
 Of many worst who with unkind disdain
 And cruell rigour her did much molest,
 Scarce yeelding her due food or timely rest,
 And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,
 That fore her payn'd, by any to be dress.
 So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
 And turne we backe to Caldore where we him
 found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
 And saw his shepheard's cottage spoyle'd quight
 And his love rest away, he wexed wood,
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
 That even his hart for very fell despight,
 And his owne flesh he teadie was to teare:
 He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,
 And fared like a furious wyld beare,
 Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other
 where.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine;
 Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
 That more increast the anguish of his paine:
 He sought the woods, but no man could see
 there;
 He sought the plaines, but could no tydings
 heare;
 The woods did nought but echoes vaine re-
 bound;
 The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
 Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes re-
 found,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
 found.

XXVII.

At last as there he romed up and downe,
 He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some forie simple clowne,
 With ragged weedes, and lockes upstarting hye,
 As if he did from some late daunger fly,
 And yet his feare did follow him behynd;
 Who as he unto him approached nye,
 He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
 That Coridon it was, the silly shepheard's bynd.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but ask where were the rest?

Where Pastorell? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppress'd,
That he no word could speake, but smit his
breast,

And up to heaven his eyes fast streaming threw;
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe what ment that ruffull hew?
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other
crew?

XXX.

" Ah! well away," said he then fighting fore,
" That ever I did live this day to see,
" This dismall day, and was not dead before,
" Before I saw faire Pastorella dye."
" Die! out alas!" Then Calidore did cry,
" How could the death dare ever her to quell;
" But read, thou Shepheard, read what destiny,
" Or other direfull hap from heaven or hell
" Hath wrought this wicked deed? doe feare
" away, and tell."

XXXI.

Tho when the shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began; " Where shall I then commence
" This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
" With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
" Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence?
" Or how faire Pastorell shou'd have bene sold
" To marchants, but was sav'd with strong de-
" fence?
" Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her
" to hold
" Fell all to ods, and fought through fury fierce
" and bold?

XXXII.

" In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
" This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
" Whose heavy tidings now I have to tell
" First, all the captives, which they here had
" hent,
" Were by them slaine by generall consent;
" Old Melibee and his good wife withall
" These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament;
" But when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
" Their captaine long withstood, and did her death
" forfall.

XXXIII.

" But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
" It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
" I onely scapt through great confusione
" Of cries and clamors, which amongst them
" past,
" In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast,
" That better were with them to have bene
" dead,
" Then here to see all desolate and wast,
" Despoyled of those ioyes and jollyhead
" Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont
" to lead."

XXXIII.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His heart quite dreading was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diltraught;
That he his face, his head, his breast, did beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat,

Oft' cursing th' Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat,
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succor
nere.

XXXIV.

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling fource,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might waite,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weak,
Then for to die with her, and his life's thread
breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevissh woone,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trow,
Unto the place, to see what should be done;
But he, whose hart through feare was late
donne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former da-
But by all meanes the daunger knowne
shonne;
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last
agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
And both with shepherds hookes; but Calidore
Had underneath him armed privily:
Tho to the place when they approached sye
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepherds to spy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope their newes to learne, how they mote best
assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not
feare,
The self-same flockes the which those theeves late
rest
From Melibee and from themselves whylate,
And certaine of the theeves were by them late
kild,
The which for want of heards themselves they
kept;
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pittie wept;
But when he saw the theeves which did them
keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare
invade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thief
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counfeld to invade
Now all unware, and take the spoyle away:
But he, that in his mind had close-ly made

urpose, would not so them slay,
waking them, gave them the time of

XXIX.

downe by them upon the greene,
things he purpose gan to finde,
them might certaine tydings weene
l, were she alive or flaine;
ich the theeves them questioned againe,
r men, and eke from whence they
e?

hey answer'd, as did appertaine,
were poore heard-groomes, the which
ere
heir maisters fled, and now sought hyre
where,

XL.

ght glad they seem'd, and offer made
em well if they their flockes would
e,
hemselfes were evill groomes, they
l,
ch heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
y the land, or scoure the deepe:
ey soone agreed, and earnest tooke
heir flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
r better hyre did shortly looke;
l day they bode, till light the sky for-
te.

XLI.

is towards darksome night it drew,
hellish dens those theeves them brought,
tly they in great acquaintance grew,
: secrets of their entrayles sought:
they find, contrarie to their thought,
rell yet liv'd; but all the rest
right so as Coridon had taught:
ey both full glad and blyth did rest,
Calidore, whom grieve had most possess

XLII.

when they occasion fittest found,
night, when all the theeves did rest
e forray, and slept full found,
e him arm'd as he thought best,
late, by diligent inquest,
im a sword of meanest fort,
ch he streight went to the captaines
t;
n durst not with him consort,
bide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

he cave they came they found it fast;
re, with huge resistlesse might,
assayed, and the locks upbraut;
: whereof the theefe awaking, light
ntrance ran, where the bold knight
ig him, with small resistance flew;
: faire Pastorell through great affright
t dead, misdoubting least of new
re were like that which lately she did
v.

XLIV.

s Calidore was comen in,
loud for Pastorell to call,

Knowing his voice, although, not heard long
sin,

She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spiritts thrall;
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deaths mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie coast,
On which he safety hopes, that eare feard to be
loft.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had fought;
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards ner him bore
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand
more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and crye was raised all about,
And all the Brigants flocking in great store,
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout;
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies
mand.

XLVII.

The when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better lay,
With which he forth went into th' open light
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And fierce assaying him, with all their might,
Gan all upon him lay; there gan a dreadfull
sight.

XLVIII.

How many flies in whettest summer's day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do over-lay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assaile on every side,
And fore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troupes, and round about him scat-
tred wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongst an herd of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choylest pray,
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves con-
vay

Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
 He her gan to recomfort all he might,
 With gladfull speeches and with lovely cheare,
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull fight;
 Devis'd all goodly means from her to drive
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight;
 So her uneach at last he did revive,
 That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

Ll.

This doon, into those theevish dens he went,
 And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take
 Which they from many long had robd and rent;
 But Fortune now the victor's meed did make,
 Of which the best he did his love betake;
 And also all those flockes, which they before
 Had rest from Melibee and from his make,
 He did them all to Coridon restore,
 So drove them all away, and his love wakke

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

1.
ship that through the ocean wyde
course unto one certaine coast,
nany a counter-winde and tyde,
h her winged speed is let and croft,
herselfe in stormie surges tokt;
g many a borde and many a bay,
th way, ne hath her compasse lost;
sares with me in this long way,
rfe is often stayd, yet never is astray.

11.
t hetherto hath long delayd
: knight from sewing his first quest
t of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
ne courtesie by him profest,
the lowest and the least:
come into my course againe,
novement of the Blatant Beast,
is while at will did range and raine,
ne was him to stop, nor none him to
raine.

111.
c, when thus he now had raught
rella from those Brigants powre,
attle of Belgard her brought,
as lord the good Sir Bellamour,
ome was in his youthes freshest flowre
ght as ever wielded speare,
dured many a dreadfull floure
atteil for a ladie deare.
ladie then of all that living were:

17.
Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of many llands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might;
He, through the wealk wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamour empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreign
fere:

v.
And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few;
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deepe,
Without compassion, cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

vi.
Nathelesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whreof her womb unwilt to wight was fraught,
And in due time a mayden child fourth brought;
Which she streightway (for dread least if her fyre
Should know thereof to slay her would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under strange attyre.

VII.

The trustie damsell bearing it abroad
 Into the empty fields, where living wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay unto the open light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight;
 Whom whyleft she did with watrie cyne behold,
 Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaves did faire un-
 fold.

VIII.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
 Yet could not resuscitate her wretched case,
 But closing it again, like as before,
 Bedew'd with teares there left it in the place;
 Ye left not quite, but drew a litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
 To weet what mortal hand, or Heaven's grace,
 Would for the wretched infant's helpe provyde;
 For which it loudly cald and pityfully cryde.

IX.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
 His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
 Led with the infant's cry, that loud did weepe,
 Came to the place, where when he wrapped
 found
 Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound,
 And seeing there that did him pittie sore,
 He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound;
 So home unto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nursed, and named ever-
 more.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
 And Bellamour in bands, till that her fyre
 Departed life, and left unto them all;
 Then all the stormes of Fortune's former yre
 Where turnd, and they to freedome did retire:
 Thenceforth they ioyn'd in happynesse together,
 And lived long in peace and love entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
 Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella the-
 ther.

XI.

Both whom thy goodly well did entertaine
 For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
 And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field; als Claribell
 Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
 Seeing her weake and wan through durance
 long:
 There they awhile together thus did dwell
 In much delight, and many ioyes among,
 Untill the damzell gan to wax more found and
 strong.

XII.

Thou gan Sir Calidore him to advize
 Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
 Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Begneth'd to him, forsack'd had so sore,
 That much he feared least reprochfull blame,
 With foule dishonour, how mote blot therefore,

Besides the losse of so much prayse and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glorie
 name.

XIII.

Therefore resolving to returne in hast
 Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
 To leave his love, now perill being past,
 With Claribell, whyleft he that monster sought
 Throughout the world, and destruction brought
 So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
 Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him told

XIV.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
 In this exploitte, me needeth to declare
 What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
 During his absence left in heavy care,
 Through daily mourning and nightly misere;
 Yet did that auncient matrone all the night,
 To cherish her with all things choise and rare,
 And her own handmayd, that Melissa high,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
 Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comeley tresses dewly drest,
 Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
 The rosie marke, which she remembred well
 That litle infant had, which forth she kest,
 The daughter of her lady Claribell,
 The which she bore the whiles in prison she
 dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
 In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
 Was that same infant which so long sith past
 She in the open fields had loosely layd
 To Fortune's spoile, unable it to ayd:
 So full of ioy streight forth she ran in hast
 Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
 To tell her how the Heavens had her grasse
 To save her chyld, which in Misfortune's mouth
 was plasse.

XVII.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
 Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine throng,
 Aske her how mote her words be understood,
 And what the matter was that mov'd her so:
 "My Liefe," said she, "ye know that long ago
 " Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 " A litle mayde, the which ye chylded the;
 " The same againe if now ye list to have;
 " The same is yonder lady, whom high God
 " save."

XVIII.

Much was the lady troubled at that sprache,
 And gan to question streight how she it knew.
 "Most certaine markes," sayd she, "doe
 " teach;
 " For on her breast I with these eyes did see
 " The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
 " Whereof her name ye then to her did give"

des, her countenance and her likely hew,
 tched with equall yeares, do surely prive
 it yond same is your daughter sure, which
 " yet doth live."

XIX.

natrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 rth in hast ran to the straunger mayd,
 a catching greedily for great desire,
 up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 ich that rose she plainly saw displayd;
 her embracing twixt her armes twaines,
 ng so held, and softly weeping sayd,
 d-livest thou, my daughter! now againe?
 d art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
 " sayne?"

XX.

urther asking her of sundry things,
 imes comparing with their accidents,
 und at last, by very certaine signes,
 peaking markes of passed monuments,
 this young mayd, whom chance to her pre-
 sents,
 owne daughter, her owne infant deare;
 vondring long at those so straunge events,
 usand times she her embraced nere,
 many a ioyfull kisse and many a melting
 teare.

XXI.

ver is the mother of one chyld,
 h having thought long dead the syndes alive,
 er by proove of that which she hath fylde
 r own brest, this mother's ioy deserve;
 ther none such passion can contrive
 fect forme, as this good lady felt,
 she so faire a daughter saw survive,
 storella was, that nigh she swelt
 affing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

XXII.

ce running forth unto her loved lord,
 nto him recounted all that fell;
 oyning ioy with her in one accord,
 owledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
 e leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
 lidore, who seeking all this while
 monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
 ugh every place, with restlesse paine and
 toile,
 follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

XXIII.

ugh all estates he found that he had past,
 icht he many massacres had left,
 to the Clergy now was come at last
 icht such spoile, such havocke and such theft,
 rought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
 endlesse were to tell. The Elfin knight,
 now no place besides unfought had left,
 ngth into a monastere did light,
 re he him found despoyling all with maine
 and might.

XXIV.

their cloysters now he broken had,
 ' which the monckes he chased here and
 there,

And them persu'd into their dortours sad,
 And searched all their cels and secrets neare,
 In which what filth and ordure did appeare
 Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast
 Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and
 tearc,
 And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
 Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

XXV.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
 And robd the chancell, and the desks downe
 threw,
 And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
 And the images, for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whilset none was them to
 rew,
 So all confounded and disordered there;
 But seeing Calidore, away he flew,
 Knowing his fallall hand by former feare;
 But he him fast pursuing, soone approached
 neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
 And fierce assailing forst him turne againe;
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
 With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
 With open mouth, that seemed to containe
 A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
 All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
 That serrifide his foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grieffly grim.

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
 Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
 And some of beares, that groynd continually,
 And some of tygres, that did seeme to grea,
 And snar at all that ever passed by;
 But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
 Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor
 when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
 The tongues of serpents with three-forked stings,
 That spat out poyson and gore, bloody gere,
 At all that came within his ravengings,
 And spake licentious words and hatefull things
 Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
 Ne kefars spared he a whit nor kings,
 But either blotted them with infamie,
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afraid,
 Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
 That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
 And bet abacke, threatening in vaine to bite,
 And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
 That somed all about his bloody iawes;
 Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
 He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
 As if he would have rent him with his cruel
 clawes.

xxx.

But he right well aware his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puillaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe till he be throughly queld.

xxxii.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloody gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himselfe upright;
For still the more he strove, the more the knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell despight
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew:

xxxiii.

Or like the hell-borne hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrowd,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew:
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre
increast.

xxxiiii.

Tho when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,
Of interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily;
Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,
But strained him so strictly that he chokt him
neare.

xxxv.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrinke,
And rage to quail, he toke a muzzle strong,
Of surest yron made with many a lincke,
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth even in his own
despight.

xxxvi.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynshian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hateful full tonne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghost, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth
shonne;
So led this knight his captiue, with like con-
quest wonne.

xxxvii.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore;
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once wishstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the
land.

xxxviii.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, wherefo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
ing it, much wondred at the sight;
Such persons, as he erst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd
the knight.

xxxix.

Thus was this monster by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore suppressd and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed;
So did he cecke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked Fate to framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

xl.

Thenceforth more mischefe and more stable he
wrought
To mortall men than he had done before,
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more;
Albe that long time after Calidore
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine Land,
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

xli.

So now he raugeth through the world againe,
And rageth fore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraime,
He grown is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime,
But tends without regard of person or of time.

xlii.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despight,
More then my former wits; all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wight
With which some wicked tongues did it backe-
bite,
And bring into a mighty pynes displeasure,
That never so deserved to indite;
Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted
mens pleasure.

TWO CANTOS
OF MUTABILITIE;
WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER,

Appear to be parcell of some following Book of

THE FAERY QUEENE,
UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of gods as men
To be the soveraine.

i.
man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
ye, the which all mortall things doth
ay,
hereby doth find and plainly feele
ibility in them doth play
sports to many mens decay?
t to all may better yet appeare,
arke that whilome I heard say,
t first herselfe began to reare
the gods, and th' empire fought from
m to beare.

ii.
re falleth, fittest to unfold
e race and knage ancient;
found it registred of old
nd, amongst records permanent.

She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heaven's regiment,
Whom though high love of kingdome did de-
prive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

iii.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of love, and high authority;
As Hecate, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth found on his
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at
her pride.

IV.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire,
 Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine,
 That as a goddesse men might her admire,
 And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine;
 And first on earth she fought it to obtaine,
 Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
 Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
 That not men onely (whom she soone subdewd)
 But eke all other creatures her bad doings rewed.

V.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
 That all which Nature had established first
 In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
 She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
 And all the world's faire frame (which none yet
 durst
 Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
 She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
 That God had blest, and did at first provide
 In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
 But eke of iustice and of policie,
 And wrong of right, and bad of good, did make,
 And death for life exchanged foolishlie;
 Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
 And all this world is woxen daily worse.
 O pitteous worke of Mutabilitie!
 By which we all are subiect to that curse,
 And death, instead of life, have sucked from our
 nurse.

VII.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
 'T' attempt th' empire of the heav'n's hight,
 And love himselfe to shoulder from his right;
 And first she pass'd the region of the ayre,
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare;

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moone she clame,
 Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
 All fairly deckt with heaven's goodly story;
 Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
 Old aged sire with hower-glasse in hand,
 Hight Tyme) she entred, were he liefse or sorry,
 Ne staid till she the highest stage had scand,
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
 white,
 Environ'd with tenne thousand starres around,
 That duly her attended day and night,
 And by her side there ran her page, that hight,
 Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend;
 That with his torch, still twinkling like twy-
 light,
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
 And ioi to weary wandring travellers did lend.

X.

Tho when the hardy Titanesse beheld
 The goodly building of her palace bright,
 Made of the heaven's substance, and up-held
 With thousand crysfall pillars of huge hight,
 Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
 And t' envie her that in such glorie raignes;
 Estroones she cast by force and tortious might
 Her to displace, and to herselfe t' have gain'd
 The kingdome of the Night, and water by
 wained.

XI.

Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
 And let herselfe into that ivory throne,
 For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
 And better able it to guide alone;
 Whether to men, whose fall she did bewene,
 Or unto gods, whose state she did maligne,
 Or to th' infernall powres her neede give her
 Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
 Herselfe of all that rule she deemed most worthy.

XII.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne sat
 By highest love assign'd, therein to beare
 Night's burning lamp, regarded not her state,
 Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare,
 But with sterne countenance and disdainfull
 Bending her horned browes, did put her backe
 And boldly blaming her for coming there,
 Bad her attonce from heaven's coast to pack,
 Or at her perill hide the wrathfull
 wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the giantesse forbore;
 But boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
 To pluck her downe perforce from off her dore,
 And therewith lifting up her golden wand,
 Threatened to strike her if she did withstand;
 Whereat the starres, which round about
 blazed,
 And eke the moones bright waggon still did
 All being with so bold attempt amazed,
 And on her uncouth habit and sterne look
 gazed.

XIV.

Meane while the lower world, which none
 knew
 Of all that chanced here, was darked
 And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly
 Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,
 Fearing lest Chaos broken had his chain,
 And brought againe on them eternal night;
 But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
 Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry,
 To love's faire palace fixt in heaven's hight,
 And beating at his gates full earnestly,
 Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
 To know what meant that suddaine light
 light.
 The father of the gods, when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange sight.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

l Typhun were againe prear'd,
old foes that once him forely fear'd.

XVI.

sonne of Maia forth he sent
: circle of the moone, to knowe
this so strange astonishment,
did her wanted course forflowe;
ny were on earth belowe
: charmes or magick her molest,
re, and downe to hell to throwe;
eaven it were, then to arrest
and him bring before his presence

XVII.

ot god so fast his plumes did beat,
: came whenas the Titanesse
with faire Cynthia for her feat:
nge sight and haughty hardinesse
much, and feared her no lesse;
re aside to doe his charge,
le her with bold stedfastnesse
ft the moone to walk at large,
e high love her dooings to discharge.

XVIII.

hall he on her shoulder laid
: cated mace, whose awfull power
xth gods and hellish fiends afraid:
Titanesse did sternely lower,
nswer'd, that in evill hower
ove such message to her brought,
ve faire Cynthia's silver bower,
ve and him esteemed nought,
Cynthia's selfe, but all their king-
sought.

XIX.

herald staid not to reply,
his doings to relate
who now in th' highest sky
his principall estate,
ods about him congregate;
en Hermes had his message told,
l exceedingly amare,
ho changing nought his count'nance
at length these speeches wife un-

XX.

mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers;
ember since th' earth's cursed seed
faile the heavens eternall towers,
ll exceeding feare did breed;
e then defeated all their deed
: now, and them destroyed quite;
quite, but that there did succeed
g of their blood, which did alite
uitfull earth, which doth us yet de-

XXI.

seed is this bold woman bred;
: ith bold presumption doth aspire
ire Phœbe from her silver bed,
rselfes from heaven's high empire,
ight were matcht to her desire;
it now behoves us to advise

" What way is best to drive her to retire,
" Whether by open force or counsell wise,
" Aroed, ye Sonnes of God! as best ye can de-
" vise."

XXII.

So having said, he ceast, and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomsfull drede
beck

Is wont to wield the the world into his vow,
And even the highest powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake;
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and
wile:

Meanwhile th' earth's daughter, though she
thought did reek
Of Hermes' message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold
emprise.

XXIII.

Etsoones she thus resolv'd, that whilst the gods
(After returne of Hermes' embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
Before they could new counsels realle,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place, would lends:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Iove's high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: good onset boads good end.

XXIV.

She there ariving, boldly in did pass,
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was;
At sight of her they suddan all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But love, all fearlessse, forc't them to aby,
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and maicstie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote
terrifie,

XXV.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld,
And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Untill that love himself her selfe bespake;
" Speake thou, fraile Woman, speake with confi-
" dence,
" Whence art thou? and what dost thou here
" now make?
" What idle errand hast thou earth's mansion to
" forsake?"

XXVI.

Shee, halfe confus'd with his great command,
Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand;
" I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
" Of her that is grand-mother magnifice
" Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos
" child;
" But by the father's, be it not envide,
" I greater am in blood, whereon I build,
" Then all the gods, though wrongfully from mee
" ven call'd.

XXXVI.
 " For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
 " Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
 " Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unright
 " And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes
 " flight,
 " The younger thrust the elder from his right;
 " Since which thou, love, inuisiously hast held
 " The heaven's rule from Titan's sonnes by
 " might,
 " And them to hellish dungeons downe hast held;
 " Witnesse, ye Heavens! the truth of all that I
 " have told."

XXXVII.
 Whilst she thus spake, the gods, that gave good care
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
 Being of stature tall as any there
 Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
 As any of the goddes in place,
 Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
 Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraigne
 race
 Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres;
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden
 feares:

XXXVIII.
 Till having pauz'd awhile, love thus bespake;
 " Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire
 " In this bold sort, to heaven claime to make,
 " And touch celestiall scates with earthly mire?
 " I would have thought that bold Procuftus' hire,
 " Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's paine,
 " Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
 " Would have suffiz'd the rest for to refraine,
 " And warn'd all men by their example to re-
 " fraine:

XXXIX.
 " But now, this off-scum of that curfed fry
 " Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 " And challenge th' heritage of this our skie,
 " Whom what should hinder but that we likewise
 " Should handle as the rest of her allies,
 " And thunder-drive to hell!" with that he
 shooke
 His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
 And est his burning levin-bronde in hand he tooke.

XL.
 But when he looked on her lovely face,
 In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
 That could the greatest wrath soone turne to
 grace,
 (Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
 He staid his hand, and having chang'd his cheare,
 He thus againe in milder wise began;
 " But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
 " Then shortly should the progeny of man
 " Be rooted out, if love should doe still what he
 " can:

XLI.
 " But thee, faire Titan's Child! I rather weene
 " Through some vaine errour or inducement light
 " To see that mortall eyes have never scene.
 " Or through enfaniple of thy sister's night,

" Bellona, whose great glory thou dost spight,
 " Since thou hast scene her dreadfull power be
 " lowe
 " Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her a
 " fright,
 " To bandie crownes, and kingdomes to bestowe,
 " And sure thy worth no lesse than her's deserveth
 " to shewe.

XLII.
 " But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
 " That not the worth of any living might
 " May challenge ought in heaven's interest,
 " Much lesse the title of old Titan's right;
 " For we, by conquest of our soveraine might,
 " And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
 " Have wonne the empire of the heavens
 " bright,
 " Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom we
 " Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse wight."

XLIII.
 " Then cease thy idly claime, thou foolish Gaius
 " And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
 " That place from which by folly Titan fell;
 " Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faist,
 " Have love thy gracious lord and soveraine."
 So saying said, she thus to him replyde;
 " Cease, Saturnes Sonne! to seeke by just
 " vaine

XLIV.
 " Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy side
 " For to betray my right before I have it tried."
 XLV.
 " But thee, O love! no equall iudge I deeme
 " Of my desert, or of my dewfull right,
 " That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme,
 " But to the highest Him, that is beight
 " Father of gods and men by equall might,
 " To weete the God of Nature, I appeale"
 Therat love waxed wroth, and in his spight
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
 And had Dan Phœbus scribe her appall
 feale.

XLVI.
 Estfoones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly
 wights,
 Before great Nature's presence should appeare,
 For triall of their titles and best rights;
 That was, to weete, upon the highest heights
 Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
 That is the highest head in all men's fights
 Of my old Father Mole, who shepherds quail
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural
 feale.

XLVII.
 And were it not ill fitting for this file
 To sing of hills and woods mongst warre
 knights,
 I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
 Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft
 lights,
 And tell how Arlo, through Dianes spight,
 (Being of old the best and fairest hill
 That was in all his holy island's heights)
 Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
 Meanwhile, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill

XXXVII.

when Ireland flourished in fame
and goodnesse far above the rest
bears the British Island's name,
then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
t'hereto when seem'd them best;
all therein more pleasure found
his, that is soveraine queene profest
and forests, which therein abound,
with wholsom waters more then most
ground:

XXXIX.

them all, as fittest for her game,
chace of beasts with bound or bowe,
troude in shade from Phæbus flame,
fountaines that doe freshly flowe,
gh hills, or from the dales belowe,
his Arlo; where shee did resort
r nymphes enranged on a rowe,
n the woody gods did oft consort,
e Nymphes the Satyres love to play
sport.

XL.

he which there was a nymph that hight
laughter of old Father Mole,
unto Mulla, faire and bright,
e bed false Bregog whylome stole,
eard Colin dearely did condole,
her lucklesse loves well knowne to be;
solanna, were she not so shole,
sic faire, and beautifull then shee,
is, a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI.

e springs out of two marble rocks,
a grove of oakes high mounted growes,
girlond seems to deck the locks
ure bride, brought forth with pompous
wes
bowre, that many flowres strowes;
the flowry dales the tumbling downe,
many woods and shady coverts flowes,
ch side her silver channel crowne,
plaine she come, whose valleyes shee
wne.

XLII.

et streames Diana used oft,
sweetie chace, and toilesome play,
herselfe; and after, on the soft
y graffe her dainty limbes to lay,
hade, where none behold her may,
she hated sight of living eye;
d Faunus, though full many a day
r clad, yet longed foolishly
naked mongst her nymphes in privy.

XLIII.

e found to compasse his desire,
rupt Molanna, this her maid,
cover for some secret hire,
h flattering words he first assaid,
pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
ples, and red cherries from the tree,
ch he her allured and betraid
hat time he might her lady see [hec.
herselfe did bathe, that he might secret

XLIV.

Thereto he promist, if he would him pleasure
With this small bonne, to quit her with a better;
To weete, that whenas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did fet
her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well;
Besides all which he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes than he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should ex-
cell.

XLV.

The simple maid did yield to him anone,
And est him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who for his hire to so foole-hardy dew
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hew;
Tho' as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana with her nymphes about her drew
To this sweet spring, where doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a likely
pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest,
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought; a foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldst needs thine owne conceit aread:
Babblers unworthy beene of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,
And running straight whereas she heard his
voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him took;
Like darred lark, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought:
Thenceforth they drew him by the hornes, and
shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him
brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unaware
That breakes into her dayr'house, there doth
draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
Hath in some snare or gin set close behind
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinks what punishments, were best as-
sign'd,
And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeful
mind.

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile;
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule mis-
call;

Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
 Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare,
 For nought against their wils might countervaille;
 Ne ought he said whatever he did heare,
 But hanging downe his head did like a mome appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
 They gan to cast what penance him to give:
 Some would have gelt him, but that same would spill

The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live;
 Others would through the river him have drive,
 And ducked deepe, but that seem'd penance light;

But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
 Him in deares skin to clad, and in that plight
 To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how
 hee might.

L.I.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry than the rest,
 Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
 And of her shame to make a game some iest,
 But gan examine him in straighter sort,
 Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
 Him thither brought, and her to him betraid!
 He much afeard, to her confessed short
 That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
 Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

L.II.

But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a deares-skin they covered, and then chaf
 With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
 But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Then any deere; so sore him dread aghast:
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have braff,
 That all the woods and dales where he did flie
 Did ring againe, and loud re-echo to the ikie.

L.III.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
 When back returning to Molann' againe,
 They by command'ment of Diana there
 Her whelm'd with stones; yet Fauns for
 paine,

Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
 That her he would receive unto his bed;
 So now her waves passe through a pleasant plain
 Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed,
 And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire riv
 spread.

L.IV.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
 Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious brooke,
 In whose sweet streame, before that had
 ceasion,

So much delight to bathe her limbes she took;
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
 All those faire Forrests about Arlo hid,
 And all that mountaine which doth over-look
 The richest champion that may else be rid,
 And the faire Shure, in which are thousand
 mons bred.

L.V.

Then all, and all that she so deare did way,
 Thenceforth she left, and parting from the plain
 Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay,
 To weete, that wolves, where she was wont
 space,
 Shou'd harbour'd be, and all those woods
 And thieves should rob and spoile that
 round:
 Since which, those woods, and all that
 chafe
 Doth to this day with wolves and thieves
 Which too too true that land's
 have found.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VII.

Peeling from love to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence; but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.
Her doest thou now, thou greater
; the woods and pleasing forrests being,
le spirit, that doth oft refuse
h flight, unfit for her weake wing,
to tell of heaven's King
igne fire) his fortunate successe,
in bigger noates to sing,
btain'd against that Titanesse,
of heaven's empire sought to dispos-

II.
eds must follow thy behest,
y weaker wit with skill inspire,
turne, and in my feeble breast
sparks of that immortal fire
ed minds inflameth with desire
/ things; for who but thou alone,
orne of heaven and heavenly fire,
ags deen in heaven so long ygone,
all memory of man that may be
vne?

III.
time that was before agreed,
sembled all on Arlo-hill,
se that are sprung of heavenly seed,
it all the other world doe fill,
oth sea and land unto their will;
sfernal powers might not appeare,
horror of their count'naunce ill,
aruly fiends which they did feare;
nd Proserpina were present there.

IV.
And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features,
That Arlo scarcely could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and plaine;
And had not Nature's sargeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border
They would have caused much confusion and dis-
order.

V.
Then forth issued (great goddess) great Dame
Nature,
With goodly port and gracious maicsty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes, by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For with a veile that whimpled every where
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none
appeare.

VI.
That some doe say was so by skill devised,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized,
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

VII.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devise to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that;
As those three sacred faints, though else most
wife,
Yet on Mount Thabar quite their wits forgot,
When they their glorious Lord in strange dis-
guise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their
eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre plain upon an equal hill
She placed was in a pavilion,
Not such as craftsmen, by their idle skill,
Are wont for princes states to fashion;
But th' earth herself, of her owne motion
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that shooting up anon
Did seeme to bow their blooming heads full lowe,
For homage unto her, and like a throne to shew.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poeie did dwell)
In his Fowles Parley durst not with it mell,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his Plaint of Kindes describ'd it well;
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seeke he out that Alane where he may be
sought.

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the nymphes from all the brooks
thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stool
threw,
That richer seem'd than any tapestry
That princes bowres adorne with painted ima-
gery.

XI.

And mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tirc,
As if the love of some new nymph late scene
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah, gentle Mole! such ioyance hath thee well
befcene.

XII.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods w hylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridal cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there,

Where Phœbus' self, that God of Poets high,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full close,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall soong, and musick's wonder
might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of old,
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted,
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I have told,
Before her came Dame Mutabilitie,
And being lowe before her presence feld,
With meek obayfance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to su-
plifie.

XIV.

" To thee, O greatest Goddesse! onely great,
" An humble suppliant, loe, I lowely fly,
" Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat,
" Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
" Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie
" Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
" Oppressing them with power unequally,
" Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,
" And knittest each to each, as brother unto
" ther :

XV.

" To thee, therefore, of this same love I please,
" And of his fellow-gods that faine to be,
" That challenge to themselves the whole world
" raigne,
" Of which the greatest part is due to me,
" And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee;
" For heaven and earth I both alike doe deem,
" Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
" And gods no more than men thou dost
" reeme;
" For even the gods to thee as men to gods
" seeme.

XVI.

" Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse! by what
" right
" These gods do claime the world's whole
" raignty,
" And that is onely dew unto thy might
" Arrogate to themselves ambitiously.
" As for the gods owne principality,
" Which love usurps uniuersally, that to be
" My heritage, love's selfe cannot deny,
" From my great grandfire Titan unto mee
" Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known
" thee.

XVII.

" Yet maugre love, and all his gods beside,
" I doe possesse the world's most regiment,
" As if ye please it into parts divide,
" And every part's inholders to convent,
" Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent:
" And first to Earth (great mother of us all)
" That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
" And unto Mutability not thrall,
" Yet is she chang'd in part, and ceke in
" fall:

XVIII.

“ For all that from her springs and is ybredde,
 “ However fayre it flourish for a time,
 “ Yet see we soone decay, and being dead
 “ To turne againe unto their earthy slime;
 “ Yet out of their decay and mortall crime
 “ We daily see new creatures to arise,
 “ And of their winter spring another prime,
 “ Unlike in forme, and chang’d by strange dif-
 “ guise;
 “ So turne they still about, and change in rest-
 “ lesse wife.

XIX.

“ As for her tenants, that is man and beasts,
 “ The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
 “ As thralls and vassals unto mens becheats,
 “ And men themselves doe change continually
 “ From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 “ From good to bad, from bad to worit of all;
 “ Ne does their bodies only flit and fly,
 “ But ecke their minds (which they immortal
 “ call)
 “ Still change and vary thoughts as new occasions
 “ fall.

XX.

“ Ne is the water in more constant case,
 “ Whether those same on high or these belowe:
 “ For th’ ocean moveth still from place to place,
 “ And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
 “ Ne any lake, that seems most still and flowe;
 “ Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse
 “ holde,
 “ When any winde doth under heaven blowe,
 “ With which the clouds are also tost and roll’d,
 “ Now like great hills, and straight like flutes,
 “ them unfold.

XXI.

“ So likewise are all watry living wights
 “ Still tost and turned with continuall change;
 “ Never abyding in their stedfast plights;
 “ The fish, still floting, do at random range,
 “ And never rest, but evermore exchange
 “ Their dwelling places as the streames their
 “ carrie;
 “ Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
 “ Wherein to rest, ne in one stead to tarry,
 “ But flitting still doe flie, and still their places
 “ vary.

XXII.

“ Next is the ayre, which thou feelst not by sense
 “ (For of all sense it is the middle meane)
 “ To flit still, and with subtil influence
 “ Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
 “ In state of life: O weake life! that does leane
 “ On thing so tickle as th’ unsteady ayre,
 “ Which every howre is chang’d, and alred
 “ cleane
 “ With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
 “ The faire doth prolong, the fowle doth it im-
 “ paire.

XXIII.

“ Therein the changes infinite beholde,
 “ Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,
 “ Now boyling hot, freight freezing deadly cold;

“ Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and
 “ daunce
 “ Streight bitter storms and balefull countenance,
 “ That makes them all to shiver add to shake:
 “ Rayne, hayle, and stow, do pay them sad pe-
 “ nance,
 “ And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
 “ quake)
 “ With flames and flashing lights that thousand
 “ changes make.

XXIV.

“ Last is the fire; which though it live for ever,
 “ Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
 “ We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
 “ To lose their heat, and shortly to decay,
 “ So makes himself his owne consuming pray;
 “ Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
 “ But all that others bredd doth slay,
 “ And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,
 “ Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
 “ feed.

XXV.

“ Thus all these four (the which the ground-
 “ work bee
 “ Of all the world and of all living wights)
 “ To thousand sorts of change we subiect see,
 “ Yet are they chang’d by other wondrous sights
 “ Into themselves, and lose their native might;
 “ The fire to aire, and th’ ayre to water sheere,
 “ And water into earth; yet water fights
 “ With fire, and aire with earth approaching
 “ neere,
 “ Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI.

“ So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
 “ However these, that gods themselves doe call,
 “ Of them doe claime the rule and sovereignty;
 “ As Vesta of the fire ethereall,
 “ Vulcan of this with us so usuall,
 “ Ops of the earth, and Iuno of the ayre,
 “ Neptune of seas, and Nymphes of rivers all;
 “ For all those rivers to me subiect are, [share.
 “ And all the rest which they usurp be all my

XXVII.

“ Which to approven true, as I have told,
 “ Vouchsafe, O Goddesse! to thy presence call
 “ The rest which doe the world in being hold,
 “ As Times and Seasons of the year that fall;
 “ Of all the which demand in generall,
 “ Or iudge thyselfe by verdit of thine eye,
 “ Whether to me they are not subiect all.”
 Nature did yield thereto, and by and by
 Bade Order call them all before her Maiessty.

XXVIII.

So forth issew’d the Seasons of the year;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded, and new bloomes did beare,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramoures;
 And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A guilt engraven morion he did weare,
 That as some did him love, so others did him
 feare.

XXX.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
 That was unlyned all, to be more light,
 And on his head a girlond well besene.
 He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore,
 A boawe and shaftes, as he in forest greene
 Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
 And now would bathe his limbes, with labor
 heated fore.

XXXI.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
 As though he ioyed in his plenteous store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banisht Hunger, which to fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched fore;
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
 With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,
 And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
 To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth
 had yold.

XXXII.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill;
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
 For he was faint with cold and weak with old,
 That scarce his loofed limbe he hable was to weld.

XXXIII.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
 And after them the Monthes all riding came;
 First sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
 The same which over Hellespontus swam;
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
 And in a bag all sorts of seeds yarme,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And sild her womb with fruitfull hope of newfish-
 ment.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
 Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa soting through th' Argolick fluds;
 His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
 And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
 Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd
 in fight
 With waves, through which he waded for his
 love's delight.

XXXIV.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on
 ground,
 Decks all with dainties of her frason's pryde,
 And throwing flowres out of her lap around;
 Upon two breithrens shoulders she did ride,
 The Twinnes of Leda, which on cyther side
 Supported her like to their soveraine queene;

Lord! how all creatures laught when her she
 spide,

And leapt and daunc't as they had ravish't her
 And Cupid selfe about her flutted all in glee

XXXV.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
 All in greene leaves, as he a player were,
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
 That by his plough-yrons more right well
 peare;

Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
 And backward yode, as bargemen went to sea,
 Bending their force contrary to their face;
 Like that ungracious crew which faimes dand
 grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot Iuly, boyling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away;
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him as obey;
 It was the best that whileome did forray
 The Newmann Forrest, till th' Amphyrionide
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
 Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side,
 Under his telt, he bore a sickle circling with

XXXVII.

The first was August, being rich arrayd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crown'd
 With cares of corne, and full her hand on
 found;

That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound,
 But after wrong was lov'd and iustice sold,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to kinde
 extold.

XXXVIII.

Next him September marched ecke on foot;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
 Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enricht with bounty of the soyle;
 In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
 He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did assaye
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand
 And equal gave to each, as iustice daly faine

XXXIX.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
 For yet his noule was totty of the maist,
 Which he was treading in the wine-fat's le,
 And of the ioyous syl, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolick and so full of lust;
 Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Dianes doorn unjust
 Slew great Orion; and ecke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter
 tyde.

XL.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat,
 As fed with lard, and that right well
 seeme,

had been a fattig hoge of late,
 set his browes with sweat did reek and
 seem,
 t the season was full sharp and breem;
 ting ecke he took no small delight:
 in he rode, not easy was to deeme,
 dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
 ed of Saturne and faire Neia, Chiron
 hight.

XLII.

er him came next the child December,
 through merry feasting which he made,
 eat bonfires, did not the cold remember,
 iour's birth his mind so much did glad;
 shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
 ne wherewith Dan love in tunder yeares,
 y, was nourisht by th' teas mayd;
 his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
 ch he freely drinks an health to all his
 peeres.

XLIII.

ame old January, wrapped well
 i woods, to keep the cold away,
 he quake and quiver like to quell,
 rye his ayries to warme them if he may,
 y were numb'd with holding all the day
 het hoene, with which he falled wood,
 on the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
 n huge great Earth-pot steane he fload,
 vhole wide mouth there flowed forth the
 Romane flood.

XLIII.

ly came old February, sitting
 d Waggon, for he could not ride,
 of two Fiibes for the season sitting,
 through the flood before did softly syde
 im away; yet had he by his side
 igh and harnesse fit to till the ground,
 ica to prune the trees, before the prids
 ng prime did make them burgein round;
 the Twelve Months forth, and their dew
 places found.

XLIV.

er these there came the Day and Night,
 together both with equall pace;
 : on a palfrey blacke, the other white;
 ight had covered her uncomely face
 blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
 whereof the moon and stars were pight,
 pe and darknesse round about did trace;
 r did beare upon his scepter's hight
 xedly fun, encompass all with beames
 right.

XLV.

ame the Howers, faire daughters of high
 love
 rely Night, the which were all endewed
 ondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
 r were virgins all, and love eschewed,
 ight forslak the charge to them fore-
 hewed
 ity love, who did them porters make
 en's gate, (whence all the gods issued)

Which they did dayly watch and nightly wepe
 By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
 Death with most grim and grievely visage scene,
 Yet is her naught but parting of the breath,
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
 Unbodied, unspul'd, unheard, unseene;
 But Life was like a faire young lussy boy,
 Such as they fame Dan Cupid to have bene,
 Full of delightful health and lively ioy,
 Decks all with Bowres, and wings of gold fit to
 employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the Titimelic;
 "Lo, mighty Mother! now be iudge, and say
 "Whether in all thy creatures those or lesse
 "Change doth not reign, and bears the greatest
 " sway,
 "For who sees not that Time on all doth prey?
 "But times do change and move continually,
 "So nothing here long standeth in one stay;
 "Wherefore this lower world who can deny
 "But to be subject still to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Love; "Right true it is that
 "theif,
 "And all things else that under heauen dwell,
 "Are chang'd of Time, who doth them all def-
 " seise
 "Of being; but who is it (to me tell)
 "That emp himselfe doth move and still com-
 " pell
 "To keepe his course: is not that namely wee,
 "Which seure that vertue from our heavenly
 " cell,
 "That moves them all, and makes them chang'd
 " be?
 "So them we gods do rule, and in them alle
 " thee"

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutabilitie; The Things
 "Which we see not how they are mov'd and
 " swayd,
 "Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
 "And say they by your secret power are made,
 "But what we see not, who shall us perfwade?
 "But were they so, as ye them saine to be,
 "Mov'd by your might, and order'd by your
 " ayde,
 "Yet what if I can prove that even ye
 "Yourselfes are likewise changed, and subject
 " unto me?"

L.

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
 "Even you, faire Cynthia! whom so much ye
 " make
 "Love's dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 "On Cynthus' hill, whence she her name did
 " take;
 "Then is the mortall borne, howso ye crake;
 "Besides, her face and countenance every day
 "We changed see, and sundry forms partake;

" Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now brown
 " and gray;
 " So that as changefull as the moone men use to
 " say.

LII.

" Next Mercury, who though he lesse appeare
 " To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
 " Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
 " And is of late far out of order gone;
 " So Venus eke, that goodly paragone,
 " Though faire all night yet is she darkes all day;
 " And Phebus' self, who lightsome is alone,
 " Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 " And fills the darkned world with terror and
 " dismay.

LIII.

" Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most,
 " For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 " That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 " And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare,
 " That even these star-gazers stonight are
 " At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes;
 " So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
 " His sterne aspect, and calm his crabbed lookes;
 " So many turning cranks these have, so many
 " crookes.

LIII.

" But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
 " And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
 " Are you not subject eke to this misfate?
 " Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
 " Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by
 " name,
 " Others in Thebes, and others elsewhere;
 " But wherefoever they comment the same,
 " They all consent that ye begotten were,
 " And borne here in this world, no other can
 " appeare.

LIV.

" Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
 " Unless the kingdome of the sky yee make
 " Immortall and unchangeable to be;
 " Besides that power and vertue which ye spake,
 " That ye here worke doth many changes take,
 " And your own natures change; for each of you
 " That vertue have or this or that to make,
 " Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
 " By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

" Besides, the sundry motions of your spheares,
 " So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
 " Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,
 " What is the same but alteration plaine?

" Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine;
 " Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
 " And even itself is mov'd, as wizards faine;
 " But all that moveth doth mutation love,
 " Therefore both you and them to me I bid
 " prove.

LVI.

" Then since within this wide great universe
 " Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
 " But all things tost and turned by transire,
 " What then should let but I aloft should reare
 " My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
 " Now Iudge then, O thou greatest Goddhead
 " "trew!
 " According as thyself doest see and heare,
 " And unto me addoom that is my dew,
 " That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensweved,
 Ne Nature to or firo spake for a space,
 But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewd;
 Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
 Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
 To whether side should fall the soveraigne rule;
 At length she looking up with cheerefull view
 The silence brake, and gave her doome in speech
 few:

LVIII.

" I well consider all that ye have sayd,
 " And find that all things stedfastnes doe lack;
 " And changed be; yet being rightly wayd,
 " They are not changed from their first chanc;
 " But by their change their being doe dilate,
 " And turning to themselves at length againe
 " Doe worke there owne perfection so by fate;
 " Then over them Change doth not rake
 " raigne,
 " But they raigne over Change, and doe their
 " states maintaine.

LIX.

" Cease, therefore, Daughter, further to aspie,
 " And thee content thus to be rul'd by me;
 " For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire,
 " But time shall come that all shall changed be,
 " And from thenceforth none no more change
 " shall see."

So was the Titanes put downe and whist,
 And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see:
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
 And Nature's selfe did vanish, whether so
 wist.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VIII. *Unperfite.*



I.
thinke me of that speech whyleare
lity, and well it may ;
hat though the all unworthy were
'n's rule yet very sooth to say,
s else she bears the greatest fway,
es me loath this state of life fo tickle,
f things so vaine to cast away,
ring pride, so fading and so sickle,
shall soon cut downa with his consum-
fickle.

II.
thinke on that which Nature sayd,
ic time when no more change shall be,

But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie ;
For all that moveth doth in change delight ;
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabbath hight ;
O that great Sabbath's God grant me that Sab-
bath's sight :



COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.

To the Right Worthy and Noble Knight

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

Captain of her Majesty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall.

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not always idle, as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, altogether undutiful, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Poem, unworthy of your higher conceit for the meanness of the stile, but agreeing with the truth of the circumstance and matter; the which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of an infinite debt in which I acknowledge myself bounden unto you (for your singular favours and sundry good turns shewed to me at my late being in England), and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evil mouths, which are always wide open to carp at and misrepresent my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happiness.

Yours ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

From my house at Kilscolman, Dec. 27. 1591.

THE shepherd's boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Lays of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custom was) upon a day
Charming his oaten pipe upon his peers;
The shepherd swains, that did about him play,
Who all the while with greedy listful ears,
Did stand astonish'd at his curious skill,
Like heartless deere, dismay'd with thunder's
 found;
At last, whenas he piped had his fill,
He rested him, and sitting then around,

One of those grooms (a jolly groom was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepherd dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol) gan thus to him agree:
 Colin, my Life! my Life! how great a loss
Had all the shepherds' nation by thy lack!
And I, poor swain! of many greatest croak,
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
Was heard to sound, as she was wont to
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole
The woods were heard to wail full many

birds with silence to complain ;
 the faded flowers did seem to mourn,
 flocks from feeding to refrain ;
 waters wept for thy return,
 fish with languor did lament ;
 woods, and fields, and floods revive,
 come, their cause of merriment,
 lead hast made again alive.
 'Tis too painful to repeat
 runes which to thee beset
 yage, we would thee intreat,
 assure, them to us to tell
 the shepherd gently answer'd thus ;
 thou temptest me to that I covet,
 I passed newly to discuss,
 why doth twice renew it :
 'twas that angel's blessed eye,
 bright sun, her heaven's fairest light,
 I of my thought's satiety,
 sweet contentment of that sight :
 one day in nought I take delight,
 we in any earthly pleasure,
 abundance of that glory bright,
 bliss, my heart's eternal treasure.
 My Pipe ' my sleepey Muse ! awake,
 I led her praises lasting long ;
 't'hou mayst it not forsake ;
 't'is jolly shepherd's ! to my song."
 they all 'gan throng about him neare,
 ears to hear his harmony,
 their flocks, devoid of danger's fear,
 out them feed at liberty.
 (quoth he) I fate (as was my trade)
 of Mole, that mountain here,
 heep amongst the cool shade
 alders by the Mulla's shore ;
 't'is shepherd chaunc'd to find me out,
 red with my pipe's delight,
 't'is found y'strilled far about,
 I by chance, I know not right ;
 I asked from what place he came,
 hight ? himself he did y'leap
 I of the Ocean by name,
 came far from the main-sea deep.
 I beside in that same shade,
 to play some pleasant fit ;
 heard the musick which I made,
 myself full greatly pleas'd at it ;
 my pipe, he took in hand
 't'is that amuled of many,
 reon, (for well that skill he cond)
 I full in that art as any.
 't'is sing ; and when he sung I piped,
 turns each making other merry,
 't'is sing other, nor envied ;
 't'is until we both were weary."
 rupting him, a bonny swain,
 sight, him thus atween bespake ;
 't'is it not thy ready course restrain,
 't'is fit thee, Colin, for my sake,
 thou didst sing when he did play ;
 't'is en it worth recounting was,
 't'is ere some hymn or moral lay,
 't'is : to praise thy loved lass ?"

"Nor of my love, nor of my lass," quoth he,
 "I then did sing, as then occasion fell ;
 For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,
 That made me in that desert choose to dwell ;
 But of my river Bregog's love I song,
 Which to the shyny Mulla he did bear,
 And yet doth bear, and ever will, so long
 As water doth within his banks appear."

"Of fellowship," said then that bonny boy,
 "Record to us that lovely lay again,
 The stay whereof shall nought these ears annoy,
 Who all that Colin makes do covet fain."

"Hear then," quoth he, "the tenor of my
 tale,

In sort as I it to that shepherd told ;
 No leasing new, nor grandame's fable stale,
 But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

"Old Father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain
 gray

That walls the north-side of Armulla dale)
 He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
 Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;
 Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
 The nymph, which of that water-course has
 charge,

That springing out of Mole doth run down right
 To Batevant, where, spreading forth at large,
 It giveth name unto that ancient city
 Which Kilmullah cleeped is of old,
 Whose craggd ruines breed great ruth and pity
 To travellers which it from far behold.
 Full fain she lov'd, and was below'd full fain
 Of her own brother river, Bregog hight,
 So hight because of this deceitful train
 Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight ;
 But her old sire, more careful of her good,
 And meaning her much better to prefer,
 Did think to match her with the neighbour
 flood,

Which Alla hight, Broad-water called far,
 And wrought so well with his continual pain,
 That he that river for his daughter won ;
 The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain,
 The place appointed where it should be done.
 Nath'less the nymph her former liking held,
 For Love will not be drawn, but must be led,
 And Bregog did so well her fancy weld,
 That her good-will he got her first to wed ;
 But for her father, sitting still on high,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observ'd with jealous eye
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent,
 Him to deceive for all his watchful ward,
 The wily lover did devise this slight ;
 First into many parts his stream he shar'd,
 That whilst the one was watch, the other might
 Pass unesp'y'd to meet her by the way ;
 And then besides those little streams, so broken,
 He under ground so closely did convey,
 That of their passage doth appear no token,
 Till they into the Mulla's water slide :
 So secretly did he his love enjoy,
 Yet not so secret but it was descride,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,

Who, wondrous wroth for that so foul despite,
In great avenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mighty stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill;
So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scatter'd all to nought,
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought."

Which having said, him Thestylis bespake."
Now by my life this was a merry lay,
Worthy of Colin's self, that did it make;
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What ditty did that other shepherd sing;
For I do covet most the fame to hear,
As men use most to covet foreign thing."
"That shall I eke," quoth he, "to you declare.
His song was a lamentable lay
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard
Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debarr'd;
And ever and anon, with sngults rise,
He cried out, to make his under-song,
"Ah! my loves queen, and goddess of my life,
Who shall me pity when thou dost me wrong?"

Then 'gan a gentle bonny lais to speak,
That Martine hight. "Right well he sure did
'plain,

That could great Cynthia's fore displeasure break,
And move to take him to her grace again.

But tell on further, Colin, as beset
'Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence dis-
suade?"

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied
well,"

Quoth he, "and each an end of singing made,
He 'gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my luckles lot,
That banish'd had myself like wight forelore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot;
The which to leave thenceforth he counsel'd
me,

Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardful,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,
Whose grace was great, and bounty most reward-
ful,

Besides her peerless skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did far excell,
Such as the world admir'd and praised it:
So that with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me persuaded forth with him to fare:
Nought took I with me but mine oaten quill,
Small needments else need shepherds to prepare:
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is,
A world of waters heaped up on high,
Rolling like mountains in wild wildernes,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

"And is the sea," quoth Coridon, "so fear-
ful?"

"Fearful much more," quoth he, "than heart
can fear;

Thousand wild beasts, with deep mouths gaping
direful,

Therein still wait, poor passengers to tear.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold
Before he die, already dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart half stony old,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there:
And yet as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those waters
streams

Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell
For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
Dancing upon the waters back to land,
As if it scorn'd the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame, and frail,
Glewed together with some subtle matter;
Yet had it arms, and wings, and head and tail,
And life to move itself upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and swift she
was!

That neither car'd for wind, nor hail, nor
Nor swelling waves, but through them did
So proudly, that she made them roar again.
The same aboard us gently did receive,
And without harm us far away did bear,
So far, that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
Then heartles quite, and full of inward fear,
That shepherd I besought to me to tell
Under what sky, or in what world, we was,
In which I saw no living people dwell;
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdes that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.

If then, quoth I, a shepherdes she be,
Where be the flocks and herds which she
keep?

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheep?
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges high,
On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed;
Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
Which in the bosom of the billows breed:
Of them the shepherd which has charge in chief
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn,
At sound whereof they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus, eke with him does drive his herd
Of flinking seals and porcpisces together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard
Compelling them which way he list, and
ther;

And I, among the rest of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assign'd,
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithful mind.
Besides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly born,
And of immortal race, do still attend
To wash fair Cynthia's sheep when they be
shorn,

And fold them up when they have made
end.

: shepherds which my Cynthia serve
 as a thousand more at land ;
 I see my Cynthia doth deserve
 her commendement at hand.
 Under much, till wondering more
 the length we land far off descryde
 much gladed me ; for much afore
 and we never should have eyde :
 ship her course directly bent,
 y she perfectly had known.
 pass, by that same name is ment
 which the first to west was shewn ;
 another world of land we kend,
 and the sea in jeopardy,
 about with mighty white rocks hend,
 sea's encroaching cruelty :
 the shepherd told me, were the fields
 me Cynthia her land-herds fed,
 fields, than which Armulla yields
 nor more fruitful to be red :
 which we nigh approached was
 d-land, thrust far into the sea,
 worn, whereof the name it has,
 so be a goodly pleasant sea :
 lofty mount at first us greet,
 a stately heap of stones uprear,
 amid the ferges for to fleet,
 more than that frame which us did bear ;
 in ship her fruitful womb unlade,
 all ashore on Cynthia's land."

and is that thou meanst ?" then Cuddy
 were other than whereon we stand ?"
 Cuddy," then quoth Colin, " thou'st a
 not seen least part of Nature's work :
 there is unken'd than thou doost
 more that does from mens knowledge
 :
 ne land much larger is than this,
 men, and beasts, and birds, doth feed :
 all corn, fair trees, fresh herbage, is,
 things else that living creatures need.
 All goodly rivers there appear,
 prior to thy Fanchins praise,
 or, or to Mulla clear ;
 All thou, foolish Boy ! seen in thy
 " at land be there," quoth he, " as here,
 heaven likewise there all one ?
 heaven, be heavenly graces there,
 his same world where we do wonne ?"
 eaven and heavenly graces do much
 t,"
 " abound in that same land than
 ;
 I happy peace and plenteous store
 one to make contented bliss ;
 there, nor wretchedness, is heard,
 flux, nor no leprolics,
 famine, nor no raging sword,
 bodrags, nor no hue and cries ;
 roads there abroad may safely sic

On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger ;
 No ravenous wolves the goodman's hope de-
 stroy,

Nor outlaws fell affray the forest-ranger :
 There learned arts do flourish in great honour,
 And poet' wits are had in peerless price ;
 Religion hath lay-powre to rest upon her,
 Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use ;
 For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
 But graceless men them greatly do abuse."

" But say on further, then," said Corylas,
 " The rest of thine adventures that betided."
 " Forth on our voyage we by lend did pass,"
 Quoth he, " as that same shepherd still us guid-
 ed,

Until that we to Cynthia's presence came,
 Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,
 I found much greater than the former fame ;
 Such greatness I cannot compare to ought :
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,
 I would her liking to a crown of lillies
 Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
 With roses dight, and goulds, and daffadilys ;
 Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
 In which all colours of the rainbow be ;
 Or like fair Phebe's girlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vain it is to think by paragon
 Of earthly things to judge of things divine :
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
 Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepherd ! bold and
 blind,

Presume the things so sacred to profane ?
 More fit it is to adore with humble mind
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying, " By wondring at thy Cynthia's praise,
 Colin, thyself thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising doost thyself upraise,
 But let us hear what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepherd strange thy cause ad-
 vanc'd."

" The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanc'd,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her ear,
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely hours to hear,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight ;
 For not by measure of her own great mind,
 And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
 But joy'd that country shepherd ought could
 find

Worth hearkening to amongst that learned throng."
 " Why," said Alexis, " then, what needeth she,
 That is so great a shepherdess herself,
 And hath so many shepherds in her see,
 To hear thee sing, a simple silly elf ?
 Or be the shepherds which do serve her laisie,
 That they list not their merry pipes apply ?
 Or be their pipes untunable and crafie,
 That they cannot her honour worthily ?"

“ Ah ! nay, said Colin, neither so nor so ;
For better shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
In faithful service of fair Cynthia,
And there is Corydon, but weanly waged,
Yet a blest wit of most I know this day ;
And there is sad Alcyon, bent to mourn,
Thou fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphne's death doth
toun

Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of pittie.
Ah ! pensive Boy ! pursue that brave conceit,
In thy sweet eglantine of meristure ;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted hight,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Pallin, worthy of great praise,
Eke he envy at my rustick quill,
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from layes to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palamon, free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the heart
rew,

Yet he himself may rewed be more right,
That sung so long until quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster, thoroughly taught
In all his skill, though known yet to few,
Yet were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elisais would be read anew :
Who lives that can match that heroic song
Which he hath of that mighty prince's made ?
O dearest Dread ! do not thyself that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade,
But call it forth ; O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun,
That when he finish hath as it should be,
No braver poem can be under son :
Nor Po nor Tyber's swans so much renown'd,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly prais'd,
Can match that Muse, when it with bayes is
crown'd,

And to the pitch of her perfection rais'd.
And there is a new shepherd late up sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpass,
Appearing well in that well-tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornful lass :
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In love's soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what course thou please thyself advance,
But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is
That spends his wit in love's consuming smart ;
Full sweetly tempred is that muse of his,
That can impierce a prince's mighty heart.
There also is (ah ! no, he is not now !)
But since I said he is he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amarillis left to mone !

Help, O ye Shepherds ! help ye all in this,
Help Amarillis this her loss to mourne ;
Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,
Amyntas ! flower of shepherds pride forsaken !
He, whilst he lived, was the noblest swain
That ever piped on an oaten quill ;
Both did he other which could pipe maintain,
And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.
And there, though last, not least is Acton,
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
Whose Muse full of high thoughts invocations,
Doth like himself heroically found.
All these, and many others more remain,
Now after Astrofell is dead and gone ;
But while as Astrofell did live and reign,
Amongst all these was none his paragon.
All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
And do their Cynthia immortal make,
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's kinde :

Then spake a lovely lass hight Lucida ;
“ Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hadst till,
Which favour thee and honour Cynthia ;
But of so many nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinue, thou hast nothing said
That seems with none of them thou favour best,

Or art ingrateful to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deserts refoound.”

“ Ah ! far be it,” quoth Colin Clout, “ in
That I of gentle maids should ill deserve,
For that myself I do profess to be
Vassal to one whom all my days I serve ;
The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
The flowre of virtue and pure chastitie,
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerless grace and modestie ;
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize ;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice ;
My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is she
And I her's ever only, ever one ;
One ever I, all vowed her's to be,
One ever I, and other's never none.

Then thus Melissa said, “ Thrice happy maid,
Whom thou doost so enforce to deify ;
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thee
made

Her name to echo unto heaven high ;
But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace !”

“ They all,” quoth he, “ me graced
well,

That all I praise ; but in the highest place
Urania, sister unto Astrofell.
In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearls of Inde, or gold of Ophir,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthy I Theana read,
Whose goodly beams though they be over-right
With mourning stole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darksome veil do glister bright

f bounty and brave mind,
 glory and great light;
 eat of woman-kind,
 f girlond, with all vertues dight;
 Cynthia her in chiefest grace
 ext unto herself advance;
 fo honourable place,
 rth and noble governance.
 rthy is her sifter dear,
 : Muses' only dearling,
 ineth as the morning clear,
 upon the roses pearling.
 rthy is Mantilia,
 earing up great Cynthia's train;
 to whom Daphnaida
 s death I did complain:
 s of true womanhead,
 ' of femininity,
 er Cynthia to tredd,
 r in nobility.
 rthy Galathea seems
 that honourable crew;
 with bright shining beams,
 eyes that her do view:
 raited upon Cynthia,
 her wonne; but here with us
 rs of our rich Cosma,
 faa, the nymph delicious.
 rthy fair Neera is;
 t theirs, though there she be;
 is Shure the nymph she is,
 advaunt to that degree:
 : of grace and curtesie,
 ll honourable parts;
 h of true nobility,
 and low with faithful hearts.
 rthy Stella do I read;
 my praises of her needed are,
 noblest shepherd, lately dead,
 d rais'd above each other starre.
 rthy are the sisters three,
 he noble familie
 rest boast myself to be,
 nto them I am so nie,
 , and sweet Amarillis,
 is eldest of the three;
 is bountiful Charillis;
 is the highest in degree.
 'r of rare perfection,
 forth her leaves with fresh delight,
 beauty's amorous reflection
 : each rash beholder's sight;
 llis is the paragone
 : and ornament of praise,
 yet envy'd of none, [raica.
 nid temperance of her goodly
 I hold thee, noble swain,
 f so rich a spoil possess,
 g dear without disdain,
 on in so chaste a breast!
 :rd's daughters which there be,
 be the fairest under sky,
 e I ever yet did see)
 yet never saw mine eye;

She is pride and primrose of the rest,
 Made by the Maker self to be admired;
 And like a goodly beacon high address,
 That is with sparks of heavenly beauty fired.
 But Amarillis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from Cupid's yoke by Fate,
 Since which he doth new bands' adventures dread,
 Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that prais'd diversly apart,
 In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
 And seal'd up in the treasure of her heart.
 Ne thee less worthy, gentle Flavia!
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteem.
 Ne thee less worthy; courteous Candida!
 For thy true love and loyalty I deem.
 Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
 Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended;
 But if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would fail me ere I half had ended;
 Therefore in closure of a thankful mind,
 I deem it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrin'd,
 Than by discourse them to indignify."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake;

"Colin, well worthy were those goodly favours
 Bestow'd on thee, that so of them doost make,
 And them requitest with thy thankful labours;
 But of great Cynthia's goodness and high grace
 Finish the story which thou hast begun."

"More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case
 How to begin, than know how to have done;
 For every gift, and every goodly meed
 Which she on me bestow'd demands a day,
 And every day in which she did a deed
 Demands a year it duly to display.
 Her words were like a stream of hony fleeting,
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
 Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
 And eke to make the dead again alive.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes
 Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine,
 Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
 Forth-looking through the window of the East,
 When first the fleecie cattle have begun
 Upon the perled grafs to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincense,
 Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours, mounts fro
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies: [thence
 There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her own creation,
 Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an angel in sill form and fashion."

"Colin," said Cuddy, "then thou hast forgot
 Thy self, me seems, too much, to mount so hie;
 Such lofty flight bafe shepherd seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields to angels and to sky."

"True," answer'd he; "but her great excellence
 Lifts me above the measure of my might,
 That being fill'd with furious intolence,
 I feel my self like one yrupt in spright;

For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speak it fitly forth;
And when I speak of her what I have thought,
I cannot think according to her worth:
Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death these vital bands shall break,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever:
Her name in every tree I will endose,
That as the trees do grow her name may grow,
And in the ground each where will it engrow,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods and murmuring waters-fall
Her name I'll teach in knownen terms to frame;
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
I'll teach to call for Cynthia by name:
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepherds daughters dauncing round,
My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry girlonds crown'd.
And ye, whofo ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye hear her memory renew'd,
Be witness of her bounty here alive,
Which she to Colin her poor shepherd shew'd."

Much was the whole assembly of those heard
Mov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake,
And stood awhile astonish'd at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying, "Why, Colin, since thou found'st such

grace
With Cynthia, and all her noble crew,
Why didst thou ever leave that happy place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew,
And back return'dst to this barren soil,
Where Cold, and Care, and Penury, do dwell,
Here to keep sheep with hunger and with toil?
Most wretched he that is and cannot tell."

"Happy indeed," said Colin, "I him hold,
'That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of Fortune and of Envy uncontroul'd,
Which still are wont most happy states t'annoy;
But I, by that which little while I prov'd,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hoov'd,
And follow'd those which happy seem'd to bee;
Therefore I, silly Man! whose former days
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknown ways,
Nor trust the guile of Fortune's blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourn,
Whose utmost hardness I before had try'd,
Than having learn'd repentance late, to mourn
Amongst those wretches which I there descry'd."

"Shepherd," said Thestylis, "it seems of
spight
Thou speakest thus 'gainst their felicity,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost
spy."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred
will

To quit them ill that me demean'd so well,
But self-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell

And eke to warn young shepherds wandring wit,
Which through report of that life's painted bliss
Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
And leave their lambs to loss, mist of amiss;
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seekes with malice and with
strife

To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise; and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitful wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by standing his well-deemed name,
Through leadings leud and feigned forgery,
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecy;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow heart,
Masked with fair dissembling curtesy,
A filed tongue, furnish'd with terms of art,
No art of school, but courtiers' schooleury:
For arts of school have there small countenance,
Counted but toys to busy idle brains,
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gains:
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unless to please itself it can apply,
But shouldred is, or out of door quite spit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melody:
For each man's worth is measur'd by his woe,
As harts by horns, or asses by their ears;
Yet asses be not all whose ears exceed,
Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bear:
For highest looks have not the highest mind,
Nor haughty words most full of highest thought;
But are like bladders blown up with wind,
That being prick'd do vanish into nought.
Even such is all their vaunted vanity
Nought else but smoke that smeth soon away;
Such is their glory that in simple eye
Seem greatest when their garments are most gay:
So they themselves for praise of fools do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rooms in bower and hall,
Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
Do wander up and down despis'd of all:
Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
Disdains so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinol, "the blame
Which thou imputest is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honest mind might there be found at all:
For well I wot, sith I myself was there
To wait on Lobbin (Lobbin well thou knewest)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As ever else in prince's court thou viewest;
Of which among you many yet remain,
Whose names I cannot readily now guess;
Those that poor suters papers do retain,
And those that skill of medicine profess,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of strange languages in charge;
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large;

ore unjustly thou dost wite them all
 t which thou mislikest in a few."
 me is," quoth he, "more blameless ge-
 neral,
 at which private errors doth pursue ;
 ll I wote that there amongst them be
 ny persons of right worthy parts,
 r report of spotless honesty,
 r profession of all learned arts,
 praise hereby no whit impaired is,
 a blame do light on those that faulty be ;
 the rest do most what fare amiss,
 t their own misfaring will not see ;
 her they be puffed up with pride,
 ight with envy, that their galls do swell ;
 y their days to idleness divide,
 wned lie in pleasure's wastfull well,
 h, like moldwarps, noddling still they lurk,
 dful of chief parts of manliness,
 themselves, for want of other work,
 otaries of lazy Love profess,
 service high so basely they ensue,
 upid's self of them ashamed is,
 utring all his men in Venus' view,
 them quite for servitors of his."
 nd is Love, then," said Corilas, "once
 known
 rt, and his sweet love professed there ?
 d sure he was our god alone,
 ly woon'd in fields and forests here."
 ot so," quoth he, "love most aboundeth
 there ;
 the walls and windows there are writ
 of love, and love, and love, my Dear,
 l their talk and study is of it ;
 y there doth brave or valiant seem,
 that some gay mistress' badge he bears ;
 one himself doth ought esteem,
 he swim in love up to the ears :
 y of Love, and of his sacred lere,
 (should be) all otherwise devise,
 ve poor shepherds are accusom'd here,
 m do sue and serve all otherwise :
 th leud speeches and licentious deeds
 ghty mysteries they do profane,
 e his idle name to other needs,
 a complement for courting vain :
 they do not serve as they profess,
 ke him serve to them for sordid uses.
 y dread Lord, that dost liege hearts pos-
 sess,
 e thy self on them for their abuses.
 , poor shepherds, whether rightly so,
 ough our rudeness into error led,
 ke religion how we rashly go,
 re that God that is so greatly dread ;
 n the greatest of the gods we deem,
 ithout fire or couples of one kind,
 nus' self doth solely couples seem,
 ale and female, through commixture join'd :
 : and spotless Cupid forth she brought,
 the Gardens of Adonis nurs'd,
 growing, he his own perfection wrought,
 ortly was of all the gods the first :

Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Jove himself his power began to dread,
 And taking up to heaven, him godded new :
 From thence he shoots his arrows every where
 Into the world, at random, as he will,
 On us frail men, his wretched vassals here,
 Like as himself us pleaseth save or spill :
 So we him worship, so we him adore,
 With humble hearts to heaven up-lifted hie,
 That to true loves he may us evermore
 Prefer, and of their grace us dignify :
 Ne is there shepherd, ne yet shepherd's swain,
 Whatever feeds in forest or in field,
 That dare with evil deed or leasing vain
 Blaspheme his power, or terms unworthy yield."
 " Shepherd, it seems that some celestial rage
 Of love," quoth Cuddy, "is breath'd into thy
 breast,
 'That poureth forth these oracles so sage ;
 Of that high power wherewith thou art possess ;
 But never wilt I till this present day,
 Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
 That he was such an one as thou dost say,
 And so religiously to be esteem'd :
 Well may it seem by this thy deep insight,
 That of that god the priest thou shouldst be ;
 So well thou won't the mystery of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didst present see."
 " Of Love's perfection perfectly to speak,
 Or of his nature rightly to define,
 Indeed," saith Colin, "passeth reason's reach,
 And needs his priest t'express his power divine ;
 For long before the world he was yborn,
 And bred above in Venus' bosom dear ;
 For by his power the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appear ;
 For how should else things so far from actone,
 And so great enemies as of them be,
 Be ever drawn together into one,
 And taught in such accordance to agree ?
 Through him the cold began to covet heat,
 And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
 And th' heave down to poise, the hungry t'eat.
 And voidness to seek full satiety :
 So being former foes, they waxed friends,
 And 'gan by little learn to love each other ;
 So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
 Out of the fruitful womb of their great mo-
 ther :
 Then first 'gan Heaven out of darkness dread
 For to appear, and brought forth cheerfull Day ;
 Next 'gan the Earth to shew her naked head
 Out of deep waters, which her drown'd alway ;
 And shortly after every living wight
 Crept forth, like worms out of their slimy Na-
 ture,
 Soon as on them the sun's life-giving light
 Had poured kindly heat and formal feature :
 Thenceforth they 'gan each one his like to love,
 And like himself desire for to beget :
 The lion chose his mate, the turtle-dove
 Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet ;
 E e ij

But man, that had the spark of reason's might
More than the rest, to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himself was fairest by creation :
For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind ;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind,
Against whose power nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound ;
But being hurt, seek to be medicin'd
Of her that first did stir that mortal stound.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the sky,
Whence he them hears, and when he list shew
grace,

Does grant them grace, that otherwise would die.
So love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful law,
All being made the vassals of his might
Through secret sense, which thereto doth them
draw.

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem,
And with chaste heart to honour him alway :
But whofo else doth otherwise esteem
Are out-laws, and his lore do disobey ;
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyal lust ;
Ne 'mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thrust."

So having said, Melissa spake at will ;
" Colin, thou now full deeply hast divin'd
Of love and beauty, and with wondrous skill
Hast Cupid's self depainted in his kind :
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doost their cause so mightily defend ;
But most all women are thy debtors found,
That doost their bounty still so much commend."

" That ill," said Hobbinol, " they him requite ;
For having loved ever one most dear,
He is repaid with scorn and foul despite,
That yrks each gentle heart which it doth hear."

" Indeed," said Lucid, " I have often heard
Fair Rosalinde of divers foully blamed
For being to that Swain too cruell hard,
That her bright glory else hath much defamed :

But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
To use him so that loved her so well ?
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid
For loving not ? for who can love compel ;
And sooth to say, it is full hardy thing
Rashly to witen creatures so divine ;
For demi-gods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailties feminine.
And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgment of the gods, to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes, and so remain'd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise :
Beware, therefore, ye Grooms, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalinde ye raise."

" Ah ! Shepherds," then said Colin, " ye re-
weet

How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of things celestial, which ye never saw ;
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds' daughters which amongst you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my self the blame, that lookt so hie ;
So high her thoughts as she her self have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye :
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour peravaunt,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above ;
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured ;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief
And ease of pain, which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow-Shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness be
That her's I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophy of her great conquest."

So having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest ;
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

VIRGIL'S GNAT,

To the most noble and excellent Lord,

THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

Wrong'd, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you (great Lord) the cause of my care,
In cloudy tears my case I thus complain
Unto your self, that only privy are;
But if that any Oedipus, unware;
Shall chance, through power of some divining spright,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleas'd with his own insight,
Ne further seek to glose upon the text;
For grief enough it is to griev'd wight
To feel this fault, and not be further vext:
But what so by my self may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known!

I.
w have plaid (Augustus) wantonly,
our song unto a tender Muse,
: a cobweb weaving slenderly,
ly play'd; let thus much then excuse
at's small Poem, that the whole history
jest, tho envy it abuse;
o such sports and sweet delights doth
lame,
hter seem than this Gnat's idle name.

II.
r, when as season more secure
ng forth fruit, this Muse shall speake to
hee
r notes, that may thy sense allure,
thy worth frame some fit poesy;
ien offspring of Latona pure,
ament of great Jove's progeny,
shall be the author of my song,
on ivory harp with silver string.

III.
He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of poet's prince, whether he woone beside
Fair Xanthus sprinkled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Aëry abide.
Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses' brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horns di-
vide,
And the sweet waves of sounding Castaly,
With liquid foot doth slide down easily.

IV.
Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glory be
Of the Pierian streams, fair Naiades,
Go to, and dancing all in company,
Adorn that god. And thou, holy Pales!
To whom the honest care of husbandry
Returneth by continuall success,
Have care for to pursue his footing light,
Through the wide woods and groves, with green
leaves dight.

v.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forest wide and starry sky;
And thou, most drad Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
O come, (thou sacred Child!) come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously;
For not these leaves do sing that dreadful sound,
When giants' blood did stain Phlegrean ground.

vi.

Nor how th' half-horsie people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloodie Lapithæes at bord;
Nor how the East, with tyrannous despight,
Burnt th' Attick towers, and people slew with
sword;
Nor how Mount Athos, through exceeding might,
Was digged down; nor yron bands aboard
The Pontick Sea by their huge navy cast,
My volume shall renown, so long since past.

vii.

Nor Hellepont, trampled with horses' feet,
When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with Phœbus' friendly leave) to play
An easie running verse with tender feet.
And thou, (drad sacred Child!) to thee alway
Let everlasting lightfom glory strive
Through the world's endless ages to survive.

viii.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many years remembered be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Live thou for ever in all happinefs.
But let us turn to our first business.

ix.

The fiery sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden charet glistering light,
And fair Aurora with her rosie hair,
That hateful darkness now had put to flight,
When as the shepherd seeing day appear,
His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feed abroad where pasture best befalls.

x.

To an high mountains top he with them went,
Where thickest grass did cloath the open hills;
They now amongst the woods and thickets went,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves far abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft green grass feeding their fills,
Some clambing through the hollow cliffs on hie,
Nibble the bushy shrubs which grow thereby.

xi.

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop
And brouze the woodbine twigs that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow or new grown stud;
This with sharp teeth the bramble-leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud,
The whiles another high doth over-look
Her own like image in a crystal brook.

xii.

O the great happinefs which shepherds h
Who-so loaths not too much the poor of
With mind that ill use doth before depra
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave
No such sad cares as wont to maccrate
And rend the greedy minds of covetous;
Do ever creep into the Shepherd's den.

xiii.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arra
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye,
Ne glistering of gold, which underlays
The summer beane, do blind his gazing
Ne pictures beauty, nor the glancing ray
Of precious stones, whence no good com
Ne yet his cup embolt with imagery
Of Bœtus, or of Alcon's vanity.

xiv.

Ne ought the whelky pearls esteemeth h
Which are from Indian seas brought far
But with pure breast, from careful sorrow
On the soft grass his limbs doth oft displ
In sweet spring-time, when flowers' var
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled
There lying, all at ease from guile or spri
With pipe of feany reeds doth him delig

xv.

There he, lord of himself, with palm be
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of
There his milk-dropping goats be his deli
And fruitfull Pales, and the forest green,
And darkfom caves in pleasant vallies pig
Whereas continuall shade is to be seen,
And where fresh springing wells, as cryft
Doc always flow to quench his thirsty he

xvi.

O! who can lead then a more happy life
Than he, that with clean mind, and heart
No greedy riches knows, nor bloody strif
No deadly sight of warlike fleet doth fear
Ne runs in peril of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may rear
A trophee of his glittering spoils and trea
Or may abound with riches above measur

xvii.

Of him his God is worthipt with his sylv
And not with skill of craftman polished;
He joys in groves, and makes himself full
With sundry flowers in wild fields gather
Ne frankincence he from Panchæa buyth
Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmalefs her
And perfect Pleasure builds her joyous b
Free from sad cares, that rich men's h
vowre.

xviii.

This all his care, this all his whole end
To this his mind and senses he doth bend
How he may flow in quiet's matchless tre
Content with any food that God doth fe
And how his limbs, resolv'd through id
Unto sweet sleep he may securely lend
In some cool shadow from the scorching
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds de

XIX.

O Fauns! and, O ye pleasure Springs
 Ope! where the country nymphs are rise,
 whose not costly care each shepherd
 sings
 y notes upon his rustick life
 Altrazan bard, whose fame now rings
 the wide world, and leads a joyful life,
 in all troubles, and from worldly toyl,
 fond men do all their days turnoyl.

XX.

delights, whilst thus his careless time
 pherd drives, upcleaning on his batt,
 shrill reeds chaunting his rustick rime,
 n throwing forth his beams full hott,
 highest top of heaven 'gan clime,
 world parting by an equal lot,
 le his whirling flames on either side,
 great Ocean doth himself divide.

XXI.

in the shepherd gather into one
 gling goats, and drave them to a foord,
 ærule stream, rombling in pibble-stone,
 nder mofs as green as any goord.
 d the sun half heaven overgone,
 e his herd back from that water foord
 om the force of Phæbus' boyling ray
 k shadows, there themselves to lay.

XXII.

he them plac't in thy sacred wood,
 an Goddeſs!) ſaw, to which of yore
 te bad daughter of old Cadmus' brood,
 gave, flying vengeance fore
 z Niſteus, for the guilty blood
 ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
 re half frantick, having ſlain her ſon,
 ud herſelf, like puniſhment to ſhun.

XXIII.

o playing on the graſſie green,
 ods, and Satires, and ſwift Dryades,
 any Fairies, oſt were dancing ſeen.
 nuch did Dan Orpheus repreſs
 oms of Hebrus with his ſongs, I ween,
 fair troop of woody goddeſſes
 hee (O Pencus!) pouring forth to thee,
 earfull looks, great mirth and gladſome glee.

XXIV.

y nature of the place reſounding:
 ntle murmur of the breathing air,
 ng bowre, with all delight abounding,
 reſh ſhadow did for them prepare,
 their limbs with wearineſs redounding:
 t the high palm-trees, with branches fair,
 he lowly vallies did ariſe,
 ſh ſhoot up their heads into the ſkyes.

XXV.

em amongſt the wicked lotos grew,
 for holding guilefully away
 men, whom rapt with ſweetneſs new
 to hoſt it quite from him did ſlay;
 e thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hue
 's ſad daughters wail'd the raſh decay
 ton, whoſe limbs, with lightning rent,
 athering up with ſweet tears did lament.

XXVI.

And that ſame tree, in which Demophoon
 By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,
 Eternal hurt left unto many one,
 Whom alſo accompanied the oak of yore,
 Through fatal charms transform'd to ſuch an one;
 The oak, whoſe acorns were our food before
 That Ceres' ſeed of mortal men was known,
 Which firſt Triptoleme taught how to be ſown.

XXVII.

Here alſo grew the rougher rind'd pine,
 The great Argoan ſhips brave ornament,
 Whom Golden Fleece did make an heavenly ſign,
 Which coveting, with his high top's exent
 To make the mountains touch the ſtars divine,
 Decks all the foreſt with embellishment,
 And the black holm, that loves the watry vale,
 And the ſweet cypreſs, ſign of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Emongſt the reſt the clambri'g yvie grew,
 Knitting his wanton arms with graſping hold,
 Leſt that the poplar happily ſhould rew
 Her brother's ſtrokes, whoſe boughs ſhe doth en-
 fold

With her lythe twiga, till they the top ſurwe,
 And point with pallid greene her buds of gold;
 Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
 Nor yet unmindfull of her old reproach.

XXIX.

But the ſmall birds, in their wide boughs em-
 bowring,
 Chaunted their ſundry tunes with ſweet conſent,
 And under them a ſilver ſpring forth pouring
 His trickling ſtreams, a gentle murmur ſent;
 Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſcowering
 Of the moiſt moores, their jarring voyces bent,
 And ſhrill graſhoppers chirped them around,
 All which the airy echo did reſound,

XXX.

In this ſo pleaſant place this ſhepherd's flock
 Lay every where, their weary limbs to reſt
 On every buſh and every hollow rock,
 Where breathe on them the whiſtling wind mote
 beſt,
 The whiles the ſhepherd ſelf tending his flock,
 Sate by the fountain ſide, in ſhade to reſt,
 Where gentle ſlumbring ſleep oppreſſed him,
 Diſplay'd on ground, and ſeized every lim.

XXXI.

Of treachery or trains nought took he keep,
 But, looſly on the graſſy green diſpred,
 His deareſt life did truſt to carcleſs ſleep,
 Which weighing down his drouping drowſie hed,
 In quiet reſt his molten heart did ſleep,
 Devoid of care, and fear of all falſhed,
 Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,
 Bid ſtrange miſchance his quietneſs to ſpill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that ſame place,
 An huge great ſerpent, all with ſpeckles pide,
 To drench himſelf in moriſh ſlime did trace,
 There from the boyling heat himſelf to hide;
 He paſſing by with rolling wreathed face,
 With brandiſh tongue the empty air did gride,

And wrapt his scaly boughs with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

XXXIII.

Now more and more having himself enroll'd,
His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vantage his head aloft doth hold;
His crest above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold,
And his bright eyes glaucing full dreadfully,
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with stern looks to threaten kindled yre.

XXXIV.

Thus wise long time he did himself dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and most trusty
guide;

Esfoones more fierce in visage and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends, that might his passage stay.

XXXV.

Much he disdains that any one should dare
To come unto his haunt, for which intent
He only burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons which to him nature had lent;
Felly he hiffeth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stain'd
And all his folds are now in length out-strain'd.

XXXVI.

Whom thus at point prepared to prevent,
A little nourling of the humid air,
A Gnat unto the sleepy shepherd went.
And marking where his eye-lids, twinkling rare,
Shew'd the two pearls which fight unto him lent,
'Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warn'd him awake, from death himself to keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruising flew,
As in avengement of his heedless smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart;
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All suddenly dismay'd, and heartless quight,
He fled aback, and catching hasty hold
Of a young alder, hard beside him pight,
Strent; and streight about him 'gan behold,
What God or Fortune would assist his might;
But whether God or Fortune made him hold
It's hard to read; yet hardly will be had
'To overcome, that made him less adrad.

XXXIX.

'The scaly back of that most hideous snake,
Enwrapped round, oft failing to retire,
And oft him to assail, he fiercely strake,
Whereas his temples did his crest-front tyre;
And for he was but slow, did sloth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for fear and ire

Had blent so much his sense that less he fear'd)
Yet when he saw him stain himself he cheer'd.

XL.

By this the night forth from the darksome bow
Of Herebus her teemed steeds 'gan call,
And lazie Vesper in his timely howre,
From golden Oeta 'gan proceed withall;
Whenas the shepherd, after this sharp howre,
Seeing the doubled shadows low to fall,
Gathering his straying flock, does homeward!
And unto rest his weary joynts prepare.

XLI.

Into whose sense so soon as lighter sleep
Was entred, and now loosing every lim,
Sweet slumbring dew in carelessness did sleep,
The image of that Gnat appear'd to him,
And in sad terms 'gan sorrowfully weep,
With grisly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of him,
In steed of good, halting his cruel fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I, Wretch! deserv'd
thus

Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,
Whilst that thy life more dear and precious
Was then mine own, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of pains so gracious,
Am tost in th' air with every windy blast;
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careless limbs in loose sleep doost display.

XLIII.

So livest thou; but my poor wretched ghost
Is forc'd to ferry over Lethe's river,
And, spoil'd of Charon, to and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on every post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond encountering me,
Whose locks uncombed cruel adders be.

XLIV.

And Cerberus, whose many mouths do bay
And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adown whose neck, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his head
Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes do glister fiery red,
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten
With painful torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

Ay me; that thanks so much should fail of need
For that I thee restor'd to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly deed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
'The praise of pity vanish'd is in vain,
And th' antique faith of justice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

I saw another's fate approaching fast,
And lest mine own his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespass'd,
But punishment is due to the offender:

tion be the punishment,
unkful will may it relent.

XLVII.

nto waste wilderness,
ness, amongst Cymmerian shades,
s pains and hideous heaviness
t me heapt in darksome glades;
e Orbes sits in sad distress,
ith serpents that him oft invades,
ling Ephialtes' tide,
ffail'd to burn this world so wide.

XLVIII.

nourishfull Tityus, mindfull yet
asure, O Latona fair!
o implacable was it
m meat for wild fowls of the air;
ir among such fiends to sit,
ir back to them to repair,
shadows of the Stygian shore,
sed ghosts sit wailing evermore.

XLIX.

ec utmost brink doth he abide,
banquets of the gods bewray,
through thirst to nought nigh being

ek for ease turns every way:
in avengement of his pride,
to the sacred gods to pray,
ntain rolls a mighty stone,
n for rest, and can have none.

L.

em, go, cursed Damocells?
torches foul Erynnis tynd,
at your spousals sad fortells
ath and massacre unkind;
at cruel Colchid mother dwells,
nceiv'd in her avengeful mind
ounds her own dear babes to slay,
troups upon great heaps to lay.

LI.

ofe two Pandionian maids
is, Itis evermore,
ched boy!) they slew with guilty

e Thracian king lamenting sore,
pewing, foulie them upbraids,
g round about them still does soare;
ey all eternally complain,
ong, and suffer endless pain.

LII.

brethren, born of Cadmus' blood,
oes for the sovereignty contend,
h ambition, and with vengeance

inst the other's body bend
el, of neither well withstood,
de wounds their carcasses doth rend,
both do mortall foes remain,
h other's hand was slain.

LIII.

y) there is no end of pain,
f labour may entreated be,
all these am carried fain,
powers far different I see,

And must pass over to th' Elysian plain;
There grim Persephone encount'ring me,
Doth urge her fellow-furies earnestly
With their bright fire-brands me to terrifie.

LIV.

There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husband's days
She did prolong, by changing fate for fate,
Lo, their lives also the immortal praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope! and from her far aways
A rule's rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All slain with darts, lie wallow'd in their blood.

LV.

And sad Eurydice, thence now no more
Must turn to life, but their detained be
For looking back, being forbid before;
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee:
Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
That durst those lowest shadows go to see,
And could believe that any thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powers appease.

LVI.

Ne fear'd the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournfull kingdoms, compass'd
With rusty horror and foul fashion,
And deep-dig'd vaults, and Tartar covered
With bloody night and dark confusion,
And judgment-seats, whose judge is deadly dread;
A judge that after death doth punish sore
The faults which life hath trespass'd before.

LVII.

But valiant Fortune made Dan Orpheus bold;
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wild beasts their fury did with-hold,
To follow Orpheus' music through the land;
And th' oaks, deep grounded in the earthly mold,
Did move as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense be-
reav'd,

Through their hard bark his silver sound receav'd.

LVIII.

And eke the moon her hasty steeds did stay,
Drawing in teems along the starry sky;
And didst (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly course to hear his melody?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queen of Hell to move as easily
To yield Eurydice unto her sire,
Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

LIX.

She (Lady) having well before approv'd
The fiends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behov'd,
Ne ever did her eye-sight turn arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mov'd;
But cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiss her, brok'th the gods' decree
And thereby mad'th her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

Ah! but sweet love of pardon worthy is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
If hell at least things lightly done amiss
Knew how to pardon when ought is omitted;

Yet are ye both received into bliss,
And to the seats of happy souls admitted;
And you beside the honourable band
Of great heroes doe in order stand.

LXI.

There be the two stout sons of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardy Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their fire's dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the judge of all that horrid house;
And both of them by strange occasion
Renown'd in choice of happie marriage
Through Venus' grace and Vertue's carriage.

LXII.

For th' one was ravish'd of his own bond-maid,
The faire Ixione, captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis' love affaid,
Great Nereus his daughter, and his joy.
On this side them there is a young man laid,
Their match in glory, mighty, fierce, and coy,
That from th' Argolick ships with furious ire
Bett back the fury of the Trojan fire.

LXIII.

O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great war which Trojans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrican soil with bloody rivers swell'd,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corpses,
And Simois and Xanthus' blood out-weld,
Whilst Hector rag'd with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greek's fleet to have
tynd!

LXIV.

For Ida's self, in aid of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountains ministred supplies,
And like a kindly nurse did yield (for spight)
Store of firebrands out of her nurseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navy of their enemies,
And all the Rhætean shore to ashes turn,
Where lay the ships which they did seek to burn.

LXV.

'Gainst which the noble son of Telamon
Oppos'd himself, and thwarting his huge shield,
Them battel bad; gainst whom appear'd anon
Hector, the glory of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder which doth rive
The rattling heavens, and clouds asunder drive.

LXVI.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home again
To Argos, th' others strove for to defend
The force of Vulcan with his might and main.
Thus th' one Æacide, did his fame extend,
But th' other joy'd that on the Phrygian plain,
Having the blood of vanquish'd Hector shed,
He compar'd Troy thrice with his body ded.

LXVII.

Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses flew,
Drawn into danger through close ambushment:

Therefore from him Iacetus' son his view
Doth turn aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhælus' fall,
And est in Dolon's subtle surprisall.

LXVIII.

Again the dreadfull Cyccons him dismay,
And black Læstrigonea, a people stout.
Then greedy Scilla, under whom there by
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then do th' Ætæan Cyclops him assay,
And deep Charybdis, gulping in and out:
Lastly, the squallid lakes of Tartary,
And griedly fiends of hell him terrify.

LXIX.

There also goodly Agamemnon boasts
The glory of the flock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
Ah! but the Greeks themselves, more dolous,
To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,
In the Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

LXX.

Well may appear by proof of their mischance,
The changefull turning of mens slippery stance,
That none whom Fortune freely doth advance,
Himself therefore to heaven should elevate;
For lofty type of honour, through the glass
Of envy's dart, is down in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanity
Shall fall through Fortune's mutability.

LXXI.

Th' Argolick power returning home again,
Enrich'd with spoiles of th' Eriethonian towne,
Did happy wind and weather entertain,
And with good speed the foamy billows rowne:
No sign of storm, no fear of future pain,
Which soon ensued them with heavy showre;
Nereis to the seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keels the furies drove.

LXXII.

Suddenly, whether through the god's decree,
Or hapless rising of some froward star,
The heavens on every side enclouded be:
Black storms and fogs are blownen up from far,
That now the pilot can no load-star see,
But skies and seas do make most dreadful war;
The billows striving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens striving them for to empeach.

LXXIII.

And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both sun and stars, and all the heavenly powres
Conspire in one to wreak their rash contempt,
And down on them to fall from highest towne;
The sky in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and barbed
showres.

That death on every side to them appears
In thousand forms, to work more ghastly fears.

LXXIV.

Some in the greedy floods are sunk and drest;
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are thrown;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rest,
Some scatter'd on the Hercæan shores unknown.

any lost, of whom no monument
is, nor memory is to be shown;
all the purchase of the Phrygian prey,
salt billows, round about doth stray.

LXXV.

any other like heroes be,
no honour to the former crew,
ye in goodly seats may placed see,
led all from Rome by lineage due;
Lame, that holds the world in sovereignty,
with all nations unto her subdued:
Lij and Decij do dwell,
, that in vertue did excell.

LXXVI.

re the antique fame of stout Camill,
ever live, and constant Curtius,
tily bent his vowed life to spill
untry's health, a gulf most hideous
the town with his own corps did fill,
safe the powers; and prudent Mutius,
his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
nt his foe by ensample of the same.

LXXVII.

re wife Curius, his companion
le vertues, lives in endless rest,
ut Flaminius, whose devotion
him the fire's scorn'd fury to detest;
re the praise of either Scipion
in highest place above the best,
om the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd;
ling, their forces found their praises loud.

LXXVIII.

ey for ever through their lasting praise;
oor wretch! am forced to return
sad lakes that Phœbus' sunny rays
er see, where souls do always mourn,
the wailing shores to waste my days,
Phlegeton with quenchless flames doth
burn,
ch just Minos righteous souls doth sever
icked ones, to live in bliss for ever.

LXXIX.

efore thus the cruel fiends of hell,
th long snakes and thousand yron chains,
h doom of that their cruel judge, compel
tter torture and impatient pains,
f my death, and just complaint to tell:
u art he whom my poor ghost complains
he author of her ill unwares,
reless hear'st my intolerable cares.

LXXX.

efore, as bequeathing to the wind,
depart, returning to thee never,
ve this lamentable plaint behind;
thou haunt the soft down-rolling river,
ild green woods, and fruitfull pastures
mind,
the sitting air my vain words sever."

Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous cry, that any would have smarted.

LXXXI.

Now when the sloathful fit of life's sweet rest
Had left the heavy shepherd, wondrous cares
His inly grieved mind full sore oppress,
That baleful sorrow he no longer bears
For that Gnat's death, which deeply was impress,
But bends whatever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being such, as though their might
He lately slew his dreadful foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that same river lurking under green.
Erefoons he 'gins to fashion forth a place,
And squaring it in compass well beseen,
There plotteeth out a tomb by measured space:
His yron-headed spade tho' making clean,
To dig up sods out of the flowric grafs,
His work he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on high,
Enclofing it with banks on every side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of green turfs edifice;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble-stone, in order set,
That never might his lucky scape forget.

LXXXIV.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow,
The rose, engroined in pure scarlet dye,
The lilly fresh, and violet below,
The marigold, and chearful rosemary,
The Spartan myrtle, whence sweet gum does
flow,

The purple hyacinth, and fresh costmary,
And saffron, sought for in Cilician soil,
And laurel, th' ornament of Phœbus' toil;

LXXXV.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre
Matching the wealth of th' antient frankincence,
And pallid ivy, building his own bowre,
And box, yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red amaranthus, luckless paramour,
Ox-eye still green, and bitter patience;
Ne wants there pale Narciss, that in a well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

LXXXVI.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatsoever herb of lovely hue
The joyous Spring out of the ground bring forth,
To clothe her self in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue;
*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The shepherd bath thy death's record engraved.*

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

CONTAINING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry,

MASTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

JANUARY.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

The Argument.

This Æglogue is a soliloque of Colin Clout, by which name the Poet means himself; complaining of his unprosperous love of Rosalind; and comparing his condition to that of his wretched weather-beaten flock, and to the rigorous season of the year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (no better do him call),
When winter's wastefull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Let forth his flock, that had been long ypent;
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now uncathes their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!):
May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his lile:
Though to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus he plain'd, the while his sheep thus
fed:

f love! that pity lovers pain
 (the pain of lovers pity),
 above, where you in joys remain,
 ur ears unto my dolefull ditty.
 thou shepherd's god, that once did

is that thou thyself didst prove.

ground, whom winter's wrath hath
 ed,
 mirror to behold my plight;
 fresh spring flower'd, and after hast-

r proud, with daffillies dight,
 come thy Winter's stormy state,
 marr'd wherein thou maskedit late.

winter reigneth in my heart,
 d freezing with unkindly cold;
 stours do breed my balefull smart,
 ars were waste and woxen old;
 is! but now my spring begun,
 is! it is already done.

trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
 he birds were wont to build their
 er,
 re cloath'd with moss and hoary frost,
 blofms, wherewith your buds did
 er,
 ars that from your boughs do rain,
 is in drery icicles remain.

full leafe is dry and fear,
 buds with wailing all are wasted;
 ms which my branch of youth did
 ,
 ed sighs is blown away and blasted;
 nine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
 boughs the icicles depend.

e Flock! whose fleece is rough and
 ,
 es are weak through fast and evil fare,
 fs well, by thy ill government,
 's mind is overcome with care:

Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
 With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

A thousand sithes I curse that careful hour
 Wherein I long the neighbour town to see,
 And eke ten thousand sithes I blest the stour
 Wherein I saw so fair a fight as she:
 Yet all for naught: such fight hath bred my bane.
 Ah, God! that love should breed both joy and
 pain!

It is not Hobbino! wherefore I plain,
 Albe my love he seek with daily suit:
 His clownish gifts and courtesies I disdain,
 His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
 Ah, foolish Hobbino! thy gifts been vain;
 Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

I love thilk las (alas! why do I love?)
 And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
 She deigns not my good will, but both reprove,
 And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
 Shepherd's device she hateth as the snake,
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth
 make.

Wherefore, my Pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
 And thou unlucky Muse, that wouldest ease
 My musing mind, yet canst not when thou
 should;
 Both pipe and Muse shall fore the while abide."
 So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked Phœbus' gan avail
 His weary wain, and now the frosty Night
 Her mantle black through heaven 'gan over-hale;
 Which seen, the penfive boy, half in despight,
 Arose, and homeward drove his fullen sheep,
 Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to
 weep.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Ansora speme.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

The Argument.

Cuddy, a young shepherd, inveighing against the season of the year, and comparing to old age, which he treats with scorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old shepherd, who, to shew him his folly, relates a moral fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young shepherd's vanity. Tityrus, mention'd in this Æglogue, and elsewhere in the Author's works, is meant Geoff Chaucer, in imitation of whose stile and manner this Æglogue is written.

CUDDY, THENOT.

CUDDY.

As for pitty! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never 'gin t'asswage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
Peack as a peacock; but now it avails.

Then. Leudly complainest, thou lazy lad,
Of winter's wrack for making thee sad?
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worse of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live till the lusty prime?

Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears,
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took that ungently came;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or summer they mought well fare.

Cud. No marvel, Thenot, if thou canst bear
Chearfully the winter's wrathful chear,
For age and winter accord full nigh,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So seemest thou like Good-Friday to frown;
But my flowing youth is foe to frost,
My ship unwont in storms to be tost.

e sovereign of seas he blames in
 a-beat will to sea again :
 ive you little heard-grooms,
 r beasts in the budded brooms ;
 he shining sun laugheth once,
 the spring is come at once :
 , fend Flies ! the cold to scorn,
 g in pipes made of green corn,
 to be lords of the year ;
 1 ye count you freed from fear,
 reme Winter with chamfred brows,
 kles and frosty furrows,
 ting his stormy dart,
 jles the blood and pricks the heart :
 careles courage accoyd,
 herds with cold be annoyd :
 ou the price of your surquedry,
 g, and wailing, and misery,
 ! foolish old Man ! I scorn thy skill,
 k me ny springing youth to spill ;
 orain emperished be
 sty eld, that hath rotted thee ;
 head very totty is,
 orb shoulder it leans amifs.
 f hath lost both lop and top,
 ding branch thou wouldest crop,
 y years green, as now been mine,
 lights they would encline :
 st thou learn to carol of love,
 ith hymns thy lasses glove ;
 st thou pipe of Phillis' praise,
 s mine for many days ;
 with a girdle of gelt,
 1 bugle about the belt :
 shepherds would make full fain ;
 : would make thee young again.
 ou art a fop, of thy love to boast ;
 ent to love will be lost.
 k how brag yond bullock bears,
 smooth, his pricked ears ?
 een as brade as rainbow bent,
 as lythe as lads of Kent ;
 venteth into the wind,
 love is not his mind ?
 r flock thy counsel can,
 een they, so weak, so wan ;
 ith cold, and hoary with frost,
 father his courage hath lost.
 hat wont to have blown blags,
 l widdows hangen their crags ;
 lambs been starved with cold,
 r master is lustless and old.
 ddy, I wot thou kenst little good,
 o advance thy headless hood ;
 s a bubble blown up with breath,
 is weakness, whose wage is death,
 is wilderiness, whose inn penaunce,
 zallant age, the host of grievance.
 tell thee a tale of truth,
 nd of Tityrus in my youth,
 o sheep on the hills of Kent ?
 naught more, Thenot, my mind is

Than to hear novels of his devise ;
 They been so well thewed, and so wife,
 What ever that good old man bespake.
 THE. Many meet tales of youth did he
 make,
 And some of love, and some of chivalry,
 But none fitter than this to apply.
 Now listen a while and hearken the end.
 " There grew an aged tree on the green,
 A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
 With arms full strong and largely display'd,
 But of their leaves they were display'd :
 The body big and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height ;
 Whilom had been the king of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
 And with his nuts larded many swine,
 But now the gray moss marred his rine,
 His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
 His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
 His honour decay'd, his branches fere.
 Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
 Which proudly thrust into th' element,
 And seemed to threat the firmament :
 It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
 And thereto aye wanted to repair
 The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
 To paint their garlands with his colowres,
 And in his small bushes used to shroud,
 The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
 Which made this foolish Breere wax so bold ?
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
 Why stand's there (quoth he) thou brutish
 block ?
 Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy flock ;
 See'st how fresh my flowres been spread,
 Died in lilly white and crimson red,
 With leaves engrained in lusty green,
 Colours met to cloath a maiden queen ?
 Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round :
 The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
 My cinamon smell too much annoyeth :
 Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
 So spake this bold Breere with great disdain,
 Little him answer'd the Oak again,
 But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
 That of a weed he was over-craw'd.
 It chanced after upon a day,
 The husband-man's self to come that way,
 Of custom to surview his ground,
 And his trees of state in compass round :
 Him when the spiteful Breere had espyed,
 Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
 Unto his lord stirring up stern strife :
 O my liege Lord : the god of my life,
 Pleaseth you pond your suppliant's plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
 Which I your poor vassal daily endure ;
 And but your goodness the same recure,
 Am like for desperate dole to die,
 Through felonous force of mine enemy.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—FEBRUARY.

is piteous plea,
 on the sea,
 painted words tho gan this proud weed
 (most usen ambitious folk)
 His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.
 Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land,
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,
 And scarlet berries in sommer-time?
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
 Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide;
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
 That been the honour of your coronal;
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light
 Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
 And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your godlyhead to assuage
 The rancorous rigour of his might;
 Nought ask I, but onely to hold my right,
 Submitting me to your good sufferaunce,
 And praying to be garded from grievance,
 To this this Oak cast him to reply
 Well as he couth; but his enemy
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man nould flay his leafure,
 But home him hasted with furious heat,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
 His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Aye little help to harm there needeth)
 Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled be,
 But to the root bent his sturdy stroak,
 And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
 The axe's edge did oft turn again,
 As half unwilling to cut the grain,
 Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
 For it had been an antient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystery,

And often crost with the priests' crew,
 And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
 But like fancies weren foolery,
 And broughten this Oak to this misery;
 For nought mought they quiten him from des
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
 The block oft groaned under his blow,
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
 Tho down to the ground he fell forthwith.
 His wondrous weight made the ground to qu
 Th' earth shrank under him, and seem'd to sh
 There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a lord alone,
 Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasure;
 But all this glee had no continuance:
 For ch'foons winter 'gan to approach,
 The blustering Boreas did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary Breere,
 For now no succour was scen him neere.
 Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
 For naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
 The watry wet weighed down his head,
 And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
 That now upright he can stand no more;
 And being down is trod in the dirt
 Of cattel, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Breere,
 For scorning eld—"

CUD. Now I pray thee shepherd, tell
 forth;

Here is a long tale and little worth.
 So long have I listened to thy speech,
 That grafted to the ground is my breech;
 My heart-blood is well nigh frozen I feel,
 And my galage grown fast to my heel;
 But little ease of thy leud tale I tasted;
 Hie thee home, Shepherd, the day is nigh wad

THROTT'S EMBLEM.

*Idiis, perche è vecchio,
 Fu suoi al suo esempio.*

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

*Ninno vecchio,
 Spaventa idiis.*

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

The Argument.

Shepherds take occasion, from the approach of the spring, to discourse of love, describ'd here as a son. One of them relates a story of his having discover'd him lately in a bush, and of his being wounded by him.

WILLY. THOMALIN.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, why fitten we so,
That overwent with woe,
To fair a morrow?
At this time now nigheth fast,
I'll allegg this bitter blast,
To ease the winter forrow.
Siker, Willy, thou warnest well,
That her's wrath begins to quell,
That infant spring appeareth;
That's now 'gins to be refresht,
Whow peeps out of her nest,
That idy welkin cleareth.
Seest not thilk same hawthorn stud,
That gly it begins to bud
For his tender head?
That w calleth forth each flower,
That make ready Maia's bower,
That v is uprist from bed:
That l we sporten in delight,
That n with I.ettice to wex light,
That l.

That scornfully looks askaunce;
That Tho will we little love awake,
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THO. Willy, I ween thou be a fot,
For lusty Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WIL. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy self his slumber broke?
Or made privy to the same?

THO. No; but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue;
And were not that my sheep would stray,
The privy marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WIL. Thomalin, have no care for-thy,
My self will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flock and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a fire,
A stepdame eke, as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—MARCH.

Tuo. Nay but thy seeing will not serve,
 My sheep for that may chauce to swerve,
 And fall into some mischief :
 For fithens is but the third morrow
 That I chaunst to fall asleep with forrow,
 And waked again with grief ;
 The while thilk same unhappy owe,
 Whose clouted leg her hurt doth shew,
 Fell headlong into a dell,
 And there unjointed both her bones :
 Mought her neck been jointed atones,
 She should have need no more spell ;
 Th' elf was so wanton and so wood,
 (But now I trow can better good)
 She mought ne gang on the green,

WIL. Let be as may be that is past ;
 That is to come let be forecast :
 Now tell us what thou hast seen.

Tuo. It was upon a holy-day,
 When shepherds grooms han leave to play,
 I cast to go a shooting ;
 Long wandring up and down the land,
 With bow and bolts in either hand,
 For birds in bushes tooting,
 At length within the ivy tod,
 (There shrouded was the little god)
 I heard a busie bustling ;
 I bent my bolt against the bush,
 Lifting if any thing did rush,
 But then heard no more rustling.
 Tho peeping close into the thick,
 Might see the moving of some quick,
 Whose shape appeared not ;
 But were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
 My courage earn'd it to awake,
 And manfully thereat shot :
 With that sprang forth a naked swain,
 With spotted wings like peacock's train,
 And laughing lope to a tree ;
 His gilden quiver at his back,
 And silver bow, which was but slack,
 Which lightly he bent at me :
 That seeing I level'd again,
 And shot at him with might and main,

As thick as it had hailed.
 So long I shot, that all was spent,
 Tho pumy stones I hastily hent,
 And threw, but nought availed :
 He was so wimble and so wight,
 From bough to bough he leaped light,
 And oft the pumies latched :
 Therewith afraid I ran away,
 But he that earst seem'd but to play,
 A shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running in the heel ;
 For then I little smart did feel,
 But soon it fore increased ;
 And now it rankleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festreth fore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.

WIL. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
 Perdy with Love thou diddest fight,
 I know him by a token :
 For once I heard my father say
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he will be wroken)
 Entangled in a fowling net
 Which he for carrion-crows had set
 That in our pear-tree haunted !
 Tho said he was a winged lad,
 But how and shafts as then none had,
 Else had he fore be daunted.
 But see, the welkin thicks apace,
 And stooping Phœbus sleeps his face ;
 It's time to haste us homeward.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

*To be wise and eke to love,
 Is granted scarce to gods above.*

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

*Of honey and of gall in love there is just,
 The honey is must, but the gall is hurt.*

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

The Argument.

of this Æglogue is to introduce a panegyric, in the pastoral kind, on Queen Elizabeth: us with a complaint of Hobbinol (a shepherd mention'd in the first Æglogue) for Colin's t of his friendship for the sake of Rosalind, with whom he was fallen in love; and from mentioning of Colin's skill in poetry, Hobbinol takes occasion to recite one of his songs or on Eliza, queen of shepherds.

THENOT. HOBBINOL.

THE.
good Hobbinol, what gars thee greet?
some wolf thy tender lambs ytear,
pipe-broke, that sounds so sweet?
of thy loved lasses forlorn?
ne eyes attempted to the year,
the gasping furrows thirst with rain?
shower so stream the trickling tears
check; to quench thy thirsty pain.
r this nor that so much doth make me
rn,
lad whom long I lov'd so dearn
a lass that all his love doth scorn:
l in vain, his tress'd locks doth tear,
delights he doth them all forswear;
t pipe, which makes us merriment,
hath broke, and doth forbear
songs wherein he all out-went.

THE. What is he for a lad you so lament?
Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?
HOB. Colin, thou kenst the southern shepherd's
boy;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whylom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding mind is start,
And woos the widdow's daughter of the glenne;
So now fair Rosalind hath bred his smart;
So now his friend is changed for a frenne.
THE. But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record some one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in light,
And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

F f ij

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—APRIL.

MOB. Contented I: then will I sing his lay
 Of fair Eliza, queen of shepherds all,
 Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
 And tuned it unto the water's fall.

" Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed brook
 Do bathe your breast,
 Forsake your watry bowers, and hither look
 At my request.
 And eke you Virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
 Help me to blaze
 Her worthy praise,
 Which in her sex doth all excel.

" Of fair Eliza be your silver song,
 That blessed wight,
 The flower of virgins; may she flourish long
 In princely plight;
 For she is Syrinx' daughter without spot,
 Which Pan, the shepherds' god, of her begot:
 So sprung her grace
 Of heavenly race,
 No mortal blemish may her blot.

" See where she sits upon the grassy green,
 (O seemly sight!)
 Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queen,
 And crimines white;
 Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
 With damask roses and daffadillies set;
 Bay-leaves between,
 And primroses green,
 Embellish the sweet violet.

" Tell me, have ye seen her angelike face,
 Like Phœbe fair?
 Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
 Can you well compare?
 The red rose meddled with the white yfere,
 In either cheek depeinten lively chear;
 Her modest eye,
 Her majesty,
 Where have you seen the like but there?

" I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head,
 Upon her to gaze;
 But when he saw how broad her beames did
 " spread,
 It did him amaze.
 He blusht to see another sun below,
 Ne durst again his fiery face out-show.
 Let him if he dare,
 His brightness compare
 With her's, to have the overthrow.

" Shew thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
 And be not abasht:
 When she the beames of her beauty displays,
 O how art thou dasht?
 But I will not match her with Latona's feed;
 Such folly great forrow to Niobe did breed.
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes daily mone,
 Warning all other to take heed.

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
 Such a bellibone,
 And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her let
 To bear such an one.
 Soon as my younglings crying for the dam
 To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:
 She is my goddess plain,
 And I her shepherd's swain,
 Albe forfownd and forfwat I am.

" I see Calliope speed her to the place,
 Where my goddess shines,
 And after her the other Muses trace
 With their violines.
 Been they not bay-branches which they do
 All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to hear.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
 To the instrument:
 They dauncen deffly, and singen foot
 In their merriment:
 Wants not a fourth Grace to make the
 Let that room to my Lady be yever,
 She shall be a Grace
 To fill the fourth place.
 And reign with the rest in heaven.

" And whither renns this bevy of ladies
 Ranged in a row?
 They, been all Ladies of the Lake brought
 That unto her go.
 Cloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
 Of olive branches bears a coronall:
 Olives been for peace,
 When wars do surcease:
 Such for a princefs been principal.

" Ye shepherds' daughters that dwell on the
 Hye you there apace:
 Let none come there but that virgins be
 To adorn her grace:
 And when you come, whereas she is in place
 See that your rudeness do not you disgrace
 Bind your filllets fast,
 And gird in your wafte,
 For more fineness, with a taudry lace.

" Bring hither the pink and purple collen
 With gylliflowers;
 Bring coronations, and fops in wine,
 Worn of paramours:
 Strow me the ground with daffadown
 And couflips, and kingcups, and loved
 The pretty paynce
 And the chevisaunce
 Shall match with the fair flower-de-luce.

" Now rise up, Eliza, decked as thou art
 In royal ray;
 And now ye dainty damfels may depart
 Each one his way.

ve troubled your troops too long,
 Eliza thank you for her song,
 u come heather
 nfin's I geather,
 : them all you among."

I was thilk fame song of Colin's own
 ng ?
 Boy ! that is with love yblent ;
 he be in such taking,
 caren that been so leudly bene.

HOE. Siker I hold him for a greater fon
 That love's the thing he cannot purchase.
 But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
 And twinkling stars the daylight hence chase.

TERNOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem virgo !

MOBBINOL'S EMBLEM.

O Dea certe !

¶ f iij

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

The Argument.

Palindore, inviting Piers to join with the youths and shepherds in mirth, and the pleasurable season, and in celebrating the festival of May, is reprov'd by him, and told that a life of ease and luxury, while their flocks are neglected, does not become good shepherds. Piers tells the Pastoral life, at first simple and frugal, without wealth, yet free from want and fear, but corrupted afterwards by licentiousness, and by the ambition of power and command, which expos'd both the shepherds and their flocks to be destroy'd by the wolves. And, to shew dangerous it is to have any communication with bad company, he relates a fable of the and her Dam.

This Æglogue is purely allegorical, and seems to be design'd as a moral lesson on the life of Christ and particularly of the clergy, and on the difference between those of the Reform'd and the Romish persuasion; as appears further by a passage in the seventh Æglogue, in which linode is again mentioned as giving an account of the lordly lives of the shepherds at Rome.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our blanket leveries been all too fad
For thilk same season, when all isyclad
With pleafance; the ground with grafs, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blossoming
buds,
Youth's folk now flocken in every where,
To gather May-busquets and smelling breere,

And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillars e'er day-light,
With hawthorn buds and sweet eglantine,
And girdlands of roses, and sops in wine.
Such merry-make holy saints doth quarre,
But we here sitten as drown'd in a dream.

PIERS. For yonkers, Palinode, such follies be,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

PAL. Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shoal of shepherds out-go,
With singing and shouting, and jolly cheer;
Before them yode a lusty tabere,

nany a horn-pipe plaid,
 y dauncen each one with his maid.
 folks make such jousifance,
 art after the pipe to daunce :
 reen wood thy speeden them all,
 ome May with their musical;
 ey bringen in a royal throne,
 i king; and his queen attone
 ora, on whom did attend
 of fairies, and a fresh bend
 npha. (O that I were there,
 e ladies their May-bush bear!)
 een not thy teeth on edge, to think
 ort thy ginen with little swink?
 rdy, so far am I from envy,
 ndneis inly I pity :
 s little regarden their charge,
 letting their sheep run at large,
 ime, that should be sparely spent,
 id wanton meriment.
 een shepherds for the devel's sted,
 while their flocks be unsted :
 n their sheep be not their own,
 hem run at random alone :
 n hired for little pay,
 caren as little as they
 the flock, so they han the fleece,
 he gain, paying but a piece.
 account both thefe will make,
 the hire which he doth take,
 r for leaving his Lord's talk,
 Pan accounted of shepherds shall

r now I see thou speakest of spight,
 lackest some dele their delight.
 ad rather be envied,
 of my foe, that fondly pitied;
 eed were, pitied would be,
 other should scorn at me;
 mishap that has remedy,
 been deeds of fond foolery.
 en shepherds other things tend,
 sir God his good does them send,
 fruit thereof, that is pleasure.
 ey here liven at ease and leifure?
 ey been dead their good is ygo,
 i in rest, well as other vnoe :
 em wends what they spent in cost,
 ey left behind them is loft.
 ood but if it be spend;
 ood for none other end.
 ! Palinode, thou art a world's child :
 s pitch, mote needs be desil'd,
 is (as Algrind used to say)
 live like as men of the lay.
 t fits to care for their heir,
 sir heritage do impair :
 rovide for means of maintenance,
 inue their wout countenance :
 l must walk another way,
 rovenance he must for-say.
 is loins why should he regard,
 riched with that he hath spar'd?
 hilk God that gave him that good
 his child, if in his ways he stood?

For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
 Little boots all the wealth and the trust
 That his father left by inheritance;
 All will be soon wasted with misgovernance:
 But through this, and other their miscreance,
 They maken many a wrong chevifance,
 Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
 The floods whereof shall them overflow.
 Sike mens folly I cannot compare
 Better then to the ape's foolish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such caust has she none)
 That with her hard hold and straight embracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
 So oftentimes, whenas good is ment,
 Evil enfueth of wrong intent.

The time was once, and may again return,
 (For ought may happen that hath been beforen)
 When shepherds had none inheritance,
 Ne of land nor see in sufferance,
 But what might arise of the bare sheep;
 (Were it more or less) which they did keep,
 Well I wis was it with shepherds tho,
 Nought having nought feared they to forgo,
 For Pan himself was their inheritance,
 And little them served for their maintenance.
 The shepherd's God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided;
 Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
 And their flocks' fleeces them to array,
 But tract of time, and long prosperity,
 (That nource of vice, this of infolency)
 I lulled the shepherds in such security,
 That not content with loyal obeyfiance,
 Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
 And match themselves with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of lordships, and troublers of states,
 Tho 'gan shepherds swains to look aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learn to lig soft :
 Tho under colour of shepherds, some-while
 There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
 That often devoured their own sheep,
 And often shepnerd that did 'em keep;
 This was the first soure of shepnerd's sorrow,
 That now will be quit with bale nor borrow.

PAL. Three things to bear been very burdcnous,
 But the fourth to forbear is outrageous :
 Women, that of love's longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must :
 So when the cholar is enflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge is hard to asswage :
 And who can counsel a thirsty soul,
 With patience to forbear the offer'd bowl?
 But of all burdens that a man can bear,
 Most is a fool's talk to bear and to heare.
 I wene the giant has not such a weight,
 That bears on his shoulders the heaven's height.
 Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
 And buidest strong wark upon a weak ground :
 Thou railst on right without reason,
 And blamest 'em much for small encheson.
 How wolden shepherds live if not so ?
 What, should they pinen in pain and woe ?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow,
 If I may rest, I will live in sorrow,

Sorrow ne need to be hastened on,
For he will come without calling anon.
While times endure of tranquillity,
Ufen we freely our felicity ;
For when approachen the stormy flowers,
We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp
showres ;

And sooth to sain, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepherds so twiten each other's life,
And layen their faults the worlds beforen,
The while their foes done each of hem scorn.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended ;
So conteck soon by concord nought be ended.

PIERS. Shepherd, I list no accordance make
With a shepherd, that does the right way ser-
fak,

And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had leaver my foe than my friend he be ;
For what concord han light and dark sam ?
Or what peace has the lion with the lamb ?
Such faitours, when their false hearts been hid,
Will do as did the fox by the kid.

PAL. Now Piers, of fellowship tell us that
saying ;

For the lad can keep both our flocks from straying.

PIERS. Think fame Kid (as I can well de-
vise)

Was too very foolish and unwise ;
For on a time, in summer season,
'The goat her dam, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To brouse, or play, or what she thought good ;
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young son, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to shoot out,
And his wreathed horns 'gan newly sprout,
The blossoms of lust to bud did begin,
And sprung forth rankly under his chin,
" My Son, (quoth she) and with that 'gan weep.
(For careful thoughts in her heart did creep)
" God bleis thee, poor Orphan ! as he mought me
" And send the joy of thy jollity.
" Thy father, (that word she spake with pain,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
" Thy father, had he lived this day,
" To see the branches of his body display,
" How would he have joyed at this sweet sight ?
" But ah ! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
" And cut off his days with untimely woe,
" Betraying him unto the trains of his foe.
" Now I, a wailful widow behight,
" Of my old age have this one delight,
" To see thee succeed in thy father's stead,
" And flourish in flowers of lustihead ;
" For even so thy father his head upheld,
" And so his haughty horns did he weld."

The marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech,
With some old sorrow that made a new breach :

Seemed the law in her youngling's face
The old likeness of his father's grace.

At last her fallen senses she broke,
And 'gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
" Kiddy, (quoth she) thou hast the great can
" I have of thy health and thy welfare,
" Which many wild beasts liggin in wait
" For to entrap in thy tender state ;
" But most the Fox, maister of collusion,
" For he has vowed thy last confusion.
" For thy, my Kiddy, be ruled by me,
" And never give trust to his treachery ;
" And if he chance come when I am abroad,
" Spar the yate fast, for fear of fraud ;
" Ne for all his work, nor for his bod,
" Open the door at his request."

So schooled the goat her wanton son,
That answer'd his mother, All should be done.
Tho went the positive dame out of door,
And chanc'd to stumble at the threshold-door.
Her stumbling step somewhat her ammed,
(For such as signs of ill luck been dispraised)
Yet forth she yode, thereat half afraid,
And Kiddy the door sparred after her fall.
It was not long after she was gone,
But the false Fox came to the door anon ;
Not as a fox, for then he had be head,
But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a trafo of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babies, and glasses in his pack ;
A biggen he had got about his brain ;
For in his head-piece he felt a sore pain ;
His hinder heel was wrapt in a cloot,
For with great cold he had got the goat :
There at the door he cast me down his pack,
And laid him down, and groaned, slack ! slack !
Ah ! dear Lord ! and sweet Saint Charity,
That some good body would once pity me.

Well heard Kiddy all this fore contraint,
And leng'd to know the cause of his complain ;
Tho creeping clofe behind the wicket's clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not so privily but the Fox him spied,
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.

" Ah ! good young maister (then 'gan he cry)
" Jesus bleis that sweet face I espy,
" And keep your corps from the careful furd
" That in my carrion carcass abounds."

The Kid pitying his heavinets,
Asked the cause of his great distress,
And also who, and whence that he were ?

Tho he, that had well ycond his tear,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear :
" Sick, sick, alas ! a little lack of dead,
" But I be relieved by your beastly-head.
" I am a poor sheep, albe my colour dun,
" For with longer travel I am brent in the sun ;
" And if that my grandfire me said to be true,
" Siker I am very lybbe to you,
" So be your goodihead do not disdain
" The base kindred of so simple swain.
" Of mercy and favour then I you pray
" With your aid to forestall my near decay."

Out of his pack a glass he took,
 In while Kiody unwarres did look,
 Is so enamoured with the newel,
 Thought he deemed dear for the jewel;
 Opened he the door, and in came
 The Fox, as he were stark lame:
 He clapt betwixt his legs twain,
 He should be defryed by his train.
 Within, the Kid made him good glee,
 For the love of the glass he did see.
 His cheer, the pedlar 'gan chat,
 How many leafings of this and that,
 How he could shew many a fine knack,
 How shewed his ware and opened his pack,
 He rang a bell, which he left behind
 A basket, for the Kid to find;
 When he stooped down to catch,
 He put him in, and his basket did latch;
 He closed he once the door to make fast,
 He ran away with him in all haste.
 When the doubtful dame had her hide,
 She might see the door stand open wide.
 She call'd loudly she 'gan to call
 Her Kid, but he would answer at all:
 When the floor she saw the merchandise
 Which her son had set too dear a price.
 Help! her Kid she knew well is gone;

She weeped, and wailed, and made great moan.
 Such end had the Kid, for he would warned be
 Of craft coloured with simplicity,
 And such end, perdy, does all hem remain,
 That of such fallers' friendship been fain.
 PAL. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
 Furthest fro the mark, weening it to hit.
 Now, I pray thee; let me thy tale borrow
 For our Ser Jobe, to say to-morrow
 At the kirk, when it is holiday,
 For well he means, but little can say.
 But and if foxes been so crafty as so,
 Much needeth all shepherds hem to know.
 PIERS. Of their falshood more could I recount,
 But now the bright sun 'ginneeth to dimount;
 And for the dewy night now draw'th nigh,
 I hold it best for us home to hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Par men apifos apifitei.

PIER'S EMBLEM.

Tis d' ora pifis apifitei.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

J

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

The Argument.

Hobbinol, from a description of the pleasures of the place, excites Colin to the enjoyment of them. Colin declares himself incapable of delight, by reason of his ill success in love, and his loss of Rosalind, who had treacherously forsaken him for Menalcas, another shepherd. By Tityrus (mentioned before in the Second Æglogue, and again in the Twelfth) is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author sometimes professed to imitate. In the person of Colin, as before, is represented the Author himself; and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly country, seems to allude to his leaving the North, where, as is mentioned in his life, he had for some time resided.

HOBBINOL. COLIN.

HOBBINOL.

O! Colin, here the place whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath ween'd my wandring
mind,
Tell me what wants me here to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,
The bramble bush, where birds of every kind
To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

col. O! happy Hobbinol, I bless thy state,
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been ylost;
Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate
And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,
Can no where find to shroud my luckless pate.

HOB. Then if by me thou list advised be,
Forfake the foil that so doth thee bewitch;
Leave me those hills where harbrough mis to see,
Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch,
And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich,
And fruitfull flocks, been every where to see:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do see,

But friendly Fairies, met with many Graces,
And high-foot Nymphs, can chase the lings;
Night
With heygeuies and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst Sisters Nine, which dwell on Parnas's height,
Do make them music for there mere delight;
And Pan himself to kiss their chryftall faces
Will pipe and daunce, when Phœbe sunneth bright:
Such peerless pleasures have we in their pleasant

nd I, whilst youth and course of careless
us

: walk withouten links of love,
lights did joy amongst my peers,
age such pleasures doth reprove;
eke from former follies move
steps; for time in passing wears
nts doen, which wexen old above)
eth new delights with hoary hairs.

I sing of love, and tune my pipe
plaintive pleas in verses made;
d I seek for queen-apples unripe;
y Rosalind, and in former shade
dy girlonds was my common trade,
her golden locks; but years more ripe,
f her, whose love as life I wayde,
ry wanton toys away did wipe.

olin, to hear thy rimes and roundelays,
ou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
light then lark in summer days,
cho made the neighbour groves to ring,
at the birds, which in the lower spring
d in shady leaves from sunny rays,
thy song their cheerfull cherishing,
eir peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

iope with Muses moe,
y oaten pipe began to found,
ry lutes and tamburins forgo,
the fountain where they late around
hastily thy silver found;
they came where thou thy skill didst
ow,
w aback, as half with shame confound
to see them in their art out-go.

f Muses, Hobbinol, I can no skill,
een daughters of the highest Jove,
en scorn of homely shepherd's quill;
heard that Pan with Phoebus strove,
m to much rebuke and danger drove,
t presume to Parnass' hill,
r low in shade of lowly grove,
please myself, albeit ill.

weigh I who my song doth praise or
ame,
to win renown, or pass the rest:
sherd fits not follow flying Fame,
is flock in fields where falls him best.
rimes been rough, and rudely drest;

The fitter they my careful case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely as I can to make;
He, whilst he lived, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all that been with love ytake:
Well-cough, he wail his woe, and lightly-flake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why should Death on him such outrage show!)
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the spring was in his learned hed,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my plaints, caus'd of discourtesee,
As messengers of this my painful plight,
Fly to my love wherever that she be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,
As she deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery
Didst underfong my las to wax so light,
Shouldst well be known for such thy villainy.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Ye gentle Shepherds! which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witness all of this so wicked deed,
And tell the las, whose frowre is woe a weed,
And faithles faith is turn'd to faithles fear,
That she the truest shepherd's heart made bleed
That lives on earth, and loved her most dear.

nos. O! careful Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flow!
Ah! faithles Rosalind, and void of grace,
That art the root of all this rueful woe!
But now is time, I guess, homeward to go:
Then rise, ye blessed flocks! and home space,
Left night with stealing steps do you foredo,
And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM,

Gia speme spente,

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

J U L Y.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

The Argument.

Morrel, a goat-herd, calls to Thomalin, a shepherd, to come up to him on the hilly ground where he is sitting. Thomalin gives his reasons why he prefers the lower station. The moral of this Æglogue is to reprove ambition in shepherds, and seems more particularly level'd against the pomp and dominion of the Romish clergy.

THOMALIN. MORREL.

THOMALIN.

I s not think fame a goat-herd proud,
That sits on yonder bank.
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Among the bushes rank ?

MOR. What, ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me ;
Better is than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.

THOM. Ah' God shield, man, that I should clime,
And learn to look aloft ;
This read is rife, that ostentime
Great climbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedless haste,
Yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared up
His fiery footed teme,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe ;
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
With dogs of noysom breath,

Whose balefull barking brings in haste,
Pine, plagues, and dreery death.
Against his cruel scorching heat,
Where thou hast coverture,
The waiteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture :
But if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherd's swain,
Come down and learn the little what
That Thomalin can sain.

MOR. Siker thons but a lassy leard,
And rekes much of thy swink,
That with fond terms and wilefs words
To blear mine eyes dost think.
In evill hour thou hent in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast ?
And of St. Bridget's Bow'r I trow
All Kent can rightly boast :
And they that con of Masus' skill

Fain most-what, that they dwell
 (As goat-herds wont) upon a hill,
 Beside a learned well.
 And wanned not the great good Pan
 Upon mount Olivet,
 Feeding the blessed flock of Dan,
 Which did himself beget.

ТРОМ. O blessed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
 That bought his flock so dear,
 And them did save with bloody sweat
 From wolves that would them tear.

МОЯ. Beside, as holy Fathers sain,
 There is a holy place
 Where Titan riseth from the main
 To ren his daily race,
 Upon whose tops the stars been staid,
 And all the sky doth lean,
 There is the cave where Phoebe laied
 The shepherd long to dream.
 Whilom there used shepherds all
 To feed their flocks at will
 Till by his folly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill.

And sithence shepherds been foresaid
 From places of delight,
 For-ty I ween thou be afraid
 To clime this hilles hight.
 Of Synah can I tell thee more,
 And of our Lady's Bow'r;
 But little needs to strow my store,
 Suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 And Sylvanes haunten rathe;
 Here has the salt Medway his source,
 Wherein the nymphs do bathe;
 The salt Medway that trickling streame
 Adown the dales of Kent,
 Till with his elder brother Thames
 His brakish waves be meynt.
 Here grows melampode every where,
 And teribinth, good for goats,
 The one my madding kids to smear,
 The next to heal their throats.
 Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,
 And thence the passage eath,
 As well can prove the piercing levin,
 That seldom falls beneath.

ТРОМ. Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorel,
 Of heaven to deemen so;
 How be I am but rude and borrel,
 Yet nearer ways I know.
 To kirk the nar, to God more far,
 Has been an old said saw;
 And he that strives to touch a star,
 Oft stumbles at a straw.
 Alfoon may shepherds clime to sky
 That leads in lowly dales,
 As goat-herd proud, that sittin high,
 Upon the mountain sajs.
 My seely sheep like well below,
 They need not melampode,
 For they being hale enough, I trow,
 And liken their abode;
 But if they with thy goats should yede,
 They soon might be corrupted,

Or like not of the frowy fede,
 Or with the weeds be glutted.
 The hills where dwelled holy saints,
 I reverence and adore,
 Not for themself, but for the saints
 Which had been dead of yore.
 And now they been to heaven forewent,
 Their good is with them go;
 Their sample only to us lent,
 That als we mought do so.
 Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowly leas,
 And sith their souls be now at rest,
 Why done we them diseafe?
 Such one he was (as I have heard
 Old Algrind often sain)
 That whilom was the first shepherd,
 And liv'd with little gain:
 And meek he was, as meek mought be,
 Simple as simple sheep;
 Humble, and like in each degree
 The flock which he did keep.
 Often he used of his keep
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a kid, now with a sheep
 The altars hallowing.
 So louted he unto the Lord,
 Such favour couth he find,
 That never sithence was abhor'd
 The simple shepherd's kind.
 And such I weend the brethren were
 That came from Canaan,
 The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere
 The flocks of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk shepherd was
 Whom Ida hill did bear,
 That left his flock to fetch a las,
 Whose love he bought too dear:
 For he was proud, that ill was paid,
 (No such mought shepherds be)
 And with leud lust was over-laid;
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But shepherds mought be meek and mild,
 Well eyed, as Argus was,
 With fleshly follies undefil'd,
 And stout as steed of brafs.
 Sike one (said Algrind) Moses was,
 That saw his Maker's face,
 His face, more clear then crystal glafs,
 And spake to him in place.
 This had a brother (his name I know)
 The first of all his coat,
 A shepherd true, yet not so true
 As he that erst I hote.
 Whilom all these were low and leef,
 And lov'd their flocks to feed,
 They never strown to be chief,
 And simple was their weed:
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 The world is well amend,
 Their weeds been not so nighly wore,
 Such simples mought them shend.
 They been yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath their God them blif,

They reign and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list.
 Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
 (Mought they good shepherds been)
 Their Pan their sheep to them has fold,
 I say as some have scen.
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome (if such be Rome) and then
 He saw thilk misusage;
 For shepherds (said he) there doen lead,
 As lords doen otherwhere;
 Their sheep han crust, and they the bread;
 The chips, and they the chear:
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O seely sheep the while!)
 The corn is theirs let others thresch,
 Their hands they may not file.
 They han great store and thrifty flocks,
 Great friends and feeble fots;
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 Their boys can look to those.
 These wizards welber in wealth's waves,
 Pamper'd in pleasures deep;
 They han fat kerns and leany knaves,
 Their fasting flocks to keep.
 Sike mister men been all misgone,
 They heapen hills of wrath;
 Sike sily shepherds han we none,
 They keepen all the path.

MOR. Here is a great deal of good matter
 Lost for lack of telling;
 Now siker I see thou dost but clatter,
 Harm may come of melling.

Thou meddlest more than shall have thank
 To witen shepherd's wealth;
 When folk been fat, and riches rank,
 It is a sign of health.
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt?

THOM. He is a shepherd great in gree,
 But hath been long ypent;
 One day he fate upon a hill,
 (As now thou wouldest me,
 But I am taught by Algrind's ill
 To love the low degree)
 For sitting so with bared scalp,
 An eagle soared high,
 That weening his white head was chalk,
 A shell-fish down let fly:
 She ween'd the shell-fish to have broke,
 But therewith bruis'd his brain;
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 He lies in lingring pain.

MOR. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time.
 Now farewel, Shepherd, sith this hill
 Thou hast such doubt to clime.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORREL'S EMBLEM.

In summo felicitas.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

AUGUST,

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

The Argument.

Two shepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a prize in verse. Perigot relates, in a song, the manner of his falling in love; Willy bears his part, in a kind of repartee or under-song. Cuddy, who was judge between them, having prais'd them both, repeats a kind of roundelay, of despair, made by Colin on Rosalind; in which the reader may observe that, instead of rhyme, the art of the verse consists in the regular changes on the six words which are at the close of the first six lines.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

WILLY.

TELL me, Perigot, what shall be the game
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy music match?
Or been thy bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ach?
PER. Ah! Willy, when the heart is ill assay'd,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apay'd?
WIL. What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?
Whylom thou wast peregal to the best,
And went to make the jolly shepherds glad,
With piping and dancing didst pass the rest.
PER. Ah! Willy, now I have learn'd a new
danc;e;
My old music marr'd by a new mischance.
WIL. Mischief mought to that mischance be-
that so hath raft us of our merriment; [fall,
But read me what pain doth thee so appall?
Or lovest thou, or been thy yonglings miswent?

PER. Love hath misled both my yonglings and
me;

I pine for pain, and they my plaint to see.

WIL. Perdy, and weal away! ill may they
thrive;

Never knew I lover's sheep in good plight;
But and if rimes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soon be put to flight.

PER. That shall I do though mouchel worse I
far'd;

Never shall be said that Perigot was dar'd.

WIL. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I
plight,

A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Whercin is enchaced many a fair sight
Of bears and tygers, that maken fierce war,
And over them spread a goodly wild vine,
Entrail'd with a wanton ivy twine,

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—AUGUST.

reby is a lamb in the wolfe's jaws;
see how fast reneth the shepherd's fwain
— save the innocent from the beasts paws,
And here with his sheep-hook hath him slain.
Tell me such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it befeem any harvest queen.

PER. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
Of all my flock there nis like another,
For I brought him up without the damb,
But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field;
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WIL. Siker make liker account of his brother;
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?

PER. That shall yonder herd-groom and none
other,
Which over the pouffe hitherward doth post.

WIL. But for the sun-beam so fore doth us
beat,

Were not better to shun the scorching heat? [fwain;

PER. Well agreed, Willy; then set thee down
Sike a song never heardst thou but Colin sing.

CUD. 'Gin, when ye list, ye jolly shepherds
twain;

Sike a judge as Cuddy were for a king.

PER. " It fell upon a holy eve,

WIL. Hey, ho, holiday!

PER. When holy Fathers went to thrive;

WIL. Now 'ginnech this roundelay.

PER. Sitting upon a hill so high,

WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill!

PER. The while my flock did feed thereby,

WIL. The while the shepherd self did spill;

PER. I saw the bounding bellibone,

WIL. Hey, ho, Bonnibel!

PER. Tripping over the dale alone;

WIL. She can trip it very well.

PER. Well decked in a frock of grey,

WIL. Hey ho, grey is greet!

PER. And in a kirtle of green say,

WIL. The green is for maidens meet.

PER. A chaplet on her head she wore,

WIL. Hey, ho, chapelet!

PER. Of sweet violets therein was store,

WIL. She sweeter then the violet.

PER. My sheep did leave thy wanted food,

WIL. Hey, ho, seely sheep!

PER. And gaz'd on her as they were wood,

WIL. Wood as he that did them keep.

PER. As the bony las passed by,

WIL. Hey, ho, bony las!

PER. She rov'd at me with glauncing eye,

WIL. As clear as the crystal glas;

PER. All as the sunny beam so bright,

WIL. Hey, ho, the sun-beam!

PER. Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,

WIL. So love into thy heart did stream:

PER. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,

WIL. Hey, ho, the thunder!

PER. Wherein the lightfom levin throuds,

WIL. So cleaves thy soul asunder;

PER. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray

WIL. Hey, ho, the moon-light!

PER. Upon the glittering wave doth

WIL. Such play is a piteous plight.

PER. The glance into my heart did g

WIL. Hey, ho, the glider!

PER. Therewith my soul was sharply

WIL. Such wounds soon wexen wider

PER. Hastling to raunch the arrow out

WIL. Hey, ho, Perigot!

PER. I left the head in my heart-root,

WIL. It was a desperate shot.

PER. There it rancleth aye more and

WIL. Hey, ho, 'he arrow!

PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,

WIL. Love is a careles sorrow.

PER. And though my bale with death

WIL. Hey, ho, heavy cheer!

PER. Yet should thilk lasf not from my

WIL. So you may buy gold too dear.

PER. But whether in painful love I pi

WIL. Hey, ho, pinching pain!

PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be

WIL. But if thou can her obtain.

PER. And if for graceles grief I die,

WIL. Hey, ho, graceles grief!

PER. Witness she flew me with her ey

WIL. Let thy folly be the prief.

PER. And you that saw it, simple shee

WIL. Hey, ho, the fair flock!

PER. For prief thereof my death shall

WIL. And mone with many a mock.

PER. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,

WIL. Hey, ho, holy day!

PER. That ever since my heart did gn

WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."

CUD. Siker like a rounde never heard

Little lacketh Perigot of the best,

And Willy is not greatly overgone,

So weren his under-songs well addrest.

WIL. Herd-groom, I fear me thou have
eye;

Areed uprightly who has the victory.

CUD. Faith of my soul I deem each h
ed;

For thy let the lamb be Willy his own;

And for Perigot, so well hath him pained
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PER. Perigot is well pleased with the
Ne can Willy wite the witless herd-groom

WIL. Never dempt mere right of b
ween,

The shepherd of Ida that judg'd beauty's

CUD. But tell me, Shepherds, shoul
yshend

Your roundels fresh, to hear a doleful ver
Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)

That Colin made? ylike can I you rehear

PER. Now say it, Cuddy, as thou art a

WIL. Faith of my soul thou shalt
be

In Colin's feed if thou this song areed;

For thing on earth so pleaseth me
To hear, or matter of his deed.
Then listen each unto my heavy lay,
Ere your pipes as ruthfull as ye may.

Wastfull Woods! bear witness of my woe,
My plaints did oftentimes rebound;
These Birds are privy to my cries,
In your songs were wont to make a part;
Leafant Spring, ha't lull'd me oft asleep,
Streams my trickling tears did oft augment.

If people doth my grief augment,
Led towns do work my greater woe;
The world wide is fitter to rebound
The low echo of my careful cries;
The house, since thence my love did part,
Vainful want debars mine eyes of sleep.

Streams of tears supply the place of sleep;
That sweet is void, and all that may augment
Draw near. More meet to wail my woe
In wild woods, my sorrows to rebound,
In the bower, both which I fill with
Tears,
Them let so waste, and find no part

Time past. Here will I dwell apart
In grove therefore, till my last sleep
Mine eyes; so shall I not augment
The hurt of such as change my restless woe.
O ye baneful Birds! whose shrieking
Sound
Of dreery death, my deadly cries

Thoughtfully to tune; and as my cries
Of my woe cannot bewray least part)

U. II.

You hear all night, when Nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your yrksome yelles augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and found

She home return, whose voice's silver sound
To chearful songs can change my chearless cries.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe.

And you that feel no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightly cries ye hear apart,
Let break your sounder sleep, and pity augment."

PER. O Colin, Colin! the shepherd's joy,
How I admire each turning of the verse;
And Cuddy, fresh Cuddy, the liefest boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse!
CUD. Then blow your pipes, Shepherds, till
You be at home;
The night hie'th fast, it's time to be gone.

PERIGOT'S EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLY'S EMBLEM,

Vinto non vito.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM,

Felici chi pno.

O g

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA.

The Argument.

DIGGON DAVIE, a shepherd, complains to his friend Hobbinol of the poverty to which he is reduced by travelling into a far country in hopes of greater gain, and describes the deceitful profligate lives of the shepherds he had seen, and the wretched condition of their flocks. This Æglogue is full of allegorical satire, like the Fifth and Seventh. The Author has chosen to write it in older language than the rest, and with a sprinkling of the Welsh dialect. It is probable he had some private reason for it, and that under the fictitious names were represented real persons.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bid her good-day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.

DIG. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day that was is wightly past,
And now at last the dark night doth haste.

HOB. Diggon, areed who has thee so dight;
Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock thou wast wont to lead?
Or been they chaffred, or at mischief dead?

DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leef,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grief;

Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one open'd, mote unfold many mo.

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded is hid
I know to keep is a burdensome smart:
Each thing imparted is more eath to bear:
When the rain is fallen the clouds waxen clear.
And now sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three moons been fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandred weel about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me first of thy flock's estate.

sheep been wasted (woe is me there-
)
 pherd that was of yore
 lly nor shepherd more.
 lts men said was plenty ;
 is, but all of misery :
 : much to have eeked my store,
 ng hath made my heart sore.
 ies where I have been,
 those that truly mean,
 is of guile maken gain,
 try as there to remain ;
 o sale their shops of shame,
 market of their good name :
 s there robben one another,
 ts to beguile her brother ;
 buy his sheep out of the coat,
 arven the shepherd's throat.
 's swain you cannot well ken,
 is pride, from other men ;
 dig as bulls that been bate,
 ie crag so stiff and so state,
 s dunghill crowing crank.
 n, I am so stiff and so stank,
 ay I stand any more ;
 western wind bloweth fore,
 r his chief sovereignty,
 ithered leaf from the tree ;
 here under the hill,
 alk and tellen our fill,
 rock at the blustering blast :
 diggon, whatever thou shalt
 a, ah Hobbin ! I curse the sfound
 ft to have lorn this ground :
 : while I was so fond
 ood that I had in hond,
 er that was uncouth ;
 the flesh in his mouth,
 o (ah ! feely sheep !)
 whylome us'd to keep,
 luffy as thou diddest see,
 d with pine and penury ;
 escaped thilk pain,
 d to come home again.
 n, now by thy losse are taught
 range the better brought :
 ves with tried state,
 hange of frowning Fate ;
 eek for unknown gain,
 s, and leaves with pain.
 ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
 e and hope to be enricht :
 s, as the bright star
 ter when it is far :
 ail would have made me rich,
 e it is nothing sich ;
 hepherds been idle and still,
 ir sheep what way they will,
 lse, and full of covetise,
 ompass many wrong emprise :
 fraught with fraud and spight,
 goodnes taken delight,
 s of conteck and yre,
 y set all the world on fire ;

Which when they thinke again to quench,
 With holy water they doen hem all drench.
 They say they con to heaven the high-way,
 But by my soul I dare underfay
 They never set foot in that same trode,
 But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
 They boast they han the devil at commaund,
 But ask hem therefore what they han paund ;
 Marry that great Pau bought with great borrowe,
 To quite it from the black bower of sorrowe.
 But they han sold thilk same long ago,
 For they would draw with hem many mo.
 But let him gang alone a God's name ;
 As they han brewed, so let them bear blame.
 nos. Diggon, I pray thee speak not so dirk ;
 Such myster saying me seemeth to mirk.
 o10. Then plainly to speak of shepherds most
 what,
 Bad is the best (this English is flat)
 Their ill haviour gers men missay
 Both of their doctrine and their fay.
 They say the world is much war than it wont,
 All for her shepherds is beastly and blont.
 Other saine, but how truly I note,
 All for they holden shame of thy cote :
 Some sticke not to say (hot cole on her tongue)
 That like mischief graffeth hem among,
 All for thy casten too much of world's care,
 To deck her dame and enrich her heir :
 For such encheafon, if you go nie,
 Few chimneys reeken you shall espie.
 The fat oxe that woont lig in the stall,
 Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in their steade,
 Ylik as monster of many beads :
 But they that shooten nearest the prick,
 Saine other the fat from their beards do lick :
 For big bulls of Basan brace hem about,
 That with their horns butten the more stout ;
 But the lean souls treaden under foot,
 And to seek redress mought little boot ;
 For liker been they to pluck away more,
 Than ought of the gotten good to restore :
 For they been like foul wagmoires overgraft,
 That if any galage once sticketh fast,
 The more to wind it out thou dost swink,
 Thou mought sye deeper and deeper sink.
 Yet better leave off with a little losse,
 Than by much wrestling to lese the grosse.
 nos. Now, Diggon, I see thou speakest too
 plain ;
 Better it were little to faine,
 And cleanly cover that cannot be cured ;
 Such ill as is forced nought needs be endured.
 But of like pastors how done the flocks creep ?
 n10. Like as the shepherds, like been her sheep ;
 For they will listen to the shepherd's voice ;
 But if he call hem, at their good choice
 They wander at will and stay at pleasure,
 And to their folds yead at their own leasure.
 But they had be better come at their call ;
 For many han into mischief fall,
 And ben of ravenous wolves yrent,
 All for they would be buxome and bent.

nos. He on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul
leafing;

Well is known that sith the Saxon king
Never was wolfe seen, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to fain)
The more been the foxes that here remain.

no. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
Add with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise,
They talk not widely as they were wont,
For fear of raungers and the great boont,
But privily prolling and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

nos. Or privy or pert if any bin,
We have great bandogs will tear their skin,

no. Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs him needeth to chase,
But heedly shepherds to discern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so grave and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what my self know
Chaunced to Rossin not long ygoe?

nos. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it might,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meek, wise and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy,
(Ah, for Colin! he whylom my joy)
Shepherds sith God mought us many feind,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend

no. Think same shepherd mought I well
mark,

He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had shepherd so keen a cur,
That waketh and if but a leaf stir.
Whilom there woned a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had gutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin shone fair,
Yclad in clothing of feely sheep,
When the good old man used to sleep;
The at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had eft learned a cur's call)
As if a wolf were among the sheep:
With that the shepherd would break his sleep,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To range the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was iar away,
Th's wolfish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell wast,
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Rossy could for his labour him thank.
At end, the shepherd his practise spied,
(For Rossy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at even he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them lock,
And to k out the woolf in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheep's blood at his throte.

nos. Marry, Diggon, what should him af-
fray,

To take his own where ever it lay?

For had his weasand been a little widdier,
He would have devoured both hiddier and
der.

no. Mischief light on him, and God's
curse,

Too good for him had been a great deal we
For it was perillous beast above all,
And eke had he con'd the shepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-out,
And called Lowder, with a hollow thum.
As if the old man's self had been:

The dog his maister's voice did it ween,
Yet half in doubt he open'd the door,
And ran out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought,
Fast by the hide the wolf Lowder caught,
And had not Rossy ren to the Steves,
Lowder had been slain thilk same even.

nos. God shield, Man, he should so ill
thrive,

All for he did his devoir believe.
If like been wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

no. How but with heed and watchfulness,
Forfallen hem of their willfulness;
For thy with shepherds fits not play,
Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever ligger in watch and ward,
From suddain force their flocks for to guard.

nos. Ah! Diggon, thilk same rule was
firstight,

All the cold season to watch and wait:
We been of flesh, men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such misery?
Whatever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needs decay when it is at best.

no. Ah! but, Hobbinol, all this long we
Nought caeth the cure that doth me feshly
What shall I do? what way shall I weal,
My piteous plight and los to amend;
Ah! good Hobbinol, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counsel in my decay.

nos. Now, by my soul, Diggon, I hast
The hapless mischief that has thee bent;
Nethel's thou seest my lowly fail,
What froward Fortune doth ever avail:
But were Hobbinol as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease:
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There mist thou lig in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

no. Ah! Hobbinol, God mought it
quite,

Diggon on few such friends did ever see.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

The Argument.

The following Æglogue, which rises above the common style of pastoral, is on the subject of poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his skill in this art. Cuddy complains of the little encouragement given to it; and being prompted by Piers to leave the ordinary themes of shepherds, and to choose some subject of heroic song, takes occasion to mention Colin, as best qualify'd for such an attempt, if his mind were not perplex'd with unprosperous love.

PIERS, CUDDY.

PIERS.

Cuddy, for shame, hold up thy heavy head,
Let us cast with what delight to chace
A weary this long lingring Phœbus' race.
Why loom thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
In riddles, and in bidding safe,
Why they in thee, and thou in sleep, art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have piped earl' so long with pain,
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
And my poor Muse hath spent her spared store,
And little good hath got, and much less gain.
Each pleasure makes the grasshopper so poor,
And lig so laid, when winter doth her strain.

The dappier ditties that I wont devise,
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much, what I the bet for-thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prize:
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddy can arise?

PIERS. Cuddy, the praise is better than the price,

The glory eke much greater than the gain:
O what an honour is it to restrain
The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
Or prick them forth with pleasure of thy vein,
Whereto thou list their trained wills entice?

Soon as thou gins to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou doost their soul of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave;
His musick's might the hellish hound did tame.

cup. So prayfen babes the peacock's spotted
train,

And wondren at bright Argua' blazing eye;
But who rewards him here the more for-thy;
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky,
Sike words been wind, and watten soon in vain.

PIERS. Abandon then the base and viler clown,
Lift up thy self out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giufts;
Turn thee to those that weld the awful crown,
To doubted knights, whose woundless armour
rusts,
And helms unbruzen wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her self at large from east to west;
Whither thou list in fair Eliza rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the White Bear to the Stake did bring.

And when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol loud, and lead the Millers round,
All were Eliza one of think same ring;
So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven found.

cup. Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And est did sing of wars and deadly deed,
So as, the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever who in derring-do were dread,
The lofty verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue 'gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty Manhood brought a bed of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace among the learned troupe;
'Tho 'gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbriht honour pen'd in shameful coup.

And if that any budds of poesy
Yet of the old stock 'gan to shoot again,
Or it mens follies mote to force to fain,
And roll with rest in rimes of ribauldry,
Or as it sprung it wither must again,
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

PIERS. O peerless Poesie! where
place?

If not in princes' palace thou dost sit
(And yet is princes' palace the most!)
Ne breaft of baser birth doth thee en
Then make the wings of thine aspire
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back
pace.

cup. Ah! Perry, it is all too weal
So high to fore and make so large a fi
Her peeced pinecons been not so in pli
For Colin fits such famous flight to sca
He, were he not with love so ill bedij
Would mount as high and sing as foot

PIERS. Ah! son, for love does tead
so high,
And lifts him up out of the loathsome
Such immortal mirror as he doth adm
Would raise one's mind above the starr
And cause a captive courage to aspire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

cup. All otherwise the state of Poe
For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all powers he dol
The vaunted verse a vacant head dema
Ne wout with crabbed Care the Muse
Unwisely weaves that takes two webs

Who ever casts to compass weighty pri
And thinks to throw out thundering
threat,

Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bit
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phæbus'
And when with wine the brain begins
The numbers flow as fast as spring dot

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the
rage;

O if my temples were distain'd with
And girt girlonds of wild ivy twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fin
With quient Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be
For-thy content us in this humble sha
Where no such troublous tides han us
Here we our slender pipes may safely

PIERS. And when my goats shall ha
lies laid,
Cuddy shall have a kid to store his far

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Agitante calcivinus ille, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

The Argument.

Being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself by his concern for the death of Dido, the sister of a shepherd of note, and probably a friend of the Author, whose memory, at Thefarther request, he celebrates in a funeral elegy.

THENOT, COLIN.

THENOT.

Dear, when shall it please thee sing
ert wont, songs of some joiance?
oo long slumbreth in forrowing,
p through Love's misgovernance.
hat sing, whose endless sovenance.
shepherds' swains may aye remain,
e list thy loved lass advance,
an with hymns of higher vein.
not, now nis the time of merry-make,
herie, nor with Love to play;
n May is meetest for to make,
shade, under the cocked hay.
l winter welked hath the day,
s, weary of his yearly talk,
th his steeds in lowly lay,
p his inn in Fishes Hask,

Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And lootheth like delights as thou doost praise;
The mournfull Muse in mirth new list ne make,
As she was wont in youngeth and summer-days;
But if thou algate lust light virolays,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thyself deserves like poet's praise?
Relieve thy oaten pipes that sleepon long.

THE. The nightingale is soveraign of song,
Before him sits the tit mouse silent be,
And I, unfit to thrust in scilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery:
Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muses' well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:

But if sad winter's wrath, and season chill,
 Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,
 To sadder times thou maist attaine thy quill,
 And sing of sorrow and death's dreriment;
 For dead is Dido, dead alas! and drent;
 Dido! the great shepherd his daughter sheen;
 The fairest May she was that ever went,
 Her like she has not left behind, I ween;
 And if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,
 I shall thee give yon coffee for thy pain;
 And if thy rimes as round and rueful been
 As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain
 Than kid or coffee, which I thee benempt:
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
 Let not my small demand be so contempt.

col. Thenet, to that I chose thou dost me
 tempt.

But ah! too well I wote my humble vein,
 And how my rimes been rugged and unempt;
 Yet as I can my cunning I will strain.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfull Muse
 of Nine,

Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
 Up, grisly Ghosts! and up my rufal rime!
 Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more,
 For dead she is that mirrh thee made of yore;
 Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,
 Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.

O heavy herse!
 Let streaming tears be poured out in store;
 O careful verse!

Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downs
 abide,

Wail ye this woeful waste of Nature's wark;
 Wail we the wight whose presence was our
 pride;

Wail we the wight whose absence is our cark;
 The fun of all the world is dim and dark;
 The earth now wants her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavy herse!
 Break we our pipes, that shrill'd as loud as lark;
 O careful verse!

Why do we longer live, (ah! why live we long?)

Whose better days death hath shut up in woe?
 The fairest flower our girlhood all among
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygo.

Sing now, ye shepherd's daughters, sing no mo
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
 But into weeping turn your wanton lays.

O heavy herse!
 Now is time to die; nay, time was long ygo;
 O careful verse!

Whence is that the flowret of the field doth
 fade,

And lieth buried long in Winter's bale?
 Yet loon as Spring his mantle is displayde,
 It bloweth fresh, as it should never fail:
 But thing on earth that is of most avail,
 A virtue's branch and beautie's head,
 Reliven not for any good.

O heavy herse!
 The branch once dead, the bud eke a
 O careful verse!

She, while she was, that (was a wofe
 For beauty's praise and pleafance had us
 So well the couth the shepherds entai
 With cakes and cracknels, and such coar
 Ne would she scorn the simple shep-berd
 For she would call him often heam,
 And give him curds and cherted cream.

O heavy herse!
 Als Colin Clout she would not once dis
 O careful verse!

But now like happy cheer is turn'd
 chaunce,

Such pleafance now misplac'd by dolor's
 All musick sleeps, where death doth
 dappoe,

And shepherds' wonted solace is extind.
 The blue in black, the green in gray, is
 The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
 The faded flowers her corse embrace,

O heavy herse!
 Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with
 sprint;

O careful verse!
 O thou great shepherd, Lobbin, bow
 thy grief;

Where bin the nosegays that she dight f
 The coloured chaplets wrought with a d
 The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rofemas
 For she deemed nothing too dear for the
 Ah! they been all yclad in clay,
 One bitter blast blew all away,
 O heavy herse!

Thereof nought remains but the memore
 O careful verse!

Ay me! that dreery death should
 mortal stroke,

That can undo Dame Nature's kindly cou
 The faded locks fall from the lofty oke,
 The fouds do grasp, for dried is their fo
 And fouds of tears flow in their sted pe
 The mantled meadows mourn,
 Their fundry colours tourn.

O heavy herse?
 The heavens melt in tears without remor
 O careful verse!

The feeble flocks in field refuse thei
 food,

And hang their heads as they would
 weep;

The beasts in forest wild as they were w
 Except the wolves, that chafe the wandri
 Now she is gone that safely did hem kee
 The turtle on the bared branch

Laments the wound that death did launc
 O heavy herse!

And Philomel her song with tears doth
 O careful verse!

The water nymphs that went with he
 and dance,

And for her girlond olive branches bear,
 Now baleful boughs of cyprus done adv

es, that were wont green bays to wear,
 When bitter elder branches sore;
 O Sisters eke repent
 That thread so soon was spent.
 herse! [chear;
 ow, my Muse, now mourn with heavy
 verse! [hope
 less state of earthly things, and slipper
 men, that swink and sweat for mought,
 the wide, do misse the marked samps;
 e I learn'd (a lesson dearly bought)
 on earth assurance to be sought;
 might be in earthly mould
 her buried body hold?
 verse!
 on the beere when it was brought;
 verse!
 ingre Death, and dreaded Sisters' deadly
 ight,
 s of hell, and fiery furies force,
 the bonds broke of eternal night,
 unbodied of the burdenous carge?
 weeps Lobbin, then so without remorse?
 thy losse no longer lament;
 lead, but into heaven hent.
 herse!
 w, my Muse, now cease thy sorrow's
 urse,
 verse!
 l we then? why weary we the gods with
 aints,
 e evil were to her betight?
 a goddess now among the faints,
 'lom was the faint of shepherds light,
 stalled now in heaven's hight.
 blessed soul, I see
 Elysian fields so free.

O happy herse!
 Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
 O joyful verse!
 Unwife and wretched men to weet what's good
 or ill,
 We deem of death as doom of ill desert;
 But knew we, Fools, what it us brings until,
 Die would we daily, once it to expert;
 No danger there the shepherd can assert;
 Fair fields and pleasant laye there been;
 The fields are fresh, the grafs are green.
 O happy herse!
 Cease now my song, my woe now wasted is;
 O joyful verse!
 Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the
 next?
 Their lives she with the blessed gods in blifs,
 There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,
 And joys enjoys that mortal men do misse.
 The honour now of highest god she is,
 That whylom was poor shepherds' pride,
 While here on earth she did abide.
 O happy herse!
 Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
 O joyful verse!"
 THE. Aye, frank shepherd, how been thy verses
 ment
 With doleful pleasance, so as I ne wot,
 Whether rejoyce or weep for great constraint?
 Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.
 Up, Colin up, ynough thou mourned hast;
 Now 'gins to misse, hic we homeward fast.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

The Argument.

This last Æglogue, like the first, is a soliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the pleasures and levities of his youth, the progress of his riper years, and complaining that his life is now blasted, and brought to its winter season, through his long and hopeless passion for Rosalind.

THE gentle shepherd fate besides a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy breere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere :
There as he fate in secret shade alone,
Thus 'gan he make of love his piteous moan.

“ O sovereign Pan ! thou god of shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Do't save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their maisters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and
ward ;

I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun'd to shepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever sonnet sung so clear,
As it with pleasure mought thy fancy feed ;
Hearken awhile from thy green cabinet,
The lawrel song of careful Colin.

Whilom in youth, when flow'r'd my youthful
spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there,
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted danger had no fear :
I went the waulful woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to been espic.

range amid the mazy thickot,
 Or nuts to make my Christmas-game,
 I oft to chace the trembling pricket,
 He heartless hare till she were tame,
 I asked I of wintry ages wait?
 And I my spring would ever last.

Have I scal'd the craggy oak,
 I lodge the raven of her nest?
 I wearied, with many a stroke,
 By walnut-tree, the while the oak
 I tree fell all for nuts at strife?
 Or me was liberty and life.

Was in think fame loofer yeers
 The Muse so wrought me from my
 birth,
 much believ'd my shepherd peers
 I bent to song and musick's mirth,
 I'd shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
 by art more cunning in the fame.

Once I durst in derring to compare
 My shepherd's swain whatever fed in field;
 at Hobbinol right judgment bare,
 His own self pipe I need not yeeld:
 His flocking nymphs did follow Pan,
 His Muses after Colin ran.

Such pride at length was ill repaid;
 My herds' god (perdy god was he none)
 His pleasure did me ill upbraid,
 My om lorn, my life he left to none.
 My y him called that gave me checkmate,
 My r mought they have beheld him Hate.

My lovely spring bid me farewell,
 My mer season sped him to display
 He then in the Lion's house did dwell)
 My ng fire that kindled at his ray
 My stir'd up that unkindly heat,
 My med (as men said) in Venus' feat.

As I led, not as I wont afore,
 My voice I had to shufe my wandring way,
 My ther Luck and Love's unbridled lore
 My had me forth on fancies bit to play:
 My my bed, the bramble was my bow'r,
 My ds can witness many a woful stow'r.

Was wont to seek the hony bee,
 My her formal rowms in waxen frame,
 My fly todestool grown there mought I see,
 My hed paddocks lording on the same:
 My ere the chaunting birds lull'd me asleep,
 My sly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

The spring gives place to elder Time,
 My ogeth forth the fruit of sommer's pride,
 My y age, now passed youthly prime,
 My s of riper season self apply'd,
 My n'd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 My might save my sheep and me from
 hame.

To make fine cages for the nightingale,
 And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
 Who to enrap the fish in winding sale
 Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt?
 I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
 How Phoebus fails, where Venus sits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
 The suddain rising of the raging seas,
 The sooth of birds, by beating of their wings,
 The pow'r of herbe, both which can hurt and ease,
 And which he wont t'enrage the restless sheep,
 And which he wont to work eternal sleep.

But, ah! unwise and witless Colin Clout,
 I that kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed,
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy fore heart-root,
 Whose rankling wound as yet does rifele bleed.
 Why liv'st thou still, and yet hast thy death's
 wound?
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my sommer worn away and wasted,
 Thus is my harvest hasten'd all too rathe;
 The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.
 Of all the seed that in youth was sown,
 Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

My boughs and bloomies, that crowned were at
 And promised of timely fruit such store, [first,
 Are left both bare and barren now at earst;
 The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
 And rotted, e'er they were half mellow ripe;
 My harvest waste, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew
 Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd long;
 Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,
 Yet dew'd with tears they han been e'er among,
 Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spite,
 To spill the flowers that should her girlond light?

And I, that whilom wont to frame my pipe
 Unto the shifting of the shepherd's foot,
 Like follies now have gather'd as too ripe,
 And cast hem out as rotten and unfoot.
 The loofer las I cast to please no more,
 One if I please enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
 Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care,
 Which when I thought have thresh'd in swelling
 sheave,
 Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare:
 Soon as the chaff should in the fan be fin'd,
 All blown away was of the wavering wind.

So now my year draws to my latter term,
 My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
 My harvest hastes to stir up Winter stern,
 And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right:
 So now he storms with many a sturdy flour;
 So now his blustering blast each coast doth scour.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.—DECEMBER.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows old hath plight;
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure, past;
No sun now shines, clouds han all over-cast.

Now leave, you Shepherds' Boys, your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarfe and weary of this stound;
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better found:
Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after winter dreary death does haste.

Gather together ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me most lief;

Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
E'er the breme winter breed your greater;
Winter is come, that blows the baleful bre,
And after winter cometh timely death.

Adieu, Delights, that lulled me asleep;
Adieu, my Dear, whose love I bought for
Adieu, my little Lambs and loved Sheep;
Adieu, ye Woods, that oft my witness were
Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind Colin bids her adieu.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Proicit ingenio, caetera mortis erant.

EPILOGUE.

Loe! I have made a Calendar for every yeere,
That steale in strength, and time in durance, shall
outweare,
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the world's dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepherd how to feed his
sheepe,
And from the falser's fraude his folded flocke to
keepe.
Goe, little Calendar! thou hast a free passport;
Goe, but a lowely gate amongst the meauer fort:

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tity
stife,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-ma
awhile;
But follow them farre off, and their big
adore;
The better please, the worfe displease; I
more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

H Y M N S.

To the right Honourable and most vertuous Ladies,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADY MARY,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymns in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies so call in the Verse; but being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or naturall love and beauty) two others of heavenly and celestial; the which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me, until such time as I may, by better means, yield you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happiness. And even so I pray for your happiness.

Your Honours most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

Greenwich, this first of
September 1596.

EDMUND SPENSER.

H Y M N S.

A N H Y M N

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdu'd my poor captiv'd heart,
And raging now therein with restless stowre,
Dost tyrannize in every weaker part,
Fain would I seek to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t' assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquest to areed,
By which thou madest many hearts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embru'd,
And by thy cruel darts to thee subdu'd.

Only I fear my wits, enfeebled late
Through the sharp sorrows which thou hast me
bred,

Should faint, and words should fail me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head:
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to over spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mighty God of
Love!

Out of thy silver bowres and secret blifs,
Where thou dost sit in Venus' lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kifs,
That sweeter far than any nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengful darts;
And ye, fair-Nymphs! which oftentimes have
loved

The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your hearts

For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft when you were sorry.

And ye, fair blossoms of youth's wanton breed
Which in the conquests of your beauty's bait,
Wherewith your lover's feeble eyes you feed,
But starve their hearts, that needeth nurture and
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymn to sing,
Made in the honour of your sovereign king.

GREAT God of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy best dost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That dost the lions and fell tygers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy scornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight,
Who can express the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity,
And yet a child, renewing still thy years,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peers?

For e'er this world's still moving mighty mass
Out of great Chaos' ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaven's view, and in deep darkness kept
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus' lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan rear his head, by Clotho being waked.

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heaven's life-giving fire,
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,

h eagle, made his hardy flight
great wide waste yet wanting light.

light to guide his wandring way,
mother, for all creatures' sake,
light from her own goodly ray;
the world his way he gan to take,
hat was not till he did it make,
y parts he from themselves did sever,
efore had lyen confus'd ever.

ie air, the water, and the fire,
range themselves in huge array,
strary forces to conspire
other by all means they may;
heir own confusion and decay:
th, and water hated fire,
ented their rebellious ire.

n took, and tempering goodly well
ry dislikes with loved means,
m all in order, and compell
nselfes within their sundry reigns,
k'd with adamantine chains;
t in every living wight
themselves, and shew their kindly
t.

they firmly have remained,
ill observed his behest;
now all these things that are contained
goodly cope, both most and least,
have, and daily are increas'd
et sparks of his infused fire,
e barren cold he doth inspire.

y all do live, and moved are
the likeness of their kind,
seek only, without further care,
he flame which they in burning find;
it breathes a more immortal mind,
s sake, but for eternity,
rge his lasting progeny:

yet in his deducted spright
remaining of that heavenly fire,
in'd with that goodly light,
odly semblant to aspire;
choice of love he doth desire
on earth most heavenly to embrace,
Beauty, born of heavenly race.

ill that in this mortall frame
nought more divine doth seem,
nbleth more th' immortal flame
light, than beauty's glorious beam.
er then if with such rage extreme
hose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
roof so much enrivish'd be?

perceiving, that imperious boy
with tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
cing thro the eyes with count'nance

Rest not till they have pierc'd the trembling
hearts,

And kindled flames in all their inner parts,
Which sucks the blood, and drinketh up the life
Of careful wretches with consuming grief.

Thenceforth they 'plain, and make full piteous
moan

Unto the author of their baleful bane;
The days they waste, the nights they grieve and
groom,

Their lives they loath, and heaven's light disdain;
No light but that whose lamp doth yet remain
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They 'sdeign to see, and seeing it still die.

The whilst thou tyrant Love dost laugh and scorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy play,
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls forlorn,
The whiles thou dost triumph in their decay;
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou dost enmarble the proud heart of her
Whose love before their life they do prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassal, whose yet bleeding heart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so
fore,

That whole remains scarce any little part;
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrozen her disdainful breast,
That no one drop of pity there doth rest.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dost shew no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to shake the rigour of my shame?
Certes small glory dost thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the sovereign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou dost afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doth thy lovely heasts despise,
And on thy subjects most dost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That ere thou dost them unto grace restore,
Thou maist well try if thou wilt ever swerve,
And maist them make it better to deserve,
And having got it, may it more esteem;
For things hard gotten men more deadly deem.

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfir'd
As things divine, least passions do impress,
The more of stedfast minds to be admir'd,
The more they stay'd be on stedfastness;
But baseborn minds such lamps regard the less,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fire;
Such fancies feel no love, but loose desire.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust,
Whose base effect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a smold'ring in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves
ensure

To dirty dross, no higher dare aspire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestial fire
Which kindleth love in generous desire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it self excel,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,
Still full, yet never satisfide with it,
Like Tantalus, that in store doth starved lie,
So doth he pine in most fatiery;
For nought may quench his infinite desire,
Once kindled through that first conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attain;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seems in it all blisses to contain,
In fight whereof all other bliss seems vain:
Thrice happy Man! might he the same possess,
He fains himself, and doth his fortune bless.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus far happy he himself doth ween,
That heavens such happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seen
His heart's enshrined saint, his heaven's queen,
Fairer then fairest, in his faining eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicity.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do her favour to obtain;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what adventurous pain
May please her best, and grace unto him gain;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he bears.

Thou art his god, thou art his mighty guide,
Thou, being blind, lest him not see his fears,
But carriest him to that which he hath ey'd,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and spears;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armet his resistless hand.

Witness Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Trojan fire,
Achilles pressing through the Phrygian gates
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his love retire;
For both through heaven and hell thou may
way,

To win them worship'd which do thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these pains
He may but purchase liking in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himself he gains
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die again,
To live thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more near, till in her inward held
He may embosom'd be and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than belchish pain!
And to his feigning fantasie represent
Sights never seen, and thousand shadows vain,
To break his sleep, and waste his idle brain:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not believe
Least part of th' evils which poor lovers give.

The gnawing envy, the heart-spleeting fear,
The vain fancies, the distrustful shows,
The false reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The feigned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more than any tongue can tell
Do make a lover's life a wretch's hell.

Yet is there one more curst than they all,
That canker-worm, that monster, Jealousie,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all Love's delight to misery,
Through fear of loosing his felicity.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

By thee, O Love! thou dost thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and dost the more endear
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after storms, when clouds begin to clear,
The sun more bright and glorious doth appear:
So thou thy folk, through pains of Purgatory,
Dost bear unto thy bliss, and heaven's glory.

There thou them placest in a paradise
Of all delight and joyous happy rest,
Where they do feed on nectar heavenly wit,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest,
Of Venus' dearlings, through her bounty blest,
And lie like gods in ivory beds arrayd,
With rose and lilies over them displayd.

with thy daughter Pleasure they do play
 hurtles sports, without rebuke or blame,
 her snowy bosom boldly lay
 quiet heads, devoid of guilty shame,
 all joyance of their gentle game ;
 her they crown their goddeſs and their
 queen,
 deck with flowers thy altars well beſeen.

! dear Lord ! that ever I might hope
 the pains and woes that I endure,
 to at length unto the wiſhed ſcope

Of my deſire, or might myſelf aſſure
 That happy port for ever to recure !
 Then would I think theſe pains no pains at all,
 And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortal praiſe
 And heavenly hymn, ſuch as the angels ſing,
 And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
 Above all the gods, thee only honouring ;
 My guide, my god, my victor, and my king :
 Till then, dread Lord ! vouchſafe to take of me
 This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

A N H Y M N

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY.

Am! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry me?
 What wontless fury dost thou now inspire
 Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
 Whilst seeking to allake thy raging fire,
 Thou in me kindest much more great desire,
 And up aloft above my strength dost raise
 The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I carst, in praise of thine own name,
 So now in honour of thy mother dear,
 An honourable Hymn like should frame,
 And with the brightness of her beauty clear,
 The ravish'd hearts of gazeful men might rear
 To admiration of that heavenly light,
 From whence proceeds such soul-enchanting
 might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddess! Queen of
 Beauty,
 Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
 Without whose sovereign grace and kindly duty
 Nothing on earth seems fair to fleshly sight,
 Do thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
 T'illuminate my dim and dulled eye,
 And beautify this sacred Hymn of thine:

Oh to thee, to whom I mean it most,
 Her, whose fair immortal beam
 fire into my feeble ghost,
 wasted is with woe's extrem,
 se, that she at length will stream
 grace into my wither'd heart,
 -fuming smart.

WHAT time this world's great Work
 cast
 To make all things such as we now be
 It seems that he before his eyes had pl
 A goodly pattern, to whose perfect m
 He fashion'd them as comely as he cou
 That now so fair and seemly they app
 As nought may be amended any when

That wondrous pattered, wherefoer it
 Whether in earth laid up in secret stor
 Or else in heaven, that no man may i
 With sinful eyes, for fear it to defore
 Is perfect Beauty, which all men ador
 Whose face and feature doth so much
 All mortal sense, that none the same:

Thereof as every earthly thing partak
 Or more or less, by influence divine,
 So it more fair accordingly it makes,
 And the gross matter of this earthly:
 Which closeth it thereafter doth refin
 Doing away the dross which dims the
 Of that fair beam which therein is en

For through infusion of celestial pow
 The duller earth it quickneth with de
 And life-full spirits privily doth pour
 Through all the parts, that to the lool
 They seem to please; that is thy lover
 O Cyprian queen! which flowing from
 Of thy bright star, thou into them del

which giveth pleasant grace
 that kindleth lively fire,
 p, which shining in the face,
 darts amorous desire,
 rts of those which it admire ;
 ointest thy son's pois'ned arrow,
 ic life, and wastes the inmost

do idle wits invent,
 might else but mixture made
 id goodly temp'rament
 ons, that shall quickly fade
 ke to a summer's shade;
 omely composition
 sur'd, with meet disposition ;

ed is it such wondrous powre,
 ce through th' eyes unto the

uch rage and restlesse stowre,
 ath can stint his dolorous smart ?
 of the outward part
 ion in the inward mind,
 oth sense and reason blind ?

the blossoms of the field,
 d with much more orient hue,
 most dainty odours yield,
 lion in the looker's view ?
 ir pictures like powre shew,
 s we Nature see of Art
 & limning every part ?

ic there is more than so,
 wonders in the minds of men ;
 prov'd too well it know,
 ic like assays to ken,
 , and confess it then,
 ot, as fond men misdeem,
 of things that only seem.

odly hue of white and red,
 he cheeks are sprinkled, shall

rosie leaves, so fairly spread
 ll fade and fall away
 e, even to corrupted clay :
 , those sparkling stars so bright,
 , and lose their goodly light.

p, from whose celestial ray
 ds, which kindleth lovers' fire,
 tinguish'd, nor decay,
 al spirits do expire,
 planct shall retire ;
 / born and cannot die,
 f the purest sky.

il, the which derived was,
 at great immortal spright,
 : to love, whylom did pass
 : op of purest heaven's high
 here, it then took light

And lively spirits from that fairest star
 Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which powre retaining still or more or less
 When she in fleshy seed is est enrac'd,
 Through every part she doth the same impress,
 According as the heavens have her graced,
 And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
 Fit for her self, adorning it with spoil
 Of th' heavenly riches which she robb'd ere-
 while.

Thereof it comes, that these fair souls, which
 have
 The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
 Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
 Their fleshy bowre, most fit for their delight,
 And the gross matter by a sovereign might
 Temper so trim, that it may well be seen
 A palace fit for such a virgin queen.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 So is the fairer body doth procure
 To habit, and it more fairely dight
 With chearful grace and amiable light ;
 For of the soul the body form doth take ;
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
 A comely corpse, with beauty fair endew'd,
 Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soul, with fair conditions shew'd,
 Fit to receive the seed of vertue srew'd ;
 For all that fair is, is by nature good ;
 That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
 Dwells in deformed tabernacle dround,
 Either by chance, against the course of kind,
 Or through unsaptness in the substance found,
 Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
 That will not yield unto her form's direction,
 But is perform'd with some soul imperfection.

And oft it falls (ay me, the more to rue !)
 That goodly Beauty, albe heavenly born,
 Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue,
 Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
 Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
 Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
 But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's blame,
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :
 Natheless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
 However fleshes fault it filthy make.
 For things immortal no corrup

But ye, fair Dames! the we
 And lively images of heave
 Let not your beams with fl
 H h

Be dimm'd, and your bright glory darkned quite;
But mindful still of your first country's sight,
Do still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shines in your beauteous face.

Loath that foul blot, that hellish firebrand,
Disloyal lust, fair Beauty's foulest blame,
That base affection, which your ears would bland,
Commend to you by Love's abused name,
But is indeed the bond-slave of Defame,
Which will the girland of your glory mar,
And quench the light of your bright-shining star.

But gentle Love, that loyal is and true,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightness to your goodly hue,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of your's, your likeness doth display;
Like as two mirrors by oppos'd reflection,
Do both express the face's first impression.

Therefore to make your beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain may;
For else what booteth that celestial ray,
If it in darkness be enshrin'd ever,
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of loves this well advise,
That likeliest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms' first source may sympathize,

And with like beauty's parts be inly deckt;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant war,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jar.

For love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts compos'd of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true consent,
Which they have harbour'd since their first descent

Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see,
And know each other here below'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in Love's gentle band combined be
But those whom Heaven did at first ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all that like the beauty which they see
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light
As straight to burn at first beholder's sight.

But they which love indeed look otherwise,
With pure regard and spotless true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refined form, which they present
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from flesh's frail infection,

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in itself it hath remaining still,
Of that first sun, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirror of his own thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirit's proportion to agree,
He thereon fixing all his fantastic,
And fully setteth his felicity,
Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairness doth exceed.

For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other mens, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see,
Through mutual receipt of beames bright,
Which carry privy message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost fair display,
As plain as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glances
Armies of Loves still flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery launces;
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
Who seeing her fair eyes' so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrows with one sweet aspect.

In which how many wonders do they read
To their conceit, that others never see?
Now of her smiles, with which their souls do feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets meet;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words' embassage forth she send,
Lord, how sweet musick that unto them lead!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their
fight

Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night;
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties' store,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend,
That in mens hearts thou maist thy throne
install,

And spread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then is, triumph! O great Beauty's Queen,
Advance the banner of thy conquest high,
That all this world, the which thy vassals been,
May draw to thee, and with due fealty
Adore the powre of thy great majesty,

ng this Hyman in honour of thy name,
 ill'd by me, which thy poor liegeman am !

u whereof grant, O great Sovereign !
 the whose conquering beauty doth captive
 rembling heart in her eternal chain,
 drop of grace at length will to me give,
 I her bounden thrall by her may live,
 this same life, which first from me she reaved,
 owe to her, of whom I is received.

And you fair Vents' dearling, my dear Dread !
 Fresh flowre of grace, great goddess of my life,
 When your fair eyes these fearful lines shall
 read,

Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
 That may recure my heart's long pining grief,
 And shew what wondrous powre your beauty
 hath.

That can restore a damned wight from death.

H h ij

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
 From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
 Where I may see those admirable things
 Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
 Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
 That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may sing
 Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's King.

Many lewd lays (ah! wee is me the more!)
 In praise of that mad fit which fools call Love,
 I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
 That in light wits did loose affection move;
 But all those follies now I do reprove,
 And turned have the tenor of my string,
 The heavenly praises of true Love to sing.

And ye that went with greedy vain desire
 To read my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
 To warm your selves at my wide sparkling fire,
 Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
 And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
 For who my pasted follies now pursues,
 Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
 Are now contain'd, found any being-place,
 Ere flitting Time could wag his eyes wings
 About that mighty bound which doth embrace
 The rolling sphere, and parts their hovers by
 space,
 That high eternal Powre, which now doth move
 In all these things, mov'd in it self by love.

It lov'd it self, because it self was fair,
 (For fair is lov'd, and of it self begot
 Like to it self his eldest Son and heir,
 Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
 The firrling of his joy, in whom no jot
 Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
 Whom he therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With him he reign'd, before all time prescribed,
 In endless glory and immortal might,
 Together with that third from them derived,
 Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright!
 Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly
 wight
 Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
 With equal words can hope it to reherse

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
 Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
 Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
 Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
 That may my rimes with sweet infuse embrow,
 And give me words equal unto my thought,
 To tell the marvels by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powerful grace,
 And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
 Things like himself, and to enlarge his race,
 His second brood, though not of powre to great,
 Yet full of beauty, next he did beget,
 An infinite increate of angels bright,
 All glitting glorious in their Maker's light.

the heavens' illimitable height
 round heaven, which we from hence
 hold,
 with thousand lamps of burning light,
 ten thousand gems of shining gold)
 as their inheritance to hold,
 might serve him in eternal bliss,
 artakers of those joys of his.

in their trinal triplicities
 n wait, and on his will depend,
 th nimble wings to cut the skies,
 them on his messages doth send,
 own drad presence to attend,
 ey behold the glory of his light,
 ll hymns of love both day and night.

and night is unto them all one,
 beams do:h unto them extend,
 nefs there appeareth never none;
 heir day, ne hath their bliss, an end,
 their tameless time in pleasure spend;
 ould their happiness decay,
 hey dar'd their Lord to disobay.

, impatient of long resting peace,
 hem up with greedy bold ambition,
 'gan cast their state how to increase
 : fortune of their first condition,
 : God's own seat without commission :
 test angel, even the child of Light,
 lions more against their God to fight.

ghty, seeing their so bold assay,
 he flame of his consuming ire,
 his only breath them blew away
 ven's hight, to which they did aspire,
 hell, and lake of damned fire,
 ey in darkness and drad horror dwell,
 e happy light from which they fell.

xt off-spring of the Maker's love,
 imself in glorious degree,
 g to hate fell from above
 pride, (for pride and love may ill
 rec)
 of sin to all ensample be :
 : can sinful flesh it self assure,
 t angels fall to be impure ?

ternal fount of love and grace,
 ng forth his goodness unto all,
 g left a waste and empty place
 e palace, through those angels' fall,
 pply the fame, and to'ntall
 known colonie therein,
 t from earth's base ground-work should
 gin.

of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
 d by wondrous skill, and by his might,
 : to an heavenly pattern wrought,
 had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
 id make, and breath'd a living spright

Into his face, most beautiful and fair,
 Endew'd with wisdom, riches heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resembled might
 Himself, as mortal thing immortal could ;
 Him to be lord of every living wight
 He made by love out of his own like mould,
 In whom he might his mighty self behold ;
 For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
 That like it self in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his maker's grace
 No less than angels, whom he did ensue,
 Fell from the hope of promis'd heavenly place,
 Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
 And all his off-spring into thralldom threw,
 Where they for ever should in bonds remain
 Of never-dead yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at
 first

Made of meer love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
 In that deep horror of despaired hell,
 Him, wretch, in dool would let no longer
 dwell,

But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extrem.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
 In which he reigned with his glorious fire,
 He down descended, like a most demis
 And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
 That he for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
 And him restore unto that happy state
 In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide ;
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man sur-
 pass,
 Could make amends to God for man's mis-
 guide,

But only man himself, whose self did slide :
 So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
 For man's dear sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
 Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torn
 Of cruel hands, who with despightful shame
 Reviling him, that them most vile became,
 At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
 And slew the Just by most unjust decrec.

O huge and most unspeakable impresson
 Of Love's deep wound, that pierst the pitious
 heart

Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
 And sharply launcing every inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soul did dart,
 Doing him die that never it deserved,
 To free his foes, that from his heart had
 swerved!

H Y M N S.

How can we feel least touch of so sore launch,
How can we think the depth of so dear
And?

Whose needling source their streams yet never
stanch,

But still do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heal the sores of sinful souls unfound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime
Which was enrooted in all fleshy lime.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flowre of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!
Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain:
Aye me! what can us less than that behove?
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band,
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As he himself hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amis,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the fool of life, which now we have,
Even he himself, in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price redeemed
That we however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed
Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Ensampl'd it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,

And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much himself that loved us we love.

Then rouse thy self, O Earth! out of thy slumber,
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
And doost thy mind in durry pleasures murther,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded eyne,
That thou this sovereign bounty maist behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toyful oxe and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes fought on lowest knee.

Then hence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaultry ways,
His sancted foes, his fights, his toil, his strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assay,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wight
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused,
How with most scornful taunts, and fell despite
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abused;
How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how
bruised;
And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucifide,
With bitter wound through hands, through
and side!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soul, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in griev'd thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy festned spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his sovereign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must him love, and his bechalls embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth bind,
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy self unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself for thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possess'd,
And ravish't with devouring great desire
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast

ne with love, and set thee all on fire
burning zeal, through every part entire,
in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
a his sweet and amiable sight.

ceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
durt and drofs in thy pure sighted eye,
par'd to that celestial beauty's blaze,
se glorious beams all fleshy sense doth daze

With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and luming the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idee of his pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above.

H Y M N S

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravish'd thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly fights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited sprights,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortal eyes below,
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly fight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-seeming shews, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order due,
To contemplation of th' immortal skye;
Of the soar faulcon so I learn to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger flight can breathe,

Then look who list, thy gazeful eyes to feed
With sight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein reed
The endless kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aim,

All which are made with wondrous
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First, the earth, on adamantine pillars
Amid the sea, engirt with brasen bands
Then th' air still sitting, but yet firm
On every side, with piles of flaming
Never consum'd, nor quencht with m
And, last, that mighty shining crystal
Wherewith he hath encompassed this

By view whereof it plainly may appea
That still as every thing doth upward
And further is from earth, so still mor
And fair it grows, till to his perfect e
Of purest Beauty it at last ascend;
Ayr more than water, fire much more
And heaven than fire, appears more
fair.

Look thou no further, but affix thine
On that bright shiny round still movin
The house of blessed Gods, which me
All fow'd with glistring stars more
grafts,
Whereof each other doth in brightnes
But those two most, which ruling
day,
As king and queen the heaven's empir

And tell me then, what hast thou ever
That to their beauty may compared b
Or can the sight that is most sharp an
Endure their captain's flaming head to
How much less those, much higher in
And so much fairer, and much more t
As these are fairer than the land and s

these heavens which here we see
 exceeding these in light,
 not corrupt, as these same be,
 largeness and in height,
 incorrupt, and spotless bright,
 sun t' illuminate their spheres,
 native light far passing theirs.

heavens still by degrees arise,
 come to their first Mover's bound,
 mighty compass doth comprise,
 the rest with him around,
 wife do by degrees redound,
 e fair, till they at last arrive
 fair, whereto they all do strive.

aven where happy souls have place,
 nent of felicity,
 do still behold the glorious face
 eternal Majesty;
 hat where those ideas on his
 which Plato so admired,
 elligences from God inspired,

that heaven in which do reign
 n powers and mighty potentates,
 ir high protections do contain
 rinces and imperial states;
 et, whereas the royal seats
 y dominations are set,
 all earthly governance is set.

fair be those bright cherubims,
 th golden wings are over-dight,
 erual burning seraphims,
 their faces dart out fiery light;
 thou they both, and much more
 t,
 and archangels, which attend
 n person without rest or end.

fair each other far excelling,
 hest they approach more near,
 ghest far beyond all telling,
 ll the rest which there appear,
 heir beauties joynd together were;
 n mortal tongue hope to express
 f such endless perfectness?

ny tongue! and leud unto my mind
 ink how great that Beauty is
 t parts so beautiful I find;
 ore those essential parts of his,
 s love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
 s doom, his mercy, and his might,
 lends us of himself a sight!

ll he daily doth display,
 nself in th' image of his grace,
 g-glass, through which he may
 his creatures vile and base,
 ble else to see his face,
 face! which glistereth else so bright,
 elselves cannot endure his sight.

But we, frail wights! whose sight cannot sustain
 The sun-bright beams when he on us doth shine,
 But that their points rebutted back again
 Are dull'd, how can we see with feeble cyne
 The glory of that majesty divine,
 In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
 Compar'd to his least resplendent spark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
 Him to behold, is on his works to look,
 Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
 And in the same, as in a brazen book,
 To read enregistred in every nook
 His goodness, which his beauty doth declare;
 For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
 To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
 Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
 From this dark world, whose damps the soul do
 And like the native brood of eagles kind, [blind,
 On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
 Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
 Before the footstool of his majesty
 Throw thyself down, with trembling innocence,
 Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
 On the dread face of that great Deity,
 For fear lest if he chance to look on thee
 Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,
 Close cover'd with the Lamb's integrity,
 From the just wrath of his avengeful threat
 That sits upon the righteous throne on high;
 His throne is built upon eternity,
 More firm and durable than steel or brass,
 Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

His sceptre is the rod of righteousness,
 With which he brufeth all his foes to dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
 Under the rigour of his judgment just;
 His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
 From whence proceed her beams so pure and
 bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light far exceeding that bright blazing spark
 Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
 That with his beams enlumineth the dark
 And dampish air, whereby all things are red,
 Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
 Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
 The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine
 Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
 More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
 Through which to God all mortal actions here
 And even the thoughts of men, do plain appear;
 For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
 Through heavenly vertue which her beams doth breed.

H Y M N S.

At glory of that wondrous light
 all encompass'd around,
 His own brightness from the light
 All that look thereon with eyes unbound;
 Beneath his feet are to be found
 And lightning, and tempestuous fire,
 The instruments of his avenging ire.

There in
 The sov
 Clad like
 Of crea
 ice doth sit,
 the Deity,
 robes, most fit
 erless majesty,
 wels gorgeously
 in the stars appear,
 htncls seem more clear,

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Both heaven and earth obey unto he will,
 And all the creatures which they both contain;
 For of her fulness which the world doth fill
 They all partake, and do in state remain
 As their great Maker did at first ordain,
 Through observation of her high behest,
 By which they first were made and still increas't.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,
 For she the daughters of all women's race,
 And angels eke, in beauty doth excell,
 Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
 And more increas't by her own goodly grace,
 That it doth far exceed all humane thought,
 Ne can on earth compar'd be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
 Which pictur'd Venus with so curious quill,
 That all posterity admir'd it,
 Have pourtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
 Ne she herself, had she remained still,
 And were as fair as fabled wits do feign,
 Could once come near this Beauty sovereign.

But had those wits, the wonders of their days,
 Or that sweet Teian poet, which did spend
 His plenteous vein in setting forth her praise,
 Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend,
 How wondrously would her face commend,
 Above that idole of his faining thought,
 That all the world should with his rimes be
 fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
 Presume to picture so divine a wight,
 Or hope t' express her least perfections part,
 Whose beauty fills the heavens with her light,
 And darks the earth with shadow of her sight?
 Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weak and faint
 The pourtrait of so heavenly hue to point.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
 And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,
 And those most sacred mysteries unfold
 Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King;
 Enough is me t' admire so heavenly thing,
 And being thus with her huge love possest,
 In th' only wonder of herself to rest.

But who so may, thrice happy man him hold,
 Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace
 And lets his own beloved to behold;
 For in the view of her celestial face
 All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place;
 Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
 Who of herself can win the wishful sight.

he, out of her secret treasury,
 A store of riches forth on him will pour,
 And heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
 In the closet of her chastest bowte,
 A eternal portion of her precious dowte,
 Which mighty God hath given to her free,
 To all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
 Touchsafeth to her presence to receive,
 And letteth them her lovely face to see,
 Whereof such wondrous pleasures the conceive,
 A sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
 Her soul of sense through infinite delight,
 And them transport from flesh into the spright

In which they see such admirable things,
 As carries them into an extasy,
 And hear such heavenly notes and carolings
 Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen sky,
 And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
 That maketh them all worldly care forget,
 And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
 Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
 But all that earth seem'd sweet seems now offence,
 And all that pleas'd earth now seems to pain:
 Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
 Is fixed all on that which now they see;
 All other sights but fained shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to enflame
 The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
 Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame,
 And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire
 By name of Honour, and so much desire,
 Seems to them balencis, and all riches dross,
 And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
 And senses fraught with such fatietie,
 That in nought else on earth they can
 light,
 But in the aspect of that felicitie,
 Which they have written in their inward eye,
 On which they feed, and in their fast need mind
 All happy joy and full contentment find.

<p>then, my hungry Soul! which long hast fed, die fancies of my foolish thought, with false Beauty's flattering bait misled, after vain deceitful shadows sought, ch all are fled, and now have left thee nought late repentance through thy folly's grief, cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;</p>	<p>And look at last up to that sovereign light From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs, That kindleth love in every godly spright, Even the love of God, which loathing brings Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things; With whose sweet pleasures being so possess'd, Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.</p>
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THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

I.
BEING one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greatest god delight;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Under a rock where she, alas! oppress'd,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel Death vanquishing so noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail so hard a destiny.

II.
After at sea a tall ship did appear,
Made all of heben and white ivory;
The sails of gold, of silk the tackle were;
Mild was the wind, calm seem'd the sea to be,
The sky each where did show full bright and
fair:

With rich treasures this gay ship fraught was,
But sudden storm did so turmoil the air,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a rock that under water lay,
And perished past all recovery.
O how great ruth and forrowful assay
Doth vex my spirit with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to see lost and dround
So great riches as like cannot be found!

III.
The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lully laurel-tree,
Amidst the young green wood of Paradise;
Some noble plant I thought to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundry melody,
That with their sweetness I was ravisht nere.
While on this laurel fix'd was mine eye,

The sky 'gan every where to over-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heaven's fire out-brast,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root;
Which makes me much and ever to complain,
For no such shadow shall be had again.

IV.
Within this wood, out of a rock did rise
A spring of water mildly tumbling down,
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely shepherd nor the ruder clown,
But many Muses and the Nymphs withal,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft founding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thereto did much rejoice.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth devour
The spring, the place, and all clean out
of sight,

Which yet aggrieves my heart even to
hour,
And wounds my soul with ruful memory,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

V.
I saw a phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and crest of golden hue;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anon
That of some heavenly wight I had the view,
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring that late devoured was.
What say I more? Each thing at last we see
Doth pass away: the phoenix there (alas!)
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himself smote with his beak, as in disdain,
And so forthwith in great despite he dide,
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For ruth and pity of so hapless plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI.

so fair a lady did I spy,
 looking yet on her I burn and quake;
 and flowres she walked pensively,
 it yet love she proudly did forsake:
 seem'd her robes, yet woven as they were,
 and gold together had been wrought.
 he waite a dark cloud shrouded her,
 as serpent by the heel her caught,
 with she languisht as the gather'd flowre,
 I assur'd she mounted up to joy.
 on earth so nothing doth endure,
 or grief and sorrowful annoy,
 make this life wretched and miserable,
 with storms of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle trustles state
 Of vain world's glory, sitting to and fro,
 And mortal men tossed by troublous Fate,
 In restless seas of wretchedness and woe,
 I wish I might this weary life forego,
 And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
 Where my free spirit might not any more
 Be vext with sights that do her peace molest.
 And ye, fair Lady! in whose bounteous breast
 All heavenly grace and virtue shined is,
 When ye these rimes do read, and view the rest,
 Loath this base world, and think of heaven's bliss;
 And though ye be the fairest of God's creatures,
 Yet think that death shall spoil your goodly features.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

i.

It was the time when Rest, soft sliding down
From heaven's height into mens' heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
The carefull thoughts of mortal miseries,
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appear,
On'that great river's bank that runs by Rome,
Which calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do
come;

And crying loud, lo, now behold (quoth he)
What under this great temple placed is!
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!
So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Sith only God furnmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

ii.

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just affize,
With hundred pillours fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchafe:
Gold was the parget, and the cicling bright
Did shine all sealy with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerauld was dight.
O world's vainness! whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest feat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

iii.

'Then did a sharped spire of diamond bright,
'Ten feet each way in square, appear to me,
Juttly proportion'd up unto his height,
So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seem to bear,
Made of the metal which we all do honour,
And in this golden vessel couched were
The ashes of a mighty emperour.

Upon four corners of the base were pight,
To bear the frame, four Lyons great, of gold,
A worthy tomb for such a worthy wight:
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

iv.

I saw rais'd up on ivory pillars tall,
Whose bases were of richest metals wark,
The chapters alabaster, the fryfes crystal,
The double front of a triumphal ark:
On each side pourtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a nymph, that wings of silver wears,
And in triumphant chair was set on hy
The antient glory of the Roman peers.
No work it seem'd of earthly craftsman's wit,
But rather wrought by his own industry
That thunder darts for Jove his fire, doth fit.
Let me no more see fair thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seen so fair a sight
With sudden fall to dust consumed quight.

v.

Then was the fair Dodonian tree far seen,
Upon seven hills to spread his gladfom gleam,
And conquerors bedecked with his green,
Along the banks of the Ausonian stream:
There many an ancient trophy was adrest,
And many a spoil, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave race's greatness did attest,
That whilom from the Trojan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When, lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fore
The honour of these noble bows down threw.
Under the wedge I heard the tronk to grow;
And since I saw the root in great disdain
A twin of forked trees fend forth again.

vi.

I saw a wolf under a rocky cave
Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,

her neck wreath'd from them for the
 as :
 ange abroad to seek her food,
 g through the field with greedy rage
 her teeth and claws with lukewarm
 d
 l hears, her thirst for to assuage :
 usand huntsmen, which descended
 the mountains bord'ring Lombardy,
 an hundred spears her flank wide
 led :
 n the plain outstretched lie,
 out thousand throbs in her own soil ;
 ree uphang'd I saw her spoil.

VII.

ird that can the sun endure,
 : wings assay to mount on high,
 d more she 'gan her wings t'assure,
 h'ensample of her mother's sight,
 se, and with a larger flight
 he clouds, and with wide pinneons
 the most haughty mountain's hight,
 ight the god's own mansions ;
 she lost, when suddain I beheld,
 bling through the air in fiery fold,
 down she on the plain was feld,
 er body turn'd to ashes cold.
 owl that doth the light despise,
 lust like to a worm arise.

VIII.

r swift, whose foamy billows
 ie ground-work of an old great wall ;
 er'd all with grisly shadows,
 lack horror did the air appall :
 strange beast with seven heads arose,
 and castles under her breast did cour,
 both milder beasts and fiercer foes
 equal ravin to devour.
 I maz'd to see this monster's kind
 forms to change his fearful hue,
 length I saw the wrathful wind,
 as cold storms, burst out of Scythian
 's,
 these clouds, and in so short as thought,
 ul shape was vanisht to nought.

IX.

onied with this mighty ghaost,
 body big and strong I saw, [loast,
 ong beard, and locks down hanging
 and front full of Saturn-like awe,
 g on the belly of a pot,
 a water whose out-gushing flood
 all the creaky shore assot,
 e Trojan prince spilt Turnus' blood ;
 eet a bitch-wolf suck did yield
 ng babes : his left the palm-tree stout,
 nd did the peaceful olive wield,
 ith laurel garnisht was about :
 i palm and olive fell away,
 en laurel-branch did quite decay.

X.

iver's side a virgin fair,
 arms to heaven with thousand throbs,
 L

And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
 To falling rivers' sound thus tun'd her sobb ;
 Where is (quoth she) this whilom honored face ;
 Where the great glory and the ancient prais
 In which all worlds felicity had place,
 When gods and men my honour up did raise ?
 Suffic'd it not that civil wars me made
 The whole world's spoil, but that this hydra
 new,
 Of hundred Hercules' to be afraid,
 With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes
 anew,
 So many Nereos and Caligulas
 Out of these crooked shores must daily raise ?

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see,
 Waving aloft with triple point to fly,
 Which like incense of precious cedar tree,
 With balmy odours fill'd the air far and nigh :
 A bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
 Here-out up to the throne of gods did fly,
 And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
 Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did fly.
 Of this fair fire the scattered rays forth threw
 On every side a thousand shining beams,
 When sudden dropping of a silver dew
 (O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
 flames,
 That it which earst so pleasant scent did yield,
 Of nothing now but noyous sulphur smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rock forth fall,
 As clear as crystal, 'gainst the sunny beams,
 The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
 That bright Paolus washt with his streams ;
 It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
 All pleasures there for which men's heart could
 long,
 And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
 Of many accords, more sweet than mermaids'
 song :

The seats and benches shone of ivory,
 And hundred nymphs sat side by side about,
 When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
 A troupe of fatyrs in the place did rout,
 Which with their villain feet the stream did ray,
 Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs
 away.

XIII.

Much richer than that vessel seem'd to be
 Which did to that sad Florentine appear,
 Casting mine eyes far off, I chanc'd to see,
 Upon the Latine coast her self to rear ;
 But suddenly arose a tempest great,
 Bearing close envy to these riches rare,
 Which 'gan assail this ship with dreadful threat,
 This ship, to which none other might compare ;
 And finally, the storm impetuous
 Sunk up these riches, second unto none,
 Within the gulf of greedy Nereus :
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,
 And all that treasure, drowned in the main ;
 But I the ship saw after rais'd again,

xiv.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sad,
 I saw a city like unto that same
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame ;
 It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
 And no less rich than fair, right worthy sure
 (If ought here worthy) of immortal days,
 Or if ought under heaven might firm endure.
 Much wondered I to see so fair a wall,
 When from the northern coast a storm arose,
 Which breathing fury from his inward gall
 On all, which did against his courie oppose,
 Into a cloud of dust Iperit in the air
 The weak foundations of this city fair.]

xv.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
 Most truly doth unto her eyes appear,
 Weary to see the heavens still wavring thus,
 I saw Typhzeus's sister coming near,
 Whose head full bravely with a morion hid,
 Did seem to match the goods in majestic ;
 She by a rivers bank, that swift down slid,
 O'er all the world did raise a trophie hie ;
 An hundred vanquish'd kings under her lay,
 With arms bound at their backs in shameful wile,
 Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
 I saw the heavens in war against her rise,
 Then down she striken fell with clap of thunder,
 That with great noise I wakt in sudden wonder.

IONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

whiles that my daily cares did sleep,
 shaking off her earthly prison,
 enter meditation deep
 exceeding reach of common reason,
 a age, in which all good is reason,
 it humble is and mean debac'd,
 ght forth in her last declining season,
 ood minds, to see goodness disgrac'd :
 whenas my thought was throughly
 'd,
 yes strange shows presented were,
 hat which I in mind embrac'd,
 ose fights empassion me full nere :
 y were (fair Lady!) take in worth,
 time serves may bring things better
 h.

ii.

s day, when Phoebus fairly shone,
 l as white as driven snow,
 n horns embowed like the moon,
 lowring meadow lying low ;
 ars the verdant grass did grow,
 y flowres did offer to be eaten,
 h fatness so did overflow,
 I wallowed in the weeds down beaten,
 ith them his dainty lips to sweeten ;
 brize, a scorned little creature,
 is fair hide his angry sting did threaten,
 o sore, that all his goodly feature
 plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
 mall the great is oft diseased.

iii.

fruitful shore of muddy Nile,
 ny bank outstretched lay,
 us length, a mighty crocodile,
 mp'd with guiltless blood and greedy

Of wretched people travailing that way,
 Thought all things less than his disdainful pride :
 I saw a little bird call'd Tedula,
 The least of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forc'd this hideous beast to open wide
 The grisly gates of his devouring hell,
 And let him feed, as Nature doth provide,
 Upon his jaws, that with black venom swell.
 Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
 Sith that so small so mighty can constrain ?

iv.

The kingly bird, that bears Jove's thunder-clap,
 One day did scorn the simple scarabee,
 Proud of his highest service and good hap,
 That made all other fowls his thralls to be :
 The silly fly that no redress did see,
 Spy'd where the eagle built his towering nest,
 And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Burnt up his young ones, and himself distress,
 Ne suffred him in any place to rest
 But drove in Jove's own lap his eggs to lay,
 Where gathering also fith him to infest,
 Forc'd with the fith his eggs to sling away ;
 For which when as the fowl was wroth, said
 Jove,
 Lo ! how the least the greatest may reprove.

v.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
 I saw the fith (if fith I may it cleep)
 That makes the sea before his face to fly,
 And with his flaggy fins doth seem to sweep
 The foamy waves out of the dreadful deep,
 The huge leviathan, Dame Nature's wonder,
 Making his sport, that many makes to weep ;
 A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
 That in his throat him pricking softly under,
 His wide abyis him forced forth to spew,

That all the sea did roar like heaven's thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthy hue.
Hereby I learned have not to dispise
What-ever thing seems small in common eyes.

vi.

An hideous dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whose back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
With shields of brass, that shone like burnish'd
gold,

And forked sting, that death in it did bear,
Strove with a spider, his unequal peer,
And bad defiance to his enemy :
The subtil vermin, creeping closely near,
Did in his drink shed poison privily,
Which through his intrails spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforc'd to yield the victor
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
O how great vainness is it then to scorn
The weak, that hath the strong so oft forlorn !

vii.

High on a hill a goodly cedar grew,
Of wondrous length and straight proportion,
That far abroad her dainty odours threw ;
'Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beauty was not any one :
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vital moisture fed :
Thenceforth her garland, so much honoured,
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same !)
And her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
That shortly bald and bared she became.
In which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see so goodly thing so soon decay'd.

viii.

Soon after this I saw an elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his back did bear (as batteillant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly,
That he himself, through foolish vanity,
Both for his rich attire and goodly form,
Was puffed up with passing surquedry,
And shortly gan all o'her beasts to scorn ;
Till that a little ant, a silly worm,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pain'd,
That casting down his towres, he did deform
Both borrow'd pride, and native beauty stain'd.
Let therefore nought that great is therein glory,
Sith so small thing his happiness may vary.

ix.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide,
Through the main sea making her merry flight ;

Fair blew the wind into her bosom right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own felicity did smile :
All suddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stop't her course, and held her by the
That wind nor tide could move her thence :
Strange thing me seemeth that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

x.

A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger thoroughly satisfy'd
With prey of beasts and spoils of living blood
Safe in his dreadful den him thought to hide
His sternness was his praise, his strength his
And all his glory in his cruel claws :

Now a wasp, that fiercely him despide,
And bad him battail even to his jaws ;
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth did
And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire :
In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws,
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire.
That dead himself he wished for despight :
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

xi.

What time the Roman empire bore the reign
Of all the world, and flourish'd most in might,
The nations 'gan their sovereignty disdain,
And cast to quit them from the bondage quaine ;
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galls were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possess'd nigh of the Capitol through flight,
Had not a goose the treachery bewraid :
If then a goose great Rome from ruin staid,
And Jove himself the patron of the place,
Preserv'd from being to his foes betrayd,
Why do vain men mean things so much desire,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long continu-
ance ?

xii.

When these sad sights were over-past and past,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To see so great things by so small distress :
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breast
To scorn all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppress'd,
And unawares do into danger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines tragical,
Learn by their lots to love the low degree,
And if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honour's seat, forget not what ye be ;
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his state most sickle and unsure.

P R O S O P O P O I A :
O R,
M O T H E R H U B B E R D ' s T A L E .

To the Right Honourable

THE LADY COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

My fair and virtuous Lady! having oft sought opportunity, by some good means, to make known to your Ladyship the humble affection and faithful duty which I have always professed, and would to bear to that house from whence ye spring, I have at length found occasion to remember same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which, having long sithens posed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately, amongst other papers, lighted upon, and was by you, which liked the same, moved to set them forth. Simple is the device, and the composition plain, yet carrieth some delight; even the rather because of the simplicity and meanness thus intended. The same I beseech your Ladyship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, until, with some other more worthy labour, I do redeem it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost duty. Till then, wishing your Ladyship all increase of joy and happiness, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

As the month in which the righteous maid,
For disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
Went to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Her silver bower the sun received,
The hot Syrian dog on him awaiting,
The chafeful lion's cruel baiting,
Speed had th' air with his noisom breath,
Pour'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and
Death.
With the rest, a wicked malady
I'd amongst men, that many did to die,

Depriv'd of sense and ordinary reason,
That it to leeches seemed strange and reason,
My fortune was, 'mongst many others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe,
And my weak body, set on fire with grief,
Was robb'd of rest and natural relief.
In this ill plight there came to visit me
Some friends, who, sorry my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearful wise,
And means of gladfom solace to devise;
I i iij

But seeing kindly Sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
They fought my troubled sense how to deceive
With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And sitting all on seats about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle sound)
They cast in tourse to waste the weary hours;
Some told of ladies and their paramours:
Some of brave knights and their renowned squires;
Some of the Fairies and their strange astires;
And some of giants hard to be believed;
That the delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubbard, who did far surpass
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
Told of a strange adventure that betided
Betwixt the Fox and th' Ape, by him misguided,
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased
All were my spirit heavy and diseased,
I'll write in terms as the fame did say,
So well as I her words remember may:
No Muse's aid me needs hereto to call;
Bafe is the style, and matter mean withal.

"Whylom (said she) before the world was civil,
The Fox and th' Ape, disliking of their evil
Add hard estate, determin'd to seek
Their fortune far abroad, lyeke with his lyeke;
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two fellows might no where be better fitted.
The Fox, that first this cause of grief did find,
Gave first thus plain his case with words unkind.
Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be ty'd)
To whom may I more trustfully complain
The evil plight that doth me fore constrain,
And hope thereof to find due remedy?
Hear then my pain and inward agony.
Thus many years I now have spent and worn
In mean regard and basest fortune's scorn,
Doing my country service as I might,
No less, I dare say, than the proudest wight,
And still I hoped to be up advanced
For my good parts, but still it hath mischanced:
Now therefore, that no longer hope I see,
But forward fortune still to follow me,
And losels list'd high where I did look,
I mean to turn the next leaf of the book;
Yet ere that any way I do betake,
I mean my gossip privy first to make.

Ah! my dear Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape)
Deeply do your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your grief doth great appear,
And eke because my self am touch'd near;
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still waiting to preferment up to chime,
Whilst others always have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept,
That now unto despair I 'gin to grow,
And mean for better wind about to throw;
Therefore, to me, my trusty Friend, arcad
Thy counsel: two is better than one head.

Certes (said he) I mean me to disguise
In some strange habit, after uncouth wize,

Or like a pilgrim or a lymiter,
Or like a gipsen or a juggeler,
And so to wander to the worldes end,
To seek my fortune where I may it mend,
For worse than that I have I cannot meet:
Wide is the world I wote, and every street
Is full of fortunes and adventures strange,
Continually subiect unto change.
Say, my fair Brother, now, if this device
Do like you, or may you so look on vice.

Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me we
well,

And would ye not poor fellowship expell,
My self would offer you t'accompany
In this adventure's chancefull jeopardy;
For to wax old at home in idleness
Is disadvantageous, and quite fortuneless:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten!

The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree
So both resolv'd the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appear'd to peoples viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed,
And over night, what-so thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readinesse to be.

The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look
Both their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves (a God's name) as
way,

When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t'advise.

Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wight,
What course ye ween is best for us to take,
That for ourselves we may a living make.
Whether shall we profess some trade or skill,
Or shall we vary our device at will,
Even as new occasion appears?
Or shall we tie our selves for certain years
To any service, or to any place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.

Now, surely, Brother, (said the Fox anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in reason:
For every thing that is begun with reason
Will come by ready means unto his end,
But things miscounselled must needs miscarry.
Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to any certain trade or place,
Nor any man, we should our selves apply;
For why should he that is at liberty
Make himself bond? sith then we are free-born
Let us all servile base subjection scorn,
And as we be sons of the world so wide,
Let us our father's heritage divide,
And challenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in hugger-mugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land;
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordnain'd first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature.

of worldly livelode as of life,
 ere might be no difference nor strife,
 ght call'd mine or thine: thrice happy
 hen
 condition of mortal men:
 is the Golden Age of Saturn old,
 might better be the world of Gold;
 out gold now nothing will be got;
 re (if please you) this shall be our plot;
 not be of any occupation,
 vile vassals, born to base vocation,
 in the world, and for their living droyle,
 ave no wit to live withouten toyle;
 will walk about the world at pleasure,
 o free-men, and make our case our trea-
 ure,
 n some beggers call; but they be free,
 y which call them so more beggers be:
 do fwink and sweat to feed the other,
 e like lords of that which they do gather,
 do never thank them for the same,
 heir due by Nature do it claime.
 ll we fashion both ourselves to be,
 'the world, and so will wander free
 ' us listeth, uncontroll'd of any:
 our hap if we (amongst so many)
 ot on some that may our state amend;
 ut some good cometh ere the end,
 seem'd the Ape to like this ordinaunce;
 l considering of the circumstance,
 ing in great doubt a while he staid,
 erwards with grave advizement said;
 ; my lief Brother, like but well
 pose of the complot which ye tell;
 I I wot (compar'd to all the rest
 degree) that beggars' life is best,
 y that think themselves the best of all,
 s to begging are content to fall:
 I wote withal, that we shall runne
 at daunger, like to be undone,
 o wander thus in the world's eye,
 ten passport or good warrantye;
 least we like rogues should be reputed,
 ear marked beasts abroad be bruted;
 re I read that we our counsels call,
 prevent this mischief ere it fall,
 w we may with most security,
 ongst those that beggers do defy.
 t well, dear Gossip, ye advised have,
 en the Fox) but I this doubt will save;
 we farther pass, I will devise
 rt for us both in fittest wife,
 the names of soldiers us protect,
 ow is thought a civil begging sect.
 the souldier, for you likest are
 nly semblance and small skill in war;
 at wait on you, and as occasion
 t, my self fit for the same will fashion.
 passport ended, both they forward went,
 e clad souldier-like, fit for th' intent,
 e jacket, with a cross of red,
 any slits, as if that he had shed [ceived,
 blood through many wounds therein re-
 had the use of his right arm bereaved;

Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
 With a plume feather all to pieces tore;
 His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an empty gut,
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling:
 But neither sword nor dagger he did bear;
 Seems that no foe's revengement he did fear:
 In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
 On which he leaned, as one far in eld:
 Shame light on him that through so false illusion
 Doth turn the name of Souldiers to abusion,
 And that which is the noblest mysteric,
 Brings to reproach and common infanie.
 Long they thus travelled, yet never met
 Adventure which might them a working fet;
 Yet many ways they fought, and many tryde,
 Yet for their purposes none fit espy'd.
 At last they chaunc'd to meet upon the way,
 A simple husband-man in garments gray,
 Yet though his vesture were but mean and base,
 A good yeoman he was, of honest place,
 And more for thrift did care than for gay cloth-
 ing;
 Gay without good is good heart's greatest loath-
 ing.

The Fox him spying bade the Ape him dight
 To play his part, for so he was in sight
 That (if he err'd not) should them entertain.
 And yield them timely pr. fit for their pain.
 Eftsoons the Ape himself 'gan to uprear,
 And on his shoulders high his bat to bear,
 As if good service he were fit to do,
 But little thrift for him he did it to;
 And stoutly forward he his steps did strain,
 That like a handsome swain it him became.
 When-as they nigh approached, that good man
 Seeing them wander loosely, first began
 'I' enquire, of custom, what and whence they
 were?

To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
 That late in war have spent my dearest blood,
 And in long service lost both limbs and good,
 And now constrain'd that trade to over-give,
 I driven am to seek some means to live;
 Which might it you in pity please t'efford,
 I would be ready both in deed and word,
 To do you faithful service all my days.
 This yron world (that same he weeping says)
 Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state;
 For misery doth bravest minds abate,
 And make them seek for that they wont to scorn,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.

The honest man, that heard them thus com-
 plain,
 Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain,
 And, well dispos'd him some relief to show,
 Askt if in husbandry he ought did know;
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sow,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thresh, to thatch, to mow,
 Or to what labour else he was prepar'd?
 For husband's life is laborous and hard.

When-as the Ape him hear so much to talk
 Of labour, that did from his liking balk,

He would have slipt the collar handfomly,
 And to him said, Good Sir? full glad am I
 To take what pains may any living wight,
 But my late maimed limbs lack wanted might
 To do their kindly services as needeth;
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feed-

eth,
 So that it may no painful work endure,
 Ne to strong labour can it self enure;
 But if that any other place you have,
 Which asks small pains, but thriftness to save,
 Or care to overlook, or thrust to gather,
 Ye may me trust as your own gholly father.

With that the husband-man 'gan him avize,
 That it for him was fittest exercise
 Cattle to keep, or grounds to over-see,
 And asked him if he could willing be
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his fwine
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of same:

Gladly (said he) whatever such like pain
 Ye put to me, I will the same sustain;
 But gladdest I of your fleecy sheep
 (Might it you please) would take on me to keep;
 For ere that unto arms I me betook,
 Unto my father's sheep I us'd to look,
 That yet the skill thereof I have not lost;
 There-to right well this curdog, by my cost,
 (Meaning the Fox) will serve my sheep to gather,
 And drive to follow after their belwether.
 The husband-man was meanelly well content
 Tryal to make of his endeaourment,
 And home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flock, with liberty full large,
 Giving account of the annual increase,
 Both of their lambs and of their woolly fleece.

Thus is this Ape become a shepherd swain,
 And the false Fox his dog; God give them

pain,
 For ere the year have half his course out-run,
 And do return from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill account of thirft.

Now when-as time flying with wings swift,
 Expired had the term that these two javels
 Should render up a reckning of their travels
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
 Ne how to escape great punishment or shame
 For their false treason and vile thievery;
 For net a lamb of all their flock's supply
 Had they to shew, but ever as they bred
 They flew them, and upon their fleshes fed;
 For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked shepherd to his will;
 So twixt them both they not a lamkin left,
 And when lamb's fail'd, the old sheep's lives they

rest;
 That how t' acquit themselves unto their lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.
 The Fox then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
 Respite till morrow t' answer his desire;
 For time's delay new hope of help still breeds,
 The good man granted, doubting nought their
 deeds,

And bade next day that all should ready be;
 But they more subtil meaning had than he;
 For the next morrow's meed they closely ment,
 For fear of afterclaps, for to prevent;
 And that same evening, when all thronded were
 In careless sleep, they without care or fear
 Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wold;
 Of which when as they feasted had their fill,
 For a full complement of all their ill,
 They stole away, and took their hasty flight,
 Carry'd in clouds of all-concealing night,
 So was the husband-man left to his loss,
 And they unto their fortune's change to toss,
 After which sort they wandered long while,
 Abusing many through their cloaked guile,
 Till at the last they 'gan to be desery'd

ery one, and all their sleights espy'd,
 So as their begging now them failed quite,
 For none would give, but all men would the

wite;
 Yet would they take no pains to get their living
 But seek some other way to gain by giving;
 Much like to begging, but much better nam'd,
 For many beg which are thereof ashamed.
 And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
 And th' Ape a cassock side-long hanging down,
 For they their occupation meant to change,
 And now in other state abroad to range;
 For since their souldier's pafs no better sped,
 They forg'd another, as for clerks book-red:
 Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
 Through many haps which needs not here to tell,
 At length chanc'd with a formal priest to meet,
 Whom they in civil manner first did greet,
 And after askt an alms for God's dear love.
 The man straight-way his choler up did move,
 And with reproachful terms 'gan them revile
 For following that trade so base and vile,
 And askt what licence or what pass they had!
 Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
 It's an hard case when men of good deservng
 Must either driven be perforce to sterfng,
 Or asked for their pafs by every squib
 That list at will them to revile or snib;
 And yet (God wote) small odds I often see
 Twixt them that ask and them that ask'd be.
 Nath'less, because you shall not us misdeem,
 But that we are as honest as we seem,
 Ye shall our passport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.
 Which when the priest beheld, he view'd

here,
 As if therein some text he studying were,
 But little else (God wote) could thereof skill,
 For read he could not evidence nor will,
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better:
 Of such deep learning little had he need,
 Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
 Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diversity of sects,
 And hateful heresies, of God abhor'd;
 But this good Sir did follow the plain word,

h their controversies vain ;
 s his service well to fain,
 melics on holy-days ;
 done, he might attend his plays :
 id fit high God to please.
 r-lookt their pafs at ease,
 gth them to rebuke again,
 rade of life did entertain,
 me in wandring loofe abroad,
 ld, in which they bootlefs boad,
 r for all therein to live,
 God unto his creatures give.
 Fox, Who hath the world not tride,
 way full eath may wander wide ;
 rices new come abroad,
 et the tract of any troad,
 n any ftate of life,
 f any to make prief :
 ht please you, which the world
 oved,
 hich forth but lately moved,
 ourfe, that we might undertake,
 r us your bondmen make.
 an wex half proud to be fo praid,
 illing to afford them aid ;
 e) right well that ye be clerks,
 vitty words and by your werks :
 e enough to make a living
 ith a whit of Nature's giving ?
 eeft men fee ye arife
 and grow to goodly prize ?
 chdeacons, to commiffaries,
 incipals, to prebendaries,
 es, worthy rule to bear,
 r envie ; yet spite bites near :
 doubt then but that ye likewife
 ne of thofe in time arife ?
 ne to live in good eftate,
 ve, and hating thofe that hate,
 icft curate, or fome vicar,
 ittle in condition ficker.
 id th' Ape) the charge is wondrous

oulds, and hath an heavy threat.
 oulds (quoth he) is not in man,
 feed themfelves, do what we can ;
 urg'd to lay the meat before ;
 id, we need to do no more.
 hat feeds them with his grace,
 life pour'd down from heavenly

he, that with the budding rod
 Jews, " All fhall be taught of

i Jesus Christ now to him raught,
 ock is rightly fed and taught ;
 herd, and the Prief is he ;
 herd fwains ordain'd to be :
 with do not your felt difmay ;
 fo great but bear ye may ;
 t as it was wont of yore
 ne half fo ftraight and fore :
 ufed duly every day
 id their holy things to fay .

At morn and even, befides their anthems fweet,
 Their peny mafles, and their complynes meet,
 Their dirges, their trentals, and their fhrifts,
 Their memories, their fingings, and their gifts :
 Now all thefe needlefs works are laid away ,
 Now once a week, upon the Sabbath-day,
 It is enough to do our fmall devotion,
 And then to follow any merry motion.
 Ne are we tyed to faft but when we lift,
 Ne to wear garments bafe, of wollen twift,
 But with the fineft filks us to aray,
 That before God we may appear more gay,
 Refembling Aaron's glory in his place ;
 For far unfit it is that perfons bafe
 Should with vile clothes approach God's majeflic,
 Whom no uncleannefs may approachen nie ;
 Or that all men which any mafter ferve,
 Good garments for their fervice fhould deferve ;
 But he that ferves the Lord of Hoafts moft high,
 And that in higheft place t'approach him nigh,
 And all the people's prayers to prefent
 Before his throne, as on ambaffage fent
 Both to and fro, fhould not deferve to wear
 A garment better than of wool or hair.
 Befide, we may have lying by our fides.
 Our lovely lasses, or bright fhining brides :
 We be not tyde to wilful chaftity,
 But have the gospel of free liberty.
 By that he ended had his ghofly fermon,
 The Fox was well enduc'd to be a parfon,
 And of the prieft eftfoons 'gan to enquire
 How to a benefice he might afpire ?
 Marry, there (faid the prief) is art indeed ;
 Much good deep learning one therout may reed ;
 For that the ground-work is and end of all,
 How to obtain a beneficial.
 Firft, therefore, when ye have in handfom wife
 Your felves attired, as you can devife,
 Then to fome noble man your felf apply,
 Or other great one in the worldes eye,
 That hath a zealous difpofition
 To God, and fo to his religion ;
 There muft thou fafhion eke a goodly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayr reveale,
 For each thing fained ought more wary be ;
 There thou muft walk in fober gravitie,
 And feem as faint-like as Saint Radegund ;
 Faft much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
 And unto every one do curtefie meek.
 Thefe looks (nought faying) do a benefice feek,
 And be thou fure one not to lack ere long.
 But if thee lift unto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
 Then muft thou thee difpofe another way ;
 For there thou needs muft learn to laugh, to lye,
 To face, to forge, to fcoff to company,
 To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-ftock
 Of thy great mafter's will, to fcorn, to mock ;
 So maift thou chance mock out a benefice,
 Unlefs thou canft one conjure by devide,
 Or caft a figure for a bilhoprick ;
 And if one could, it were but a fchoel-trick.
 Thefe be the ways by which without reward
 Livings in courts be gotten, though full hard ;

For nothing there is done without a fee :
 The courtier needs must recompensed be
 With a benevolence, or have in gage
 The *primatias* of your parsonage :
 Scarce can a bishoprick forpass them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privy.
 Do not thou, therefore, seek a living there,
 But of more private persons seek elsewhere
 Whereas thou mayst compound a better penny,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of any :
 For some good gentleman that hath the right
 Unto his church for to present a wight,
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wife,
 That if the living yearly do arise
 To forty pound, that then his youngest son
 Shall twenty have, and twenty thou hast won ;
 Thou hast it won, for it is of frank gif
 And he will care for all the rest to this
 Both that the bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained be.
 This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd ;
 But they that are great clerks, have nearer
 ways,

For learning-fake to living them to raise :
 Yet many eke of them (God wot) are driven
 T' accept a benefice in pieces riven.
 How sayst thou (Friend) have I not well discourst
 Upon this common-place (though plain, not
 wourst) ?

Better a short tale than a bad long thriving ;
 Needs any more to learn to get a living ?
 Now sure, and by my hallidom, (quoth he)
 Ye a great master are in your degree ;
 Great thanks I yield you for your discipline,
 And do not doubt but duly to incline
 My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly hear.
 The priest him wish'd good speed, and well to
 fare ;

So parted they as either's way them led.
 But th' Ape and Fox e'er long so well them sped,
 Through the priest's wholesome counsel lately
 taught,
 And through their own fair handling wisely
 wrought,

That they a benefice 'twixt them obtained,
 And crafty Reynold was a priest ordained,
 And th' Ape his Parish-Clark procur'd to be ;
 Then made they revel-rout and goodly glee :
 But e'er long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affairs, that th' evil-will
 Of all their parish'ners they had constrain'd,
 Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
 How foully they their offices abus'd,
 And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
 That Pursivants he often for them sent ;
 But they neglecting his commandment,
 So long persisted obdurate and bold.
 Till at the length he published to hold
 A Visitation, and them cited thither ;
 Then was high time their wits about to gether.
 What did they then but made a composition
 With their next neighbour priest for light con-
 dition,

To whom their living they resigned quight
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.
 So passing through the country in disguise,
 They fled far off, where none might them
 prize,

And after that long strayed here and there,
 Through every field and forest far and near,
 Yet never found occasion for their toun,
 But almost starv'd, did much lament and moan
 At last they chanc'd to meet upon the way
 The mule all deck'd in goodly rich array,
 With bells and bosses that full loudly rung,
 And costly trappings that to ground down
 Lowly they him saluted in meek wise,
 But he through pride and fatness gan despise
 Their meannesse, scarce vouchsaf'd them to
 quite :

Great the Fox, deep growling in his spite,
 Said, Ah ! Sir Mule, now blest be the day
 That I see you so goodly and so gay
 In your attires, and eke your silken hyde
 Fill'd with round flesh, that every bone doth
 Seems that in fruitful pastures ye do live,
 Or Fortune doth you secret favour give.

Foolish Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched
 Praise the thing that doth thy sorrow breed,
 For well I ween thou canst not but envy
 My wealth, compar'd to thine own misery,
 That art so lean and meagre waxen late,
 That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gait.

Ay me ! (said then the Fox) whom evil hap
 Unworthy in such wretchedness doth wrap,
 And makes the scorn of other beasts to be :
 But read (fair Sir ! of grace) from whence
 Or what of tydings you abroad do hear ?
 News may perhaps some good unweeting bear.

From royal court I lately came (said he)
 Where all the bravery that eye may see,
 And all the happiness that heart desire,
 Is to be found : he nothing can admire
 That hath not seen that heaven's pourtrair ;
 But tydings there is none, I you assure,
 Save that which common is, and known to all
 That courtiers, as the tide, do rise and fall.

But tell us (said the Ape) we do you prae,
 Who now in court doth bear the greatest sway ?
 That if such fortune do to us befall,
 We may seek favour of the best of all.

Marry (said he) the highest now in grace
 Be the wild beasts that swiftest are in chace,
 For in their speedy course and nimble flight
 The lion now doth take the most delight,
 But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
 Enchaste with chain and circlet of gold ;
 So wild a beast to tame ytaught to be,
 And buxom to his bands, is joy to see ;
 So well his golden circlet him becometh,
 But his late chain his liege unmeet esteemeth,
 For so brave beasts he loveth best to see
 In the wild forest ranging fresh and free :
 Therefore, if fortune thee in court to live,
 In case thou ever there will hope to thrive,
 To some of these thou must thyself apply,
 Else as a chittle-down in th' air doth fly.

halt thou to and fro be toft,
 by labour and thy fruitless coft :
 I few that follow them I fee
 's bare regard advanched be,
 for fome gainful benefit,
 y may for their own turns be fit ;
 perhaps, ye things may handle fo,
 ay better thrive than thousands moe.
 I the Ape) how shall we firft come in,
 we may favour feek to win ?
 e (faid he) but with a good bold face,
 big words, and with a ftately pace,
 may think of you in general,
 in you which is not at all ;
 that which is the world now deemeth,
 wont) but by that fame that feemeth :
 ubt but that I well can fashion
 thereto according to occafion :
 well, good courtiers may ye be ;
 neighing, from them parted he.
 an this crafty couple to devize
 he court themfelves they might aguize,
 r they themfelves meant to addrefs,
 find their happier fucces :
 ey fhifted, that the Ape anon
 id clothed like a gentleman,
 y Fox, as like to be his groome,
 e court in speedy fert they came ;
 e fond Ape himfelf uprearing high
 ipatoes, stalketh ftately by,
 ere fome great Magnifico,
 y doth amongft the boldeft go ;
 an Reynold, with fine counterfeunche,
 his credit and his countenance.
 I the courtiers gaze on every fide,
 on him with big looks bafen wide,
 g what mifter wight he was, and whence,
 is clad in ftrange accouftrements,
 with quient devifes, never feen
 afore, yet there all fashions been ;
 em in newfanglednes did pafs :
 haviour altogether was
 fca, much the more admir'd,
 oks loftic, as if he aspir'd
 y, and 'fdeign'd the low degree,
 hich did fuch strangenes in him fee,
 means 'gan of his ftate enquire,
 by his fervant thereto hire,
 oughly arm'd againft fuch coverture,
 unto all that he was fure
 entleman of high regard,
 rough the world had with long travel
 'd,
 the manners of all beafts on ground,
 arriv'd, to fee if like he found.
 id the Ape at firft him credit gain,
 erwards he wifely did maintain
 ant show, and daily more augment
 his fine feats and courtly complement ;
 oukl play, and dance, and vaute, and
 ring,
 at elfe pertains to revelling,
 ough kindly aprtnes of his joints ;
 c could do many other points,

The which in court him ferved to good fteed ;
 For he 'mongft ladies could their fortunes read
 Out of their hands' and merry leavings teil,
 And juggle finely, that became him well ;
 But he fo light was at leger-demain,
 That what he touch'd came not to light again :
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
 And tell them that they greatly him mifttook :
 So would he scoff them out with mockery,
 For he therein had great felicity,
 And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their difgracing did him grace ;
 So whilst that other like vain wits he pleafed,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eafed :
 But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
 To hear the javel fo good men to nip ;
 For though the vulgar yield an open ear,
 And common courtiers love to gybe and fear
 At every thing which they hear fpoken ill,
 And the beft fpeeches with ill meaning fpill
 Yet the brave courtier, in whofe beauteous
 thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath fuch bafe condition, to backbite
 Any's good name for envy or defpise ;
 He ftands on terms of honourable mind,
 Ne will be carried with the common wind
 Of court's inconstant mutability,
 Ne after every tatling fable fly,
 But bears and fees the follies of the reft,
 And thereof gathers for himfelf the beft ;
 He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
 But walks upright with comely ftedfaft pace,
 And unto all doth yield due courtefie,
 But not with kifled hand below the knee,
 As that fame apifh crue is wont to do,
 For he difdains himfelf t' embafe there-to :
 He hates full leavings and vile flattery,
 To filthy blots in noble gentry ;
 And loathful idlencs he doth deteft,
 The canker-worm of every gentle brest ;
 The which to banifh with fair exercife
 Of knightly feats he daily doth devife ;
 Now managing the mouths of ftubborn fteeds,
 Now praftifing the proof of warlike deds ;
 Now his bright arms affaying, now his fpear,
 Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear ;
 At other times he cafts to fue the chace
 Of fwift wild beafts, or run on foot a race,
 T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in arms moft
 needful)
 Or elfe by wrefling to vex ftrong and heedful ;
 Or his ftiff arms to ftretch with cughen bow,
 And many legs ftill paffing to and fro.
 Without a gowncd beaft him falt befide,
 A vain enfample of the Perfian pride,
 Who after he had won th' Affyrian foe,
 Did ever after scorn on foot to go.
 Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
 Himfelf hath wearied, he doth recoil
 Unto his reft, and there with fweet delight
 Of mufick's ftill revives his toiled fpright,
 Or elfe with loves and ladies gentle sports,
 The joy of youth, himfelf he recomforts ;

Or, lastly, when the body list to pause,
His mind unto the Muses he withdraws;
Sweet Lady Muses! ladies of delights,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
With whom he close confers with wise-dis-
course

Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual course,
Of foreign lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battails of renowned knights,
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The only up-shot whereto he doth aim;
For all his mind on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposes,
And in his prince's service spends his days,
Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage.
That may be matter meet to gain him praise;
For he is fit to use in all affairs,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or else for wise and civil governance;
For he is practis'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting most apply;
To learn the enterdeale of princes strange,
To mark th' intent of counsils, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men some while,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
Which, through wise speeches and grave confer-
ence

He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightful courtier in his kind;
But unto such the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would defcry his leud conditions;
But the young lusty gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless pleafance and ill-pleasing vein.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftless games that may be found,
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
With shuttlecocks, mis-seeming manly wit,
With courtizans and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne them to pleafure, would he sometimes scorn
A pandar's coat; (so basely was he born)
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But, ah! for shame,
Let not sweet poets praise, whose only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losels' wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named:
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,
And with the fugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.

To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humours led
With fruitless follies and unsoand delights;
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And strong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day;
And when so love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wit, and kinde wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and chide
The sectasies thereof, as people base,
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mew'd,
Muster'd of matters as their books them shew'd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowas their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd spend
Against God's holy ministers oft teach,
And mock divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression
But mock high God himself, whom they pro-
fess?

But what car'd he for God or godliness?
All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could devise;
Were it by honest ways or otherwise,
He made small choice; yet sure his honesty
Got him small gains, but shameless flattery,
And filthy brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borrow base, and some good ladies gifts;
But the best help which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Reynold's purchase which he
gain'd;

For he was school'd by kind in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practice ill
Of coofinage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his master's bravery.
Besides, he us'd another slippery sleight,
In taking on himself in common sight
False personages, fit for every sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coofin'd;
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,
With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage for his gay master's hopeless det;
Now like a lawyer, when he land would let,
Or sell fee-simples in his master's name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same;
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win;
Then would he seem a farmer, that would sell
Bargains of woods which he did lately sell,
Or corn, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coofin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenance might be.
Besides all this he us'd oft to beguile
Poor futers that in court did haunt some while;
For he would learn their business secretly,
And then inform his master hastily,
That he by means might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute the which the other ment:

herwife, false Reynold would abuse
 simple suiter, and wish him to chuse
 naster, being one of great regard
 urt, to compass any sute not hard,
 se his pains were recompenc'd with reason;
 ould he work the silly man by treason
 uy his master's frivolous good-will,
 had not power to do him good or ill.
 pitiful a thing is futers' state!
 miserable man! whom wicked Fate
 brought to court to sue for had-ywist,
 few have found, and many one have mist;
 ittle knowest thou, that hast not tride,
 : hell it is in suing long to bide;
 se good days that might be better spent,
 afte long nights in penfive discontent;
 eed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
 ed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
 ave thy princes grace, yet want her peers;
 ave thy asking, yet wait many years;
 et thy soul with crosses and with cares;
 at thy heart through comfortless despairs;
 wn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
 end, to give, to want, to be undonne,
 ppy wight, born to disastrous end,
 doth his life in so long tendance spend.
 ever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
 e assurance, without strife or hate,
 all things needful for contentment meek,
 will to court for shadows vain to seek,
 pe to gain, himself a daw will try;
 curse God send unto mine enemy:
 one but such as this bold Ape unblest
 ver thrive in that unlucky quest,
 ch as have a Reynold to his man,
 by his shifts his master furnish can.
 t yet this Fox could not so closely hide
 rasty feats, but that they were descryde
 ngth, by such as fate in Justice' seat,
 for the same him foully did entreat,
 having worthily him punished,
 f the court for ever banished.
 ow the Ape wanting his huckster-man,
 wont provide his necessaries, 'gan
 ow into great lack, ne could up-hold
 ountenance in those his garments old;
 ow ones could he easily provide,
 gh all men him uncsafed 'gan deride,
 as a puppet placed in a play,
 e part once past, all men bid take away,
 at he driven was to great distress,
 shortly brought to hopeless wretchedness,
 closely as he might he cast to leave
 ourt, not asking any pass or leave.
 an away in his rent rags by night,
 yer staid in place, ne spake to wight,
 yer staid in place, ne spake to wight,
 hat the Fox his cospmate he had found,
 hom complaining his unhappy stound,
 l again with him in travel join'd,
 with him far'd, some better chance to find;
 the world long time they wandered,
 nickle want and hardness suffered,
 them repented much so foolishly
 que so far to seek for misery,

And leave the sweetness of contented home,
 Though eating hips, and drinking watry some.

Thus as they them complained to and fro,
 Whil'ft through the forest reckless they did go,
 Lo, where they spide how in a gloomy glade
 The lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
 His crown and sceptre lying him beside,
 And having doft for heat his dreadful hide;
 Which when they saw, the Ape was fore afraid,
 And would have fled, with terror all dismayd;
 But him the fox with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away,
 For now was time (if ever they would hope)
 To aim their counsels to the fairest scope,
 And them for ever highly to advance,
 In case the good which their own happy chance
 Them freely offered they would wisely take.

Scarce could the Ape yet speak, so did he
 quake,
 Yet as he could he askt how good might grow
 Where nought but dread and death did seem in
 show?

Now (said he) whiles the lion sleepeth found,
 May we his crown and mace take from the
 ground,

And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
 Where-with we may ourselves (if we think good)
 Make kings of beasts and lords of forests all,
 Subject unto that power imperial.

Ah! but (said the Ape) who is so bold a wretch
 That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch,
 When as he knows his meed, if he be spide,
 To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?

Fond Ape (said then the Fox) unto whose
 brest

Never crept thought of honour nor brave gest,
 Who will not venture life a king to be,
 And rather rule and reign in sovereign see,
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
 Where none shall name the number of his place?
 One joyous hour in blissful happines
 I chuse before a life of wretchedness:
 Be therefore counselled herein by me,
 And shake off this vile hearted cowardie,
 If he awake, yet is not death the next,
 For we may colour it with some pretext
 Of this or that, that may excuse the crime;
 Else we may fly; thou to a tree mayst clime,
 And I creep under ground, both from his reach:
 Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and
 quake,

Now gan some courage unto him to take,
 And was content to attempt that enterprise,
 Ticked with glory and rash covetise;
 But first 'gan question whether should assay
 Those royal ornaments to steal away.

Marry that shall yourself, (quoth he thereto)
 For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
 Of all the beasts which in the forests be,
 Is not a fitter for this turn than ye;
 Therefore, mine own dear Brother! take good
 hart,

And ever think a kingdom is your part.

Loth was the Ape (though pratted) to adventure,

Yet faintly 'gan his work to enter,
 Afraid of every leaf that firr'd him by,
 And every stick that underneath did lie :
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
 For making noise, and still his ear he lent
 To every sound that under heaven blew ;
 Now went, now slept, now crept, now backward drew,

That it good sport had been him to have ey'd :
 Yet at the last (so well he him apply'd)
 Through his fine handling and his cleanly play,
 He all those royal signs had storn away,
 And with the Fox's help them born aside
 Into a secret corner unespide ;

Whether wheras they came, they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the lord of lords ?

For th' Ape was strifeful and ambitious,
 And the Fox guileful, and most covetous,
 That neither pleased was to have the rein
 Twixt them divided into even twain,
 But either (algates) would be lords alone ;
 For love and lordship bide no paragone.

I am most worthy (said the Ape) sith I
 For it did put my life in jeopardy ;
 Thereto I am in person and in stature
 Most like a man, the lord of every creature,
 So that it seemeth I was made to reign,
 And born to be a kingly sovereign.

Nay, (said the Fox) Sir Ape, you are astray ;
 For though to steal the diadem away
 Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
 Did first devise the plot by policy,
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit,
 For which also I claim myself more fit
 Than you to rule ; for government of state
 Will without wisdom soon be runate ;
 And where ye claim your self for outward
 shape

Most like a man, man is not like an Ape
 In his chief parts, that is, in wit and spirit,
 But I therein most like to him do merit,
 For my fly wyles and subtil craftinesse,
 The title of the kingdom to possess.
 Nath'less (my Brother) since we passed are
 Unto this point, we will appease our jar,
 And I with reason meet will rest content,
 That ye shall have both crown and government,
 Upon condition that ye ruled be
 In all affairs, and cancelled by me,
 And that ye let none other ever draw
 Your mind from me, but keep this as a law,
 And hereupon an oath unto me plight.

The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
 And there-to swore ; for who would not oft
 swear,

And oft unswear, a diadem to bear ?
 Then freely up those royal spoils he took,
 Yet at the lion's skin he inly quook,
 But it dissembled, and upon his head
 The crown, and on his back the skin, he did,
 And the false fox he helped to array :
 Then when he was all dight, he took his way

Into the forest, that he might be seen
 Of the wild beasts in his new glory shorn.
 There the two first whom he encountered were
 The sheep, and th' ass, who, striken both
 with fear

At sight of him, 'gan fast away to fly ;
 But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
 And in the king's name bade them both to sit
 Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
 Hardly nath'less were they restrained so,
 Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
 And there dissuaded them from needless fear,
 For that the king did favour to them bear,
 And therefore dreadless bade them sit
 court.

For no wild beasts should do them any tere
 There or abroad, ne would his majesty
 Use them but well, with gracious clemency,
 As whom he knew to him both fast and true ;
 So he persuaded them with homage due
 Themselves to humble to the Ape profane,
 Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
 Received them with cheerful entertain.

Thence, forth proceeding with his painted
 train,

He shortly met the tyger and the bear,
 Which with the simple camel rag'd fore
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
 Upon his fleshy corps to make invasion ;
 But soon as they this mock-king did espy,
 Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
 Thinking indeed that it the lion was.
 He then, to prove whether his power well
 pass

As current, sent the Fox to them straightway,
 Commanding them their cause of strife to say,
 And if that wrong on either side there were,
 That he should warn the wronger to appear
 The morrow next at court it to defend,
 In the mean time upon the king t' attend.

The subtle Fox so well his message said,
 That the proud beasts him readily obey'd ;
 Whereby the Ape, in wondrous stomach was,
 Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox,
 That king indeed himself he shortly thought,
 And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
 And followed unto his palace he,
 Where taking congee, each one by and by
 Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
 Full of the feared sight which late they saw.

The Ape thus seized of the regal throne,
 Eftsoons, by counsel of the Fox alone,
 'Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might longer have endurance.
 First to his gate he pointed a strong guard,
 That none might enter but with issue hard ;
 Then for the safeguard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of forraign beasts, not in the terrest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ;
 For tyranny is with strange aid supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted,
 Bred of two kinds, as griffins, minotaures,
 Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaurs :

elf he strengthened mightily,
 d no force of enemy :
 le and tyrannize at will,
 did guide his graceless skill,
 He made vassals of his pleasures,
 Spoils enlarg'd his private treasures,
 e, nor no rule of reason,
 nor no regard of season,
 ever enter in his mind ;
 sign of currish kind,
 ide and wilful arrogance ;
 se whom Fortune doth advance :
 e most kindly plaid his part,
 mother-wit or art
 put in proof ; no practise sly,
 of cunning policy,
 ach, that might him profit bring,
 did to his purpose wring.
 he the Ape to give or graunt,
 hand alone must pass the flaunt.
 as, by him kept,
 what-so he lik'd he kept.
 injustice for to buy,
 hafe for his progeny.
 per that ill gotten was ;
 little did he pass.
 with fat of all the soil,
 weet of others' sweating toil ;
 em with crums and benefices,
 mouths with meeds of malefices ;
 m with all colours, save white,
 m with lordships and wich might,
 were able well to bear,
 weight their backs nigh broken

airs in which churchmen were set,
 aws to privy farm did let.
 ablished might be,
 so needful, but that he
 though not with violence,
 ir of the confidence
 Apc repos'd in him alone,
 m the kingdom's corner-stone :
 he ought would bring to pass,
 ence the platform was ;
 ight not pleasing would put by,
 care of thrift and husbandry,
 the common treasure's store ;
 asure he encreased more,
 is lofty towres thereby,
 n to threat the neighbour sky.
 prince's palaces fell fast
 what thing can ever last ?
 other peers for poverty
 ir ancient houses to let lie,
 astles to the ground to fall,
 refathers, famous over all,
 or the kingdom's ornament,
 memories' long monument.
 it made of nobility,
 casts whom arms did glorify,
 hief strength, and girlond of the
 rght sained crimes, he thrust adown,

Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace,
 For none but whom he list might come in place.
 Of men of arms he had but small regard,
 But kept them low, and streightned very hard ;
 For men of learning little he esteemed ;
 His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
 As for the rascal commons, least he cared,
 For not so common was his bounty shared ;
 Let God, (said he) if please, care for the many,
 I for myself must care before else any.
 So did he good to none, to many ill,
 So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speak, nor none durst of him
 plain,
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gain :
 Ne would he any let to have access
 Unto the prizes but by his own address ;
 For all that else did come were sure to fail ;
 Yet would he further none but for avail :
 For on a time the sheep, to whom of yore
 The Fox had promised of friendship store,
 What time the Ape the kingdom first did gain,
 Came to the court, her case there to complain,
 How that the wolf, her mortal enemy,
 Had sithence slain her lambs most cruelly,
 And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
 To let him know the order of the thing.
 Soft, Goody Sheep, (then said the Fox) not so ;
 Unto the king so rash ye may not go ;
 He is with greater matter busied
 Than a lamb, or the lamb's own mother's bed ;
 Ne certes may I take it well in part
 That ye my cousin wolf so foully thwart,
 And seek with slander his good name to blot ;
 For there was cause, else do it he would not :
 Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart :
 So went the sheep away with heavy heart ;
 So many moe, so every one was used,
 That to give largely to the box refused.
 Now when high Jove, in whose almighty hand
 The care of kings and power of empires stand,
 Sitting one day within his turret hie,
 From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
 What-so the heaven in his wide vault contains,
 And all that in the deepest earth remains,
 And troubled kingdom of wild beasts beheld,
 Whom not their kindly sovereign did weld,
 But an usurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subvert, he disdainfully it scorn'd
 In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
 But that with thunderbolts he had him slain,
 And driven down to hell, his duest meed ;
 But him avising, he that dreadful deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornful shame
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
 Unto the world, that never after any
 Should of his race be void of infamy ;
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
 From whence he never should be quit nor stall'd.
 Forth-with he Mercury unto him call'd,
 And bade him fly with never-resting speed
 Unto the forrest, where wild beasts do breed
 And there enquiring privily, to learn

MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

to chance to the lion stearn,
 not the ensire as he ought?
 were all those plaints unto him
 ight,
 and spoils by salvage beasts committed?
 e, he bade the lion be remitted
 it, and those same treachours vile
 Be pu l for their presumptuous guile.
 The l Mais, soon as he receiv'd
 That ..., straight with his azure wings he
 cleav'd

The liquid clouds and lucid firmament,
 Ne staid till that he came with steep descent
 Unto the place where his prescript did show;
 There flooping, like an arrow from a bow,
 He soft arrived on the grassie plain,
 And fairly paced forth with easy pain,
 Till that unto the palace nigh he came;
 Then 'gan he to himself new shape to frame,
 And that fair face, and that ambrosial hue,
 Which wents to deck the gods' immortal crew,
 And beautifie the shinie firmament,
 He doft, unfit for that rude rablement.
 So standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He 'gan inquire of some, in secret wize,
 Both of the king and of his government,
 And of the Fox, and his false blandishment;
 And evermore he heard each one complain
 Of foul abuses both in realm and raig;
 Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
 And an eye-witnes of each thing to be:
 Tho' on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
 Which maketh him invisible to sight,
 And mocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them think it but a vision.
 Through power of that he runs through enemies
 fwerds; [herds
 Through power of that he passeth through the
 Of ravenous wild beasts, and doth beguile
 Their greedy mouths of the expected spoil;
 Through power of that his cunning thieveries
 He wents to work, that none the same espies;
 And through the power of that he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition.
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He took Cadduceus, his snaky wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And turies rules, and Tartare tempereth;
 With that he causeth sleep to feize the eyes,
 And fear the hearts of all his enemies;
 And when him list, an universal night
 Throughout the world he makes on every wight,
 As when his fire with Alcmena lay.
 Thus dight, into the court he took his way,
 Both through the gard, which never him descride,
 And through the watchmen, who him never spide:
 Thence forth he past into each secret part,
 Whereas he saw (that forely griev'd his hart)
 Each place abounding with foul injuries,
 And fill'd with treasure rack'd with robberies;
 Each place desil'd with blood of guiltless beasts,
 Which had been slain to serve the Ape's becheasts;
 Gluttony, malice, pride, and covetize,
 And lawlesnes raiguing with riotize;

Besides the infinite extortions
 Done through the Fox's great oppressions,
 That the complaints thereof could not be told
 Which when he did with loathful eyes behold
 He would no more endure, but came his way
 And cast to seek the lion where he may,
 That he might work th' avengement for
 shame,

On those two caitives which had bred him his
 And seeking all the Forrest busily,
 At last he found where sleeping he did lie.
 The wicked weed, which there the Fox did
 From underneath his head he took away,
 And then him waking, forced up to rise,
 The lion, looking up, 'gan him avize,
 As one late in a trance, what had of long
 Become of him, for fantasie is strong.
 Arise, (said Mercury) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseless, like the corps deceast
 The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent
 And thy throne royal with dishonour blent;
 Arise, and do thyself redeem from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame
 There-at enraged, soon he 'gan up-start,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
 And rousing up himself, for his rough hide
 He 'gan to reach, but no where it espide:
 There-with he 'gan full terrible to roar,
 And chaust at that indignity right fore;
 But when his crown and scepter both he wanted
 Lord how he fum'd, and swell'd, and rag'd
 panted,

And threaten'd death, and thousand deadly
 lours,
 To them that had purloin'd his princely hono
 With that in haste, disrobed as he was,
 He towards his own palace forth did pass,
 And all the way he roared as he went,
 That all the Forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadful din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
 And many warders round about them stood:
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
 That all the palace quaked at the sound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and heartless left;
 And th' Ape himself, as one whose wis
 rest,

Fled here and there, and every corner sought,
 To hide himself feared thought:
 But the false Fox, when he the lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, straightway of death afraid
 And to the lion came full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and wary cyn half weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abuson,
 And turning all unto the Ape's confusion:
 Nath'less th' royal beast forbore believing,
 But bade him stay at ease till further prieving,
 Then when he saw no entraunce to him granted
 Roaring yet louder, that all hearts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
 And rending them in pieces, fellly flew

warders strange, and all that else he met,
 ' Ape still flying, he no where might get ;
 room to room, from beam to beam he
 fled,
 'athless, and for fear now almost ded :
 im at last the lion spide and caught,
 orth with shame unto his judgment brought.
 all the beasts he caul'd assembled be,
 ar their doom, and sad ensample see.
 'ox, first author of that treachery,
 d uncase, and then away let fly ;

But th' Ape's long tail (which then he had) he
 quite

Cut off, and both ears parted of their beight ;
 Since which all apes but half their ears have left,
 And of their tails are utterly bereft."

So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end,
 Which pardon me if I amifs have pen'd ;
 For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.

PROTHALAMION:

O R,

A SPOUSAL VERSE.

In honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Lady Catharine Somerfet, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, Henry Gilford, and William Peter, Esquires.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did allay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair,
When I, whom fullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' courts, and expectations vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames,
Whose rusky bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meeds adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowres,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side,
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,

With goodly greenish locks all loose untied,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basker,
Made of fine twigs, entrail'd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their basker,
And with fine fingers crompt full featcously
The tender stalks on hie.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which does the top of Pindus snow,
Did never whiter shew,

self, when he a swan would be
 eda, whiter did appear ;
 (they say) as white as he,
 ite as these, nor nothing near ;
 ite they were,
 ie gentle stream, the which them

o them, and bad his billows spare
 filken feathers, least they might
 plumes with water not so fair,
 r beauties bright,
 heaven's light,
 bridal-day, which was not long ;
 s! run softly till I end my song.

nymphs, which now had flowers
 fill,
 ite to see that silver brood,
 floating on the crystal flood ;
 they saw, they stood amazed still,
 ng eyes to fill ;
 they never saw a sight so fair,
 vely, that they sure did deem
 ly born, or to be that same pair
 h the sky draw Venus' silver team ;
 did not seem
 of any earthly seed,
 gels, or of angels' breed ;
 y bred of summer's-heat, they say,
 ason, when each flower and weed
 d fresh array ;
 seem'd as day,
 bridal-day, which was not long ;
 s! run softly till I end my song.

hey all out of their baskets drew
 i flowers, the honour of the field,
 ense did fragrant odours' yield,
 on those goodly birds they threw,
 waves did strew,
 l Peneus' waters they did seem,
 along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
 h flowers, through Thessaly they
 n,
 pear, through lillies' plentious store,
 s chamber-floore.
 : nymphs, mean-while, two garlands
 d
 flowers which in that meed they
 l,
 resenting all in trim array,
 foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
 id sing this lay,
 inst that day,
 bridal-day, which was not long ;
 es! run softly till I end my song.

Birds! the world's fair ornament,
 en's glory, whom this happy hour
 unto your lovers' blis'ful bower,
 ou have, and gentle hearts content
 ve's complement ;
 ir Venus, that is Queen of Love,
 heart-quelling son upon you smile,

" Whose smile, they say, hath Vertue to remove
 " All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
 " For ever to assail.
 " Let endless peace your stedfast hearts accord,
 " And blessed plenty wait upon your bord ;
 " And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
 " That fruitful issue may to you afford,
 " Which may your foes confound,
 " And make your joys redound
 " Upon your bridal-day, which is not long ;
 " Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song."

So ended she, and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her underbong,
 Which said their bridal-day should not be long,
 And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.

So forth those joyous birds did pass along
 Adown the Lee, that to them murmur'd low,
 As he would speak, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
 Making his stream run slow,
 And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
 'Gan flock about these twain, that did excell
 The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser stars. So they enraged well
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding-day, which was not long ;
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native fource,
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of antient fame :
 There when they came, whereas those bricky
 towres
 The which on 'Thames' brode aged back do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their
 bowers,
 There whilome went the Templer Knights to bide,
 Till they decay'd through pride ;
 Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
 Where oft I gaincd gifts and goodly grace
 Of that great lord which therein went to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;
 But ah! here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys, to tell
 Against the bridal-day, which is not long ;
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great England's glory, and the world's wide
 wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late thro' all Spain did
 thunder,
 And Hercules' two Pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear :
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chevalry !
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
 And endless happines of thine own name
 That promiseth the same ;

That through thy prowess and victorious arms
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
 And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide
 alarms,

Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the bridal-day, which is not long;
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
 Descended to the river's open viewing,
 With a great train ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
 Becoming well the bowre of any queen,
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the Twins of Jove they seem'd in light
 Which deck the bauldrick of the heaven's bright
 They two forth passing to the river's-side,
 Receiv'd those two fair brides, their loves' de-
 light,

Which at th' appointed tide
 Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal-day, which is not long;
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

EPI THALAMION.

d Sisters ! which have oftentimes
 : aiding, others to adorn,
 thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
 the greatest did not greatly scorn
 their names sung in your simple layes,
 in their praise;
 ye list your own mishap to mourn,
 with, or love, or fortune's wreck, did
 e,
 ; could soon to sadder tenour turn,
 the woods and waters to lament
 ul drement;
 ose sorrowful complaints aside,
 ; all your heads with garlands crown'd,
 mine own love's praises to resound,
 fame of any be envie:
 did for his own bride;
 ny self alone will sing,
 shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

e the world's light-giving lamp
 beam upon the hills doth spread,
 oerst the night's uncheerful damp,
 ce, and with fresh lustihed,
 owre of my beloved love,
 urtle-dove,
 ake, for Hymen is awake,
 ince ready forth his mask to move,
 ight tead that flames with many a
 e,
 a batchelor to wait on him,
 sh garments trim;
 ake, therefore, and soon her dight,
 : wished day is come at last,
 or all the pains and sorrows past
 usury of long delight;
 she doth her dight,
 er of joy and solacc sing,
 e woods may answer, and your echo

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
 Both of the rivers and the forests green,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
 All with gay garlands goodly well befeen;
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay garland,
 For my fair love, of lillies and of roses,
 Bound true-love wife with a blue silk riband;
 And let them make great store of bridal posies,
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers
 To deck the bridal bowers;
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diaped like the discoloured meed:
 Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
 For she will waken strait;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo
 ring.

“ Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel)
 And ye likewise, which keep the russhie lake,
 Where none do fishes take,
 Bind up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the cryстал bright,
 That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot Maids ! which keep the door,
 That on the hoary mountain use to towre,
 And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
 Which your steel darts do chace from coming near,
 Be also present here
 To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo
 ring.

EPITHALAMION.

Wake now, my Love! awake, for it is time;
The roſe Morn long ſince left Tithon's bed,
And ready to her ſilver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to ſhew his glorious head.
Hark! how the chearful birds do chaunt their
layes,

And carrol of Love's praife.
The merry lark her matins ſings aloft,
The thruſh replies, the mevis deſcant plays,
The ouzel ſhrills, the ruddock warbles ſoft;
So goodly all agree, with ſweet conſent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear Love! why do ye ſleep thus
long,

When meeter were that ye ſhould now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned ſong,
The dewie leaves among?
For they of joy and pleaſance to you ſing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo
ring.

" My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like ſtars that dimmed were
With darkſome cloud, now ſhew their goodly
beams,

More bright than Hesperus his head doth ſee.
Come now, ye Damſels! daughters of Delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But firſt come, ye fair Hours! which were
begot

In Jove's ſweet paradise of day and night,
Which do the ſeaſons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and ſtill repair:
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
The which do ſtill adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulſt bride,
And as ye her array, ſtill throw between
Some graces to be ſeen;
And as ye uſe to Venus, to her ſing,
The whiles the woods ſhall answer, and your echo
ring.

" Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, ſweet Boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare your ſelves, for he is coming ſtraight:
Set all your things in ſeemly good array,
Fit for ſo joyful day,
The joyfulſt day that ever ſun did ſee.
Fair ſun! ſhew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not ſervent be,
For fear of burning her ſun-ſhiny face,
Her beauty to diſgrace.
O faireſt Phœbus! father of the Muſe,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing that more thy mind delight,
Do not thy ſervant's ſimple boon reſuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine:
Then I thy ſoveraign praifes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall answer, and their echo
ring.

" Hark! how the minſtril- 'gin to ſmile
Their merry muſick that reſounds from
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling
That well agree withouten breach or jar:
But moſt of all the damzels do deſire
When they their timbrels ſmite,
And thereunto do dance and carrol ſweet
That all the ſenſes they do raviſh quite;
The whiles the boys run up and d
ſtreet,

Crying aloud, with ſtrong conſuſed noſe,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, lo Hymen! Hymen they do ſing
That even to the heavens their ſhout
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud.
And even more they Hymen, Hymen ſing
That all the woods them answer, and the
ring.

" Lo, where ſhe comes along with port
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the Eaſt
Ariſing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that ſeems a virgin beſt
So well it her beſeems, that ye would w
Some angel ſhe had been:
Her long looſe yellow locks, like golden
Sprinkled with pearl, and periſing ſ
tween,

Do like a golden mantle her attire,
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like ſome maiden queen.
Her modeſt eyes, abaſhed to behold
So many gazers as on her do ſtare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
Ne dare liſt up her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to hear her praifes ſung ſo loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathleſs do ye ſtill loud her praifes ſing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
ring.

" Tell me, ye merchants' daughters! did ye
So fair a creature in your town before,
So ſweet, ſo lovely, and ſo mild as ſhe,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and virtue's ſh
Her goodly eyes like ſaphires ſhining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the ſun ha
rudded
Her lips like cherries, charming men to kiſs,
Her breaſt like to a bowl of cream un
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowy neck like to a marble tower,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Aſcending up with many a ſtately ſtair
To Honour's ſeat, and Chaſtity's ſweet bow
Why ſtand ye ſtill, ye virgins! in amaze,
Upon her ſo to gaze;
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
ring.

v. that which no eyes can see,
 duty of her lively spright,
 heavenly gifts of high degree,
 n would ye wonder at the sight,
 nish'd like to those which red
 ful head.
 weet Love and constant Chastity,
 h and comely Womanhood,
 our, and mild Modesty;
 eigns as queen of royal throne,
 s alone,
 bafe affections do obey,
 services unto her will;
 things uncomely ever may
 ch, to tempt her mind to ill.
 en these her celestial treasures,
 d pleasures,
 : wonder, and her praises sing,
 oods should answer, and your echo

nple-gates unto my love,
 de that she may enter in,
 sts adorn as doth behove,
 lars deck with girlands trim,
 this faint with honour due,
 n to you.
 g steps and humble reverence
 before th' Almighty's view;
 rgius! learn obedience,
 ne into those holy places,
 or proud faces,
 o th' high altar, that she may
 emonies there partake,
 endless matrimony make;
 aring organs loudly play
 the Lord, in lively notes,
 th hollow throats
 the joyous anthems sing, [ring.
 oods may answer, and their echo

iles she before the altar stands,
 oly priest that to her speaks,
 r with his two happy hands,
 ofes flush up in her cheeks!
 snow, with goodly vermil stain,
 ly'd in grain,
 : angels, which continually
 red altar do remain,
 rvice, and about her fly,
 her face, that seems more fair
 y on it stare:
 res, still fastned on the ground,
 with goodly modesty,
 ot one look to glaunce awry,
 t in a little thought unsound.
 , Love! to give to me your hand,
 all your band?
 t angels! Alleluya sing,
 oods may answer, and your echo

done; bring home the bride again,
 he triumph of our victory:

Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
 Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,
 This day for ever to me holy is;
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:
 Pour out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
 That they may swcat and drunken be withal:
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
 And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
 For they can do it best;
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo
 ring.

" Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
 And leave your wonted labours for this day;
 This day is holy; do you write it down,
 That ye for ever it remember may:
 This day the sun is in its chiefest hight,
 With Barnaby the bright;
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees:
 But for this time it ill ordained was,
 To chuse the longest day in all the year,
 And shortest night, when longest sifter were;
 Yet never day so long but late would pass.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
 And bonfires make all day,
 And daunce about them, and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo
 ring.

" Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lend me leave to come unto my love?
 How slowly do the hours their numbers spend?
 How slowly doth sad Time his feathers move?
 Hasten thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home,
 Within the western foame;
 Thy tyred steeds long since have need of rest.
 Long tho it be, at last I see it gloom,
 And the bright evening-star, with golden crest,
 Appear out of the east.
 Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
 That all the host of heaven in ranks doost lead,
 And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
 How chearfully thou lookest from above,
 And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
 As joying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo
 ring."

Now cease, ye Damsels! your delights forpast,
 Enough it is that all the day was yours;
 Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the bride into the bridal bowres;
 Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
 And in her bed her lay;

EPITHALAMION.

lillies and in violets,
 curtains over her display,
 'd sheets, and arras coverlets,
 'd goodly my fair love does lie,
 humility;
 to Maia, whenas Jove her took
 lying on the flowrie grafs,
 p and wake, after the weary was
 lying in the Acidalian brook:
 ...s night, ye damfels may be gone,
 leave my love alone,
 leave likewise your former lays to fing;
 woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho
 ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,

That long days labour doth at last defray,
 And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
 Haft fumm'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
 That no man may us see,
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From fear of peril, and foul horror free;
 Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our joy,
 But let the night be calm and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad affray,
 Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
 Or like as when he with thy self did lie,
 And begot Majesty;
 And let the maids and young men cease to fing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho
 ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor doleful tears
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
 Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt?
 Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights;
 Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpless harms,
 Ne let the ponk, nor other evil sprights,
 Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see
 not,

Fray us with things that be not:
 Let not the screech-owl nor the stork be heard,
 Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yells,
 Nor damned ghosts, call'd up with mighty spells,
 Nor grievous vultures, make us once affeard:
 Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croaking
 Make us to wish their choking;
 Let none of these their dreary accents sing,
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho
 ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
 That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
 And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
 May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;

The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
 Like divers-feathered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the secret dark, that none reproveth,
 Their pretty stealths shall work, and fears
 spread,

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceal'd through covert night.
 Ye Sons of Venus! play your sports at will,
 For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toys,
 Think more upon her Paradise of joys
 Than what you do, all be it good or ill.
 All night, therefore, attend your merry play
 For it will soon be day:
 Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho
 ring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps?
 Or whose is that fair face which shines so bright?
 Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
 But walks about high heaven all the night?
 O! fairest Goddess! do thou not envy
 My love with me to spy;
 For thou likewise didst love, though now
 thought,

And for a fleece of wool, which privily
 The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
 His pleasures with thee wrought:
 Therefore to us be favourable now,
 And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly doost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
 And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed;
 Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
 The laws of wedlock still doost patronize,
 And the religion of the faith first plight,
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Of women in their smart,
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessing unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
 The bridale bowre and genial bed remain,
 Without blemish or stain,
 And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
 With secret aid doost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night,
 And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen! first,
 Grant that it so may be.

Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye, high Heavens! the temple of the gods
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darkness lend desired light;
 And all ye Powers which in the same remain,
 More than we men can feign,

EPITHALAMION.

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out your blessing on us plenteously,
 happy influence upon us rain,
 we may rise a large posterity,
 h from the earth, which they may long
 possess
 lasting happiness,
 your haughty palaces may mount,
 for the guerdon of their glorious merit
 heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 essed saints for to increase the count :
 us rest, sweet Love! in hope of this

And cease till then our timely joys to sing,
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho
 ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments
 With which my love should duly have been deckt,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
 But promis'd both to recompence,
 But unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endless monument.

P O E M S.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinded boy, Venus' baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey;
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He took wing, and away did fly,

As Diana hunted on a day,
She chanc'd to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head;
One of his Shafts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
Into the other's stead:
With that Love wounded my love's heart,
But Diane beafts with Cupid's dart.

I saw in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her, All hail, my Mother;
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus' from the other.
Then next blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmur-
ing,
About him flew by hap;
Whetted when he was wakened with the noise,
And saw the beast so small,
What's this (quoth he) that gives so weak a
voice,
That weakens men withal?

In angry wife he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout:

To whom his mother closely, smiling, said,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game,
See, thou thyself like wife art little made,
If thou regard the fame;
And yet thou suff'rest neither gods in sky,
Nor men in earth to rest,
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
Their sleep thou dost molest:
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.

Nath'less the cruel boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue,
And in his hand with heedless hardiment
Him caught for to subdue;
But when on it he haply hand did lay,
The bee him stung therefore;
Now out, alas! he cride, and woe-away
I wounded am full sore;
The fly, that I so much did scorn,
Hath hurt me with his little horn.

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grief complain'd,
Who could not chuse but laugh at his strange
Though sad to see him pain'd.
Think now (quoth she) my son, how great
Of those whom thou dost wound;
Full many thou hast pricked to the heart
That pity never found;
Therefore henceforth some pity take,
When thou dost spoil of lovers' sake.

ok him straight full piteously lamenting,
 wrapt him in her smock :
 rap: him softly, all the while repenting
 ne the fly did mock :
 est his wound, and it embalmed well
 falve of soveraign might,
 hen she bath'd him in a dainty well,
 cell of dear Delight.
 would not oft be stung as this,
 so bath'd in Venus' blis?

The wanton boy was shortly well recur'd
 Of that his malady ;
 But he soon after, fresh again enur'd
 His former cruelty ;
 And since that time he wounded hath my self
 With his sharp dart of love,
 And now forgets the cruel careles elf
 His mother's heart to prove :
 So now I languish till he please
 My pining anguish to appease.

AMORETTI: OR, SONNETS.

SONNET. I.

HAPPY, ye Leaves! whenas those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
Like happy Lines, on which with starry light
Those laming eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bath'd in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's blifs,
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought, whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love pined-heart,
And sithence have with sighs and sorrow fed,
Till greater than my womb thou woxen art,
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest like to vipers' brood,
And seek some succour, both to ease my smart,
And also to sustain thy self with food:
But if in presence of that fairest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet,
And with meek humbles and afflicted mood
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, entreat;
Which if she grant, then live, and my love cherish;
If not, die soon, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THE sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be prais'd,
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness rais'd,
That being now with her huge brightness dazz'd,
Base thing I can no more endure to view,
But looking still on her, I stand amaz'd

At wondrous sight of so celestial hue.

So when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stopped is with thought's astonishment,
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravish'd is with fancy's wonderment;
Yet in my heart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

New year forth looking out of Janus' gate,
Doth seem to promise hope of new delight,
And bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish sight.
And calling forth out of sad Winter's night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless bow,
Wills him awake, and soon about him dight:
His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power:
For lusty Spring, now in his timely howre,
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
And warns the Earth, with divers-colour'd flowre
To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave;
Then you, fair Flowre! in whom fresh youth doth
reign,
Prepare your self new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing in which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envie;
For in those lofty locks is close implide
Scorn of base things and 'fdeign of foul dishonour;
Threatning rash eyes which gaze on her to wile
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her
Such pride is praise, such portlines is honour,
That boldness innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tri'd,
Without some sparke of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

mistress that her unmoved mind
 resist in her rebellious pride;
 not like to lulls of baser kind,
 won, the firmer will abide.
 oak, whose sap is not yet dride,
 it conceive the kindling fire,
 once doth burn, it doth divide
 and make his flames to heaven aspire:
 to kindle new desire
 cast that shall endure for ever;
 wound that dints the parts entire
 effects that nought but death can
 r.
 not long in taking little pain
 knot that ever shall remain.

SONNET VII.

the mirror of my mazed heart,
 virtuous virtue is contain'd in you,
 both life and death forth from you
 ect of your mighty view?
 e mildly look with lovely hue,
 soul with life and love inspir'd;
 e lowre, or look on me askew,
 ic, as one with lightning fir'd.
 at life is more than death desir'd,
 ovely, as becomes you best;
 ight beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
 living fire within my breast.
 ould be the honour of your light,
 the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

most fair, full of the living fire
 ve, unto the Maker near;
 joys, in which all powers conspire,
 world nought else be counted dear:
 ur bright beams doth not the blinded
 t
 s darts to base affection's wound?
 ome to lead frail minds to rest
 fires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 ny thoughts, and fashion me within;
 r tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
 ie storm that passion did begin,
 ugh your cause, but by your virtue
 t.
 world where your light shined never;
 orn that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

z? I fought to what I might compare
 reful eyes which lighten my dark
 ht,
 ought on earth to which I dare

Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
 Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
 Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
 Nor to the stars, for they have purer light;
 Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
 Nor to the lightning, for they still preserve;
 Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
 Nor unto chrystal, for nought may them sever;
 Nor unto glass, such baseness might offend her;
 Then to the Maker self they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

UNRIGHTEOUS lord of Love! what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
 Of her free-will scorning both thee and me?
 See how the tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
 And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance
 take.
 But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth control
 All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol,
 That I may laugh at her in equal sort
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her
 sport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do seek and sue for peace,
 And hostages do offer for my truth,
 She, cruel warrior, doth her self address
 To battel, and the weary war renew'th;
 Ne will be mov'd with reason or with ruth
 To grant small respite to my restless toil,
 But greedily her fell intent persequeth,
 Of my poor life, to make unpitied spoil.
 Yet my poor life, all ferrows to assail,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie,
 But then she seeks, with torment and turmoil,
 To force me live, and will not let me die.
 All pain hath end, and every war hath peace;
 But mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONCE day I fought with heart-thrilling eyes
 To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
 All fearless then of so false enemies,
 Which fought me to entrap in treason's train:
 So as I then disarmed did remain,
 A wicked ambush, which lay hidden long
 In the close covert of her guileful eyen,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
 Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forc'd to yield my self into their hands,

S O N N E T S.

me captiv'g, straight with rigorous wrong
 Ever since kept me in cruel bands :
 So dy, now to you I do complain
 A k your eyes, that justice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port which her so goodly graceth,
 Whiles her fair face she rears up to the sky,
 And to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry,
 Mild humbles, mixt with awful majesty;
 For looking on the earth, whence she was born,
 Her mind remembreth her mortality;
 What-so is fairest shall to earth return.
 But that same lofty countenance seems to scorn
 Base thing, and think how she to heaven may clime,
 'Treading down earth as loathsome and forlorn,
 'That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime;
 Yet lowly fall vouchsafe to look on me,
 Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

Return again, my forces, late dismay'd,
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite;
 Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
 So fair a piece for one repulse so light,
 'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
 Than those small forces ye were wont betray;
 Such haughty minds, cur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdain to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring, therefore, all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart;
 Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
 Those engins can the proudest love convert;
 And if those fail, fall down and die before her,
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

Ye tradeful Merchants! that with weary toil
 Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
 What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
 For, lo! my love doth in her self contain
 All this world's riches that may far be found;
 If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
 If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies found;
 If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
 If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
 If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I unwardly did gaze
 On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,

The whiles my flourish'd heart stood in amaze,
 Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,
 I mote perceive how in her glancing light
 Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
 Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
 At every rash beholder passing by:
 One of those archers closely I did spy
 Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The damsel broke his misintended dart:
 Had she not so done sure I had been slain,
 Yet as it was I hardly escap'd with pain.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtraict of that angel's face,
 Made to amaze weak mens confused skill,
 And this world's worthless glory to embrace,
 What pen, what pencil, can expresse her fill?
 For though he colours could devise at will,
 Like his learned hand at pleasure guide,
 Trembling it his workmanship should fill
 Many wondrous things there are besides
 Sweet eye-glances, that like arrows guide,
 Charming smiles that rob sense from the
 heart;
 The lovely pleasure, and the lofty pride,
 Cannot expresse be by any art:
 A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
 That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVII.

The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
 And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
 And long intreaty, soften her hard heart,
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
 Or look with pity on my painful smart:
 But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
 And when I weep, she says tears are but water;
 And when I sigh, she says I know the art;
 And when I wail, she turns her self to laughter:
 So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
 Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

SONNET XIX.

The merry cuckow, messenger of spring,
 His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sound'd
 That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
 Who now is coming forth with girdland crown'd
 With noise whereof the quire of birds rejoic'd
 Their anthems sweet, deiz'd of love's praise,
 That all the woods their echoes back reboic'd
 As if they knew the meaning of their lay
 But 'mongst them all, which did Dove's
 raise,
 No word was heard of her that moov'd it up!

precept proudly disobey,
his idle message set at nought ;
O Love! unless she turn to thee
we end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

seek and sue to her for grace,
ne humble heart before her pour,
her foot she in my neck doth place,
my life down in the lowly flour :
e lion, that is lord of power,
th over every beast in field,
pride disdaineth to devour
mb that to his might doth yield :
re cruel and more salvage wild
r lion or the lions,
to be with guiltless blood defil'd,
glory in her cruelty.
fairest, let none ever say
re blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXI.

work of Nature or of Art,
red so the features of her face,
and meekness, mixt by equal part,
near t' adorn her beauty's grace?
ild pleasure, which doth pride dis-
e
ve doth lookers' eyes allure,
stern count'nance back again doth
e
looks, that stir up lusts impure.
range trains her eyes she doth inure,
ne look she doth my life dismay,
other doth it straight recur :
e draws, her frown me drives away.
he train and teach me with her
is
eyes I never read in books.

SONNET XXII.

ason, fit to fast and pray,
tion ought to be inclin'd,
likewise on so holy day,
t faint some service fit will find.
air is built within my mind,
glorious image placed is,
ny thoughts do day and night at-

riests, that never think amiss;
:r, as th' author of my bliss,
altar to appease her ire,
ame my heart will sacrifice,
mes of pure and chaste desire;
ouchsafe, O Goddess! to accept,
dearest relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulysses' sake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceive,
In which the work that she all day did make,
The same at night she did again unweave :
Such subtil craft my damsel doth conceive,
Th' importunate fate of my desire to shun,
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one short hour I find by her undoo.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I must begin and never bring to end :
Forth with one look she spills that long I spun,
And with one word my whole year's work doth
rend.
Such labour like the spider's web I find,
Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Nature's skill the only complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's art ;
But when I feel the bitter baleful smart
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
That death out of their shiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should be
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of its own misery,
But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
'T'wixt fear and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride,
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd breast you hide
A clove intent at last to shew me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As means of bliss I gladly will embrace,
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brier;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near ;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough ;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough ;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough ;

And sweet is moly, but his root is ill :
So every sweet with four is tempred still.
That maketh it be coveted the more ;
For easy things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain ?

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud ! now tell me why should fair be
proud,
Sith all the world's glory is but gross unclean ?
And in the shade of death itself should shroud,
However now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly idol, now to gay beseen,
Shall doff her fleshes borrow'd fair attire,
And be forgot as it had never been,
That many now much worship and admire :
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
But what this verse, that never shall expire,
Shall to your purchase with her thankless pain.
Fair ! be no longer proud of that shall perish,
But that which shall you make immortal cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mind,
For since it is the badge which I do bear,
Ye bearing it do seem to me inclin'd :
The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
Let it likewise your gentle breast inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud maid whom now those leaves attire.
Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie,
For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
Did her transform unto a laurel-tree.
Then fly no more, fair Love ! from Phœbus'
chace,
But in your breast his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE how the stubborn damsel doth deprave
My simple meaning with disdainful scorn,
And by the bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts my self her captive quite forlorn.
The bay, quoth she, is of the victor born,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as their meeds,
And they therewith do poets' heads adorn,
'To sing the glory of their famous deeds ;
But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all ;
Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
And fill the world with her victorious praise.

SONNET XXX.

My love is like to ice, and I to fire :
How comes it, then, that this her cold fire
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her intreat ?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delaid by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold ?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should
ice,
And ice which is congeal'd with senseless cold
Should kindle fire by wonderful device ?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

As ! why hath Nature to so hard a heart
Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
Whose pride depraves each other better part,
And all those precious ornaments deface ?
Sith to all other beasts of bloody race
A dreadful countenance she given hath,
That with their terrour all the rest may chace
And warn to shun the danger of their wrath :
But my proud one doth work the greater hate
Through sweet allurements of her lovely face,
That she the better may in bloody bath
Of such poor thrall her cruel hands embate ;
But did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have soon abhor'd.

SONNET XXXII.

THE painful smith, with force of servent heat
The hardest iron soon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply ;
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry
Her heart, more hard than iron, soft awike,
Ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
Do beat on th' anvil of her stubborn wit ;
But still the more she servent sees my fit,
The more she frizeth in her willful pride,
And harder grows the harder she is smit.
With all the plaints which to her be applide :
What then remains but I to ashes burn,
And she to stones at length all frozen turn ?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred empress, my dear dread,
Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
That mote enlarge her living praises dead.
But, Lodwick, this of grace to me asend ;
Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?

d I, without another wit,
 endure so tedious toil?
 He is toft with troublous fit
 that doth my spirit spoil.
 He vouchsafe to grant me rest,
 another living breath.

SONNET XXXIV.

That through the ocean wide,
 Some star, doth make her way,
 He hath dim'd her trusty guide,
 He doth wander far astray;
 That wont with her bright ray
 With clouds is overcast,
 In darknes and dismay,
 A perils round about me plac'd;
 That when this storm is past
 Loadstar of my life,
 On, and look on me at last
 He, to clear my cloudy grief:
 Under careful, comfortles,
 And sad penitiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

Yes, through greedy covetise
 The object of their pain,
 Content can themselves suffice,
 And having not complain:
 They cannot life sustain,
 They gaze on it the more;
 Content like Narcissus vain,
 Him starv'd; so plenty makes me

Yes so filled with the store
 That, that nothing else they brook,
 Things which they did like before,
 More endure on them to look,
 As glory seemeth vain to me,
 Shows but shadows, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

When shall these weary woes have end?
 Ruthless torment never cease;
 Years in pining languor spend,
 Of affwagement or release.
 Means for me to purchase peace?
 Content with her thrilling eyes,
 Cruelty doth still increase,
 He augment my miseries.
 Have shew'd all extremities,
 How little glory ye have gain'd
 On, whose life though ye despise,
 Our life in honour long maintain'd;
 Methinks, which some perhaps will none,
 Counted be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses
 She doth attire under a net of gold,
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
 Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare,
 And being caught, may craftily unfold
 Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
 Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes! how ye do stare
 Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
 In which, if ever ye entrapp'd are,
 Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
 Fondness it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempest's cruel wrack
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
 Through the sweet music which his harp did
 make,
 Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease;
 But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty ears, cannot with any skill
 The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will,
 But in her pride she doth persevere still,
 All careless how my life for her decays,
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill;
 To spill were pity, but to save were praise.
 Chuse rather to be prais'd for doing good,
 Than to be blam'd for spilling guiltless blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWEET Smile, the daughter of the Queen of Love
 Expressing all thy mother's powerful art,
 With which she wonts to temper angry Jove,
 When all the gods he threatens with thundring dart,
 Sweet is thy vertue, as thy self sweet art;
 For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
 A melting pleasure ran through every part,
 And me revived with heart-robbing gladness.
 Whilst rap: with joy resembling heavenly madness,
 My soul was ravish'd quite as in a trance,
 And feeling thence no more her sorrow's sadness,
 Fed on the fulness of that cheerful glance;
 More sweet than nectar or ambrosial meat
 Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,
 And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
 When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
 An hundred graces, as in shade to fit:
 Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fair sunshine in summer's-day,
 That when a dreadful storm away is flit,

Through the broad world doth spread his goodly
ray,

At fight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head :
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheer'd
With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are
clear'd.

SONNET XLII.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruel to an humbled foe ?
If nature, then she may it mend with skill ;
If will, then she at will may will foregoe ;
But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her,
And take delight to increase a wretch's woe,
Then all her nature's goodly gifts are lost,
And that same glorious beauty's idle boast
Is but a bait such wretches to beguile,
As being long in her love's tempest tost,
She means at last to make her piteous spoil.
O fairest Fair ! let never it be nam'd,
That so fair beauty was so foully sham'd !

SONNET XLIII.

THE love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest pain,
That all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane ;
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vain)
To be acquit fro my continual smart,
But joy her thrall for ever to remain,
And yield for pledge my poor captiv'd heart,
The which, that it from her may never part,
Let her, if please her, bind with adamant chain,
And from all wandring loves which mote pervert,
In safe assurance strongly it restrain ;
Only let her abstain from cruelty,
And dome me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speak ?
And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall ;
And if I silent be my heart will break,
Or chok'd be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie,
That neither I may speak nor think at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die ?
Yet I my heart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead,
And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,
Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can
spell,
Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renowned noble peers of Greece,
Through Rubborn pride among themselves
jar,
Forgetful of the famous Golden Fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did ke-
But this continual, cruel, civil war,
The which my self against my self do make,
Whilst my weak powers of passions warred on,
No skill can stint, nor reason can allake :
But when in hand my toneless harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foes despite,
And grief renew, and passions do awake
To battail, fresh against my self to fight ;
Mought whom the more I seek to settle peace,
The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady ! in your glass of crystal den
Your goodly self for ever more to view,
And in my self, my inward self I mean,
Most lively like behold your semblant true.
Within my heart, though hardly it can show
Thing so divine to view of earthly eye,
The fair idea of your celestial hue,
And every part, remains immortally ;
And were it not that through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly image of your virginity,
Clearer than crysal would therein appear ;
But if your self in me ye plain will see,
Remove the cause by which your fair beam
darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abode's prefixed time is spent,
My cruel fair straight bids me wend away ;
But then from heaven most hideous storm
sent,
As willing me against her will to stay,
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her obey ?
The heavens know best what is the best to say,
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be :
But ye, high Heavens, that all this sorrow see,
Sith all your tempests cannot me hold back,
Afwage your storms, or else both you and she
Will both together me too sorely wrack,
Enough it is for one man to sustain,
The storms which she alone on me doth rain.

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smiling looks,
Until ye have their guileful trains well tried,
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the foolish fish their bates do hide ;

flattering smiles, weak hearts doth

, and tempt to their decay,
caught, she kills with cruel pride,
deafure on the wretched prey;
ft her bloody hands them flay,
lovely, and upon them smile,
: pleasure in their cruel play,
: themselves of pain beguile.
um, which makes men love their
y die with pleasure, live with pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

per! whom too cruel hand
matter: to avenge her ire,
ould thy cause well understand,
into the greedy fire;
hou to have found better hire
nd, for hereticks ordain'd;
r treason didst conspire,
master's cause, unjustly pain'd;
careless of his grief, confirm'd
the anguish of his heart,
t hear, when he to her complain'd
usion of his dying smart:
er, though against her will,
good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

why are ye so fierce and cruel?
our eyes have power to kill?
:at mercy is the mighty jewel,
lory think to save than spill,
ur pleasure and proud will
ower of your imperious eyes,
im that never thought you ill,
orce against your enemies:
th' utmost of your cruelties,
looks, as cockatrices do;
at your footstool humbled lies
regard, give mercy to:
all you make admir'd to be;
ve by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

ing in double malady
wound and of my body's grief,
me a leach that would apply
or my body's best relief:
with I, that hast but little prief
ty of the mind's disease,
t of all the body chief,
members as it self doth please?
re cordials seek for to apprate
ngour of my wounded heart,
body shall have shortly ease:
: cordials pass physicians' art.

Then my life's leach, do you your skill reveal,
And with one salve both heart and body heal.

SONNET LI.

Do I not see the fairest images
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let their famous monuments to fade?
Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
Her hardness blame, which I should more commend,
Sith never ought was excellent afraid,
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end;
Ne ought so hard, but he that would extend
Me to soften it, and to his will allure;
So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more steadfast will endure;
Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy heart,
Dispoil'd of warlike arms and known shield:
So do I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary pain,
From presence of my dearest dear exil'd,
Long-while alone in languor to remain.
Then let no thought of joy, or pleasure vain,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,
But suddain dumps, and dreary sad disdain
Of all world's gladness more my torment feed:
So I her absence with my penance make,
That of my presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The panther, knowing that his spotted hide
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide, (fay,
To let them gaze, whilst he on them may prey:
Right so my cruel fair with me doth play,
For with the goodly semblance of her hue
She doth allure me to mine own decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the world's most ornament,
To make the bait her gazers to embrew;
Good shames to be to ill an instrument;
But mercy doth with beauty best agree,
As in their Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

Of this world's theater, in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, idle sits,
Beholding me that all the pageants play
Disguising diversly my troubled wits.

S O N N E T S.

glad occasion fits,
 : to a comedy;
 joy to sorrow flits,
 : woe a tragedy :
 moving me with constant eye,
 ...ot in my mirth, nor rues my smart;
 en I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,
 ...augh, and hardens evermore her heart :
 What then can move her? if nor mirth nor mone,
 She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
 And there-with do her cruelty compare,
 I marvel of what substance was the mould
 The which her made attonce so cruel fair.
 Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly
 are;
 Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
 Not air, for she is not so light or rare;
 Not fire, for she doth freeze with faint desire:
 Then needs another element inquire
 Whereof she mote be made, that is the sky;
 For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,
 And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
 Then sith to heaven ye likened are the best,
 Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAIR ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
 As is a tyger, that with greediness
 Hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
 A feeble beast, doth felly him oppress.
 Fair be ye sure, but proud and pitiless
 As is a storm, that all things doth prostrate,
 Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
 Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate
 As is a rock amidst the raging floods,
 'Gainst which a ship, of succour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of her self and goods.
 That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
 Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET Warriour! when shall I have peace with
 you?
 High time it is this war now ended were,
 Which I no longer can endure to see,
 Ne your incessant battry more to bear:
 So weak my powers, so fore my wounds appear,
 That wonder is how I should live a jot,
 Seeing my heart through-launched every where
 With thousand arrows which your eyes have shot:
 Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
 But glory think to make these cruel stoures.
 Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
 In slaying him that would live gladly your's?

Make peace, therefore, and grant
 grace,
 That all my wounds will heal in little
 space.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is most assured to be

WEAK is th' assurance that weak fled
 In her own powre, and scorneth othe
 That soonest falls, when as she most
 Her self assur'd, and is of nought affi
 All flesh is frail, and all her strength
 Like a vain bubble blownen up with
 Devouring Time and changeful
 prey'd
 Her glorious pride, that none may it
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or
 But faileth, trusting on his own affi
 And he that standeth on the highest
 Falls lowest; for on earth nought ha
 Why then do ye, proud Fair! misde
 That to your self ye most assured an

SONNET LIX.

THrice happy she that is so well aff
 Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
 That neither will for better be aller's
 Ne fears to worse with any chance to
 But like a steady ship, doth strongly
 The raging waves, and keeps her cou
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it de
 Ne ought for fairer weather's false de
 Such self assurance need not fear the fi
 Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of fr
 But in the stay of her own stedfast mig
 Neither to one herself nor other bends
 Most happy she that most assur'd doth
 But he most happy who such one love

SONNET LX.

THEY that in course of heavenly speac
 To every planet point his sundry year,
 In which her circles' voyage is fulfill'd
 As Mars in threescore years doth run
 So since the winged god his planet cle
 Began in me to move, one year is spen
 The which doth longer unto me appea
 Than all those forty which my life out
 Then by that count, which lovers bood
 The speac of Cupid forty years conta
 Which I have wasted in long languish
 That seem'd the longer for my greatest
 But let my love's fair planet short her
 This year ensuing, or else short my de

SONNET LXI.

nage of the Maker's beauty,
 aint! the idol of my thought,
 orth, above the bounds of duty,
 e, or rashly blame for ought;
 e is, divinely wrought,
 d of angels heav'nly born,
 ew of blessed faints upbrought,
 id her with her gifts adorn,
 the blossom of the morn,
 ht, whom mortal eyes admire,
 it then but she should scorn
 t to her love too bold aspire?
 rms ought rather worshipt be,
 w'd by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

r his race now having run,
 his compass course anew;
 orning mild he hath begun,
 e and plenty to ensue.
 this change of weather view,
 minds, and former lives amend;
 ms forepast, let us eschew,
 ts with which we did offend:
 ew-year's joy forth freshly send
 ng world his gladfom ray,
 rms which now his beauty blend,
 ms, and timely clear away.
 e! cheer you your heavy spright,
 year's annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

rms and tempests sad assay,
 endured heretofore,
 a and dangerous dismay,
 silly bark was tossed fore,
 scry the happy shore,
 ere long for to arrive;
 from far, and fraught with store
 and dainty is alive.
 hat can at last achieve
 y of so sweet a rest,
 ght sufficeth to deprive
 all pains which him oppress.
 hing in respect of this,
 : that gain eternal bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

her lips (such grace I found)
 It a garden of sweet flowres,
 rms from them threw around,
 o deck their lovers' bowres.
 I like unto gilliflowers,
 s like unto roses red,
 s like budded bellamoures,
 like pinks but newly spread,

Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed,
 Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
 Her breast like lillies ere their leaves be shed,
 Her nipples like young blossom'd jessamines:
 Such fragrant flowres do give most odorous smell,
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair Love! is vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
 When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tie,
 Without constraint or dread of any ill;
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath
 bound,
 But simple truth and mutual good-will
 Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's
 wound:
 There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen towre,
 And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings which ye have
 With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you
 thrown,
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to so mean a one:
 Ye whose high words, surpassing paragon,
 Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
 No but in heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
 But ye thereby much greater glory gate
 Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer;
 For now your light doth more it self dilate,
 And in my darkness greater doth appear:
 Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
 With my reflex your's shall encreas'd be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escape away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey;
 So after long pursuit and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forlook,
 The gentle deer return'd the self same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next
 brook;
 There she beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
 Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
 And with her own good-will her firmly tide:
 Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild
 So goodly wone, with her own will beguil'd.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of life that on this day
 Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,
 And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win;
 This joyous day, dear Lord! with joy begin,
 And grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
 Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity;
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again;
 And for thy sake, that all-like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain.
 So let us love, dear Love! like as we ought;
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the antique world
 Us'd trophies to erect in stately wise,
 In which they would the records have enroll'd
 Of their great deeds and valarous emprise.
 What trophce, then, shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
 Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument,
 And tells her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment,
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
 All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
 Tell her the joyous Time will not be flaid,
 Unless she do him by the fore-lock take
 Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
 To wait on Love an' on his lovely crew,
 Where every one that miseth then her make
 Shall be by him amant with penance dew.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is
 prime,
 For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I joy to see how in your drawn work
 Your self unto the bee ye do compare,
 And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
 In close await to catch her unaware:
 Right so your self were caught in cunning snare
 Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love,
 In whose straight bands ye now captiv'd are

So firmly, that ye never may remove:
 But as your work is woven all about
 With woodbind flowers and fragrant eglar
 So sweet your prison you in time shall see
 With many dear delights bedecked fine,
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
 Between the spider and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OST when my spirit doth spread her bold
 In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
 It down is weigh'd with thought of
 things,
 And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
 Where when that sovereign beauty it doth
 Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
 Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back
 And unto heavens forgets her former flight
 There my frail fancy, fed with full delight
 Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most
 Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it may
 Her heart's desire with most contentment
 Heart need not wish none other happiness
 But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss

SONNET LXXIII.

Being my self captiv'd here in care,
 My heart, whom none with fervic ban
 tye,
 But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly:
 Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth fly
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight,
 Even so my heart, that wont on your fair eye
 To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
 Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
 Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
 Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight
 To sing your name and praises over all,
 That it hereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters, fram'd by skill'd work
 With which that happy name was first display'd
 The which three times thrice happy letters
 made
 With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first, my being to me gave by kind,
 From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent:
 The second, is my sovereign queen most kind
 That honour and large riches to me sent:
 The third, my love, my life's last earnest,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was sent:
 To speak her praise and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be sent.
 Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

Wrote her name upon the strand,
 The waves and washed it away;
 Wrote it with a second hand,
 The tide, and made my pains his prey.
 I said she, that doost in vain assay
 Thing so to immortalize,
 Elf shall like to this decay,
 My name be wiped out likewise.
 Oth I, let baser things devise
 Lust, but you shall live by fame;
 Your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And heavens write your glorious name,
 Wheneas Death shall all the world subdew,
 All live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

Love, fraught with vertue's richest treasure,
 Love, the lodging of Delight,
 Of Bliss, the paradise of Pleasure,
 Harbour of that heavenly spright,
 I ravish'd with your lovely sight,
 All thoughts too rashly led astray,
 Sing deep through amorous insight,
 Let spoil of beauty they did prey?
 Her paps, like early fruit in May,
 Vext seem'd to hasten now apace,
 Why did their wanton wings display,
 To rest themselves did boldly place.
 Oights, I envy your so happy rest,
 I wish'd, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

ream, or did I see it plain?
 Able of pure ivory
 With juncats, fit to entertain
 A prince with pompous royalty,
 Which there in a silver dish did lie
 As apples of unvalu'd price,
 Those which Hercules came by,
 Which Atalanta did entice;
 Sweet, yet void of sinful vice,
 Sought, yet none could ever taste,
 Of pleasure, brought from Paradise
 Himself, and in his garden plac'd.
 What table was, so richly spread,
 For its the guests, which could thereon have

SONNET LXXVIII.

my love, I go from place to place,
 And fawn that late hath lost the hind,
 Each where where last I saw her face,
 I see yet I carry fresh in mind.
 The fields, with her late footing sign'd,
 Bowre, with her late presence deck'd;

Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find,
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
 But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
 They idly back return to me again;
 And when I hope to see their true object,
 I find my self but fed with fancies vain.
 Cease then, mine Eyes! to seek her self to see,
 And let my thoughts behold her self in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEW call you fair, and you do credit it,
 For that your self ye daily such do see,
 But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
 And vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me;
 For all the rest, how ever fair it be,
 Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
 But only that is permanent and free
 From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue:
 That is true beauty; that doth argue you
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
 Deriv'd from that fair Spirit from whom all true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
 He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
 All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

ASTER so long a race as I have run
 Through Fairy-Land, which those Six Books
 compile.
 Give leave to rest me, being half fore-dun,
 And gather to my self new breath awhile:
 Then as a steed refreshed after toil,
 Out of my prison I will break anew,
 And stoutly will that second work assail,
 With strong endeavour and attention due.
 Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew
 To sport my Muse, and sing my love's sweet
 praise,
 The contemplation of whose heavenly hue
 My spirit to an higher pitch will raise:
 But let her praises yet be low and mean,
 Fit for the hand-maid of the Faery Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark,
 Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
 Or in her eyes the fire of love doth spark;
 Fair when her brest, like a rich-laden bark
 With precious merchandize, she forth doth lay;
 Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth
 dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away;
 But fairest she when so she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
 Through which her words so wise do make their
 way,

To bear the message of her gentle spright :
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life, full of: for loving you
I bless my lot, that was so lucky plac'd ;
But then the more your own mishap I rue,
That are so much by so mean love embas'd ;
For had the equal heavens so much you grac'd
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent [chac'd
Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have en-
Your glorious name in golden monument :
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth
That little that I am shall all be spent
In setting your immortal praises forth,
Whose lofty argument up-lifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one spark of filthy lustful fire
Break out, that may her sacred peace molest,
Ne one light glance of sensual desire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest ;
But pure affections, bred in spotless breast,
And modest thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd
Go visit her in her chaste howre of rest, [sprights,
Accompany'd with angel-like delights ;
There fill your self with those most joyous sights,
The which my self could never yet attain,
But speak no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her two constant stiffnes doth constrain ;
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bless your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
When I do praise her, say I do but flatter ;
So doth the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begins his wileless note apace to chatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admire ;
Rather than envy let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her desert aspire.
Deep in the closet of my parts entire
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall
thunder,
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adder's sting,
Of that self kind with which the Furies sell
Their snaky heads do comb, from which a spring

Of poisoned words and spiteful speeches well,
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire,
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst
In my true love did stir up coals of ire,
The sparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile come
In my sweet peace such breaches to have brood.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy self, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
My long weary days I have out-worn,
I many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn :
For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end ;
And whereas night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly re-ascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile :
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts abt
I wander as in darknes of the night,
Affraid of every danger's least ditmay :
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon their shadows vain,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance eoth in mine eye remain
Of which beholding the idea plain,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I do my self sustain,
And thereon feed my love-affamish heart ;
But with such brightness whilst I fill my mate
I starve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late ;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to my self the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful do
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth have
Can comfort me, but her own joyous light,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man
In her unspotted pleasure to delight :
Dark is my day whilst her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of the noble and vertuous

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

*Daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of
Arthur Gorges, Esquire.*

To the right honourable and vertuous Lady

HELENA,

MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match, nearly allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good-will which I bear unto her husband Mr. Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladyship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Ann Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grand-mother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knights: and therefore I do assure myself that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be most grateful to your Ladyship, whose husband and children do so nearly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all duty, I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.

Your Honour's humbly ever,

*London, this first of
January, 1591.*

EDMUND SPENSER.

D A P H N A I D A.

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavy mind,
With grief of mournful great mishap oppress,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the rueful plaint herein express,
Of one, I ween, the woful'st man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose pierc'd breast
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whose else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banish'd far away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrow heavily can sing,
For even their heavy song would breed delight;
But here no tunes, save sobs and groans, shall
ring.

Instead of them and their sweet harmony,
Let those three Fatal Sisters, whose sad hands
Do weave the direful threds of Destiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkness deep come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to hear this doleful ten.

In gloomy evening, when the weary sun,
After his day's long labour drew to rest,
And sweaty steeds, now having over-run
The compass sky, 'gan water in the west,
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freshing air
In open fields, whose flow'ring pride, oppress'd
With early frosts, had lost their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit possess,
Ne lets it rest until it forth have brought
Her long-born infant, fruit of heaviness,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this world's vainness and life's wretched-
ness,
That yet my soul it deeply doth empassion.

So as I mused on the misery
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man, I did espy
Where towards me a fory wight did coast,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob's staff in hand devoutly cross,
Like to some pilgrim come from far away.

His careless locks, uncombed and unshorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
That well he seem'd to be some wight forlorn;
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sigh'd oft, and inly deep did groan,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance
Me seem'd I had his person seen elsewhere,
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glance;
Alcyon he, the jolly shepherd swain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and dance,
And fill with pleasure every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softly said, Alcyon! There-withall
He look'd aside as in disdainful wise,
Yet stay'd not, till I again did call:
Then turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this dry
ground?

One whom like wofulness impress'd deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to bear,
And given like cause with thee to wallow
weep;
Grief finds some ease by him that like does bear.
Then say, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! say,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trusty ear
Committed what thee doth so ill assay.

blith Man! (said he half wrothfully)
 O hear that which cannot be told,
 huge anguish which doth multiply
 pains, no tongue can well unfold;
 Care that any should bemoane
 mishap, or any weep that would,
 alone to weep and die alone.

it so, quoth I, that thou art bent
 lone, unpitied, unplained;
 thou die, it were convenient
 he cause which thee thereto constrained,
 the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 when thou of none shalt be maintained,
 u for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

does loath, and longs to be unbound
 : strong shackles of frail flesh, quoth he,
 cares at all what they that live on ground
 e occasion of his death to be;
 desires to be forgotten quight,
 estion made of his calamity,
 ts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

so much thou seem'st to rue my grief,
 't for one that for himself cares nought,
 thy love, though nought for my relief,
 relief exceedeth living thought)
 thee this heavy case relate:
 rken well till it to end be brought,
 er didst thou here more hapless fate.

me I wd' (as thou right well doost
 : now)
 e flock on western downs to keep,
 from whence Sabrina's stream doth flow,
 wrie banks with silver liquor steep;
 car'd I then for worldly change or chance,
 ny joy was on my gentle sheep,
 ny pipe to carol and to daunce.

re befell, as I the fields did range
 and free, a fair young lioness,
 s the native rose before the change
 Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
 playing on the grassie plain
 itiful sports and kindly wantonness,
 d all other beasts in beauty stain.

r was I moved at so goodly sight,
 like before mine eye had seldom seen,
 n to cast how I her compass might,
 ng to hand that yet had never been:
 I wrought with mildness and with pain,
 her caught disporting on the green,
 ought away fast bound with silver chain.

afterwards I handled her so fair,
 ough by kind she stout and salvage were,
 ng born an ancient lion's heir,
 the race that all wild beasts do fear,
 er fram'd, and won so to my bent,
 ie became so meek and mild of cheer,
 least lamb in all ny flock that went:

" For she in field, where-ever I did wend,
 Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
 And all the night that I in watch did spend,
 If cause requir'd, or else in sleep, if nay,
 She would all night by me or watch or sleep;
 And ever more when I did sleep or play,
 She of my flock would take full wary keep.

" Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
 Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildest beast;
 All were I drown'd in careless quiet deep:
 My lovely lioness without behest
 So careful was for them, and for my good,
 That when I waked, neither most nor least
 I found miscarried or in plain or wood.

" Oft did the shepherds, which my hap did bear,
 And oft their fasses, which my luck envide,
 Daily resort to me from far and near,
 To see my lioness, whose praises wide
 Were spread abroad, and when her worthiness
 Much greater than the rude report they try'd,
 They her did praise, and my good fortune blest.

" Long thus I joyed in my happiness,
 And well did hope my joy would have no end;
 But oh! fond Man! that in world's sickness
 Repos'dst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
 That glories most in mortal miseries,
 And daily doth her changeful counsels bend
 To make new matter fit for tragedies;

" For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
 A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
 Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
 Gave her the fatal wound of death! O smart,
 And rest from me my sweet companion,
 And rest from me my love, my life, my heart:
 My lioness, (ah, woe is me!) is gone!

" Out of the world thus was she rest away,
 Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
 And born to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
 Much fitter then the lion which with toil
 Akides slew, and fix'd in firmament;
 Her now I seek throughout this earthly soyl,
 And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afresh to wail and weep,
 That I for pity of his heavy plight
 Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep;
 But when I saw the anguish of his plight
 Some deal allay'd, I him bespake again;
 Certes, Aicyon, painful is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equal pain.

Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
 That riddle of thy loved lioness,
 For rare it seems in reason to be scan'd,
 That man, who doth the whole world's rule
 possess,
 Should to a beast his noble heart embase,
 And be the vassal of his vassals;
 Therefore more plain arcad this doubtful case.

Then fighting fore, "Daphne thou knew'st, quoth
he,
She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to say,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
That I beholding it, with deep dismay
Was much apall'd, and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked hie, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with mild countail strove to mitigate
The stormy passion of his troubled breast,
But he thereby was more empaffionate;
As stubborn steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearnly plained:

What man henceforth that breatheth
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore:
Which so unjustly do their judgments share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so fore
The innocent, as those which do transgress,
And do not spare the best or fairest, more
Than work or foulit, but do both oppress.

"If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fair, with fairness neglected?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She fair, she pure, most fair, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
Yet she in pureness heaven it self did pass.

"In pureness and in all celestial grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind
She did excel, and seem'd of angels' race,
Loving on earth like angel new devin'd,
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

"No age hath bred (since fair Astrea left
The sinful world) more vertue in a wight;
And when she parted hence, with her she rest
Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepherd ladies now lament,
For double loss by her hath on them light,
To lose both her and bounty's ornament.

"Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdes,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousness
Four'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of rustick Muse full hardly to be better'd.

"She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
Mine, ah! not mine; amits I name did say:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her
made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

"She fell away in her first age's spring,
Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her fruit
And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth
bring.

She fell away against all course of kind,
Forage to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind,
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-
stand.

"What heart so stony hard but that would weep
And pour forth fountains of incessant tears?
What Timon but would let compassion creep
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen ears?
Instead of tears, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted have, my heart-blood drooping want,
To think to ground how that fair blossom fell.

I fell she not as one enforced to die,
Ne used with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toil'd with travel down doth lie,
So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
And clos'd her eyes with careless quietness;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soul assoy'd from sinful fleshliness.

"Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wife bespake;
Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
Ah! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghost, that all more him beborn,
As if to me had chantit some evil tourn.

"I, with the messenger is come for me,
That summons souls unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his sovereign behest;
Why should Alcyon then so fore lament
That I from misery should be releas't,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

"Our days are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant pain,
That nought on earth may leaten or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remain?
Or why should he that loves me sorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to see?

"I go, and long desired have to go,
I go with gladness to my wished rest,
Whereas no world's sad care nor wasting we
May come, their happy quiet to molest;
But faints and angels in celestial throngs
Eternally him praise that bath them best;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

"Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us pass,
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of me
Love her, so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, Dear! adieu, whom I expect ere long,
So having said, away she lofty pass.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine under-
stand long.

III.

as I record those piercing words,
 et are deep engraven in my brest,
 se last deadly accents, which like swords
 und my heart, and rend my bleeding
 heft,
 ose sweet sugred speeches do compare,
 ich my soul first conquer'd and possess't,
 : beginners of my endless care!

when those pallid cheeks and ashie hue,
 i sad death his portraiture had writ,
 en those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 h the cloud of ghastly Night did sit,
 with that sweet smile and chearful brow.
 ll the world subdued unto it,
 ppy was I then, and wretched now?

appy was I, when I saw her lead
 pherds' daughters dauncing in a round?
 mly would she trace and softly tread
 der grafs, with rosie garland crown'd?
 en she list advaunce her heavenly voice,
 mphs and Muses nigh she made astown'd,
 ks and shepherds caus'd to rejoyce.

ow, ye shepherd Lasses! who shall lead
 undring troupes, or sing your virclays?
 shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
 u the lady of your holy-days?
 your blifs be turned into bale,
 o plaints convert your joyous plays,
 h the same fill every hill and dale.

agpipe never more be heard to shrill,
 ay allure the senses to delight,
 shepherd found his oaten quill
 e many that provoke them might
 pleafance, but let ghastlines
 ary horror dim the chearful light,
 e the image of true heaviness;

irds be silent on the naked spray,
 dy woods resound with dreadfull yells;
 aming floods their hasty courses stay,
 ching drouth dry up the crystal wells;
 earth be barren, and bring foith no
 lowres,
 air be fill'd with noise of doleful knells,
 ndering spirits walk untimely houres.

Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 herself from her long weariness,
 se henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
 ous monsters full of ugliness;
 it is that hath me done this wrong,
 e, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
 hepherd! weep, to make my underfong.

IV.

ittle flock, whom erst I lov'd so well,
 nt to feed with finest grafs that grew,
 henceforth on bitter Astrofell,
 king smillage and unsavory ruc;

And when your maws are with those weeds cor-
 rupted,
 Be ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rue
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be gluttet.

" Ne worse to you, my silly Sheep! I pray,
 Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
 Than to my self, for whose confus'd decay
 To careless Heavens I do daily call;
 But Heavens refuse to hear a wretch's cry,
 And cruel Death doth scorn to come at call,
 Or grant this boon that most desires to die.

" The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain,
 But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
 By living long to multiply their pain;
 Else surely death should be no punishment,
 As the great judge at first did it ordain,
 But rather riddance from long languishment.

" Therefore, my Daphne, they have tane away,
 For worthy of a better place was she,
 But me unworthy willed here to stay,
 That with her lack I might tormented be.
 Sith then they so have ordered, I will pay
 Penance to her, according their decree,
 And to her gholt do service day by day.

" For I will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waste my bitter age:
 My bread shall be the arguifh of my mind,
 My drink the tears which from mine eyes do
 rain,
 My bed the ground that hardest I may find;
 So will I wilfully increase my pain.

" And she, my love that was, my faint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestial throne
 (In which she joyeth in eternal blis)
 My bitter penance, will my case benone,
 And pity me that living thus to die;
 For heavenly spirits have compassion
 On mortal men, and rue their misery.

" So when I have with sorrow satisfide
 Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me
 seek,
 And th' heavens with long languor pacifide,
 She for pure pity of my sufferance meek,
 Will send for me, for which I daily long,
 And will till then my painful penance eke.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underfong.

V.

" Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
 And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
 For they be all but vain, and quickly fade;
 So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
 They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
 Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
 And mocking such as think they long will stay.

" I hate the Heaves, because it doth withhold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould-
Of fleshy sinne and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;
I hate the air, because of sighs of it be;
I hate the sea, because it tears supplics.

" I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not not my love to see;
I hate the darkness and the decay night,
Because they breed sad heltsainess in me;
I hate all times, because all times do fly
So fast away, and may not stay'd be,
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

" I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying;
I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
I hate to taste, for food withholdeth my dying;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimm'd with tears;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
I hate to feel, my flesh is numb'd with fears;
So all my senses from me are bereft.

" I hate all men, and thus all woman-kind;
The one, because as I they wretched are;
The other, for because I do not find
My love with them that want to be their star:
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever so and fro,
And never standeth in one certain state,
But still unstedfast, round about doth go
Like a mill-wheel, in midst of misery,
Driven with streams of wretchedness and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does die.

" So do I live, so do I daily die,
And pine away in self-consuming pain;
Sith she that did my vital powers supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain,
Is fetcht from me, why seek I to prolong
My weary days in delour and disdain?
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

VI.

" Why do I longer live in life's despight,
And do not die then in despight of death;
Why do I longer see this loathsome light,
And do in darkness not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares find quiet? is it so uncaith
To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

" To live I find it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continual woe;
Therefore to die must needs be joyous,
And wishful thing this sad life to foregoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bade me so;
She bade me stay till she for me did send.

" Yet whilst I in this wretched vale do stay,
My weary feet shall ever wandering be,
That still I may be ready on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness,
Ne will I rest my limbs for frailty,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

" But as the mother of the gods, that sought
For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
Throughout the world, with woeeful heavy thought,
So will I travel whilst I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne when as dropping Titan draweth near,
To look his train, will I take up my inn.

" Ne sleep (the harbinger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting wights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore;
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philomel my fortune to deplore;
With Philomel, the partner of my plight.

" And ever as I see the star to fall,
And under ground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
How my fair star (that shin'd on me so bright)
Fell suddenly and faded under ground,
Since whose departure day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus' star is found.

" But as soon as Day doth shew his dewie face,
And calls forth men unto their toyfom trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some dear cave, or solitary shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

VII.

" Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Fair things on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my fairest flowre is faded quite;
For all I see is vain and transitory,
Ne will be held in any steadfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

" And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel that roll
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance.
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only space
Of a small time, which none as certain may.

" And ye, true Lovers! whom desolate chance
Hath far exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourn in sorrow and sad succurance,
When ye do hear me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
Help me to wail my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
 'sence of your dearest love's delight,
 ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
 ty me in your empassion'd spright,
 sink that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
 appen unto the most happy wight,
 mens states alike unkedist be.

ye, my fellow shepherds! which do feed
 careles flocks on hills and open plains,
 better fortune than did me succed;
 nber yet my undeserved pains;
 when ye hear that I am dead or slain,
 it my lot, and tell your fellow-swains
 'ad Alcyon dy'd in life's disdain.

I ye, fair Damsels! shepherds' dear delights,
 with your loves do their rude hearts possess,
 as my hearse shall happen to your sights,
 safe to deck the same with cypress;
 ver sprinkle brackish tears among,
 of my undeserv'd distress,
 which I, wretch, endured have thus long.

d ye, poor Pilgrims! that with restless toyl
 y yourselves in wandering desert ways,
 at ye come where ye your woes assail,
 passing by ye read these woful lays
 y grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
 mourn for me that languish out my days.
 Shepherd! cease, and end thy under-song."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
 The heaviest plaint that ever I heard found,
 His cheeks went pale, and sprights began to faint,
 As if again he would have fall'n to ground;
 Which when I saw, (I stepping to him light)
 Amooved him out of his stony ffound,
 And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
 But casting up a s'dkignful eye at me,
 That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
 Did rend his hair, and beat his blubbred face,
 As one disposed willfully to die,
 That I fore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the gang was somewhat over-past,
 And the outrageous passion nigh appeas'd,
 I him desir'd, sith day was over-cast,
 And dark night fast approached, to be pleas'd
 To turn aside unto my cabinet,
 And stay with me till he were better eas'd.
 Of that strong stound which him fore beset.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
 Ne longer him intreat with me to stay,
 But without taking leave he forth did go,
 With staggering pace and dismal looks' dismay,
 As if that Death he in the face had seen,
 Or hellish hags had met upon the way;
 But what of him became I cannot ween.

ASTROPHEL:

A PASTORAL ELEGY

Upon the death of the most noble and valorous knight,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the most beautiful and vertuous lady,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Shepherds! that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Oft-times to plain your loves concealed smart,
And with your piteous lays have learn'd to breed
Compassion in a country lafs's heart,
Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds! to my song,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
The mournful'ft verse that ever man heard tell;
To you whose softned hearts it may empierce
With Dolour's dart, for death of Astrophel;
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For well I wote my rymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read,
Think he that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead;
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be mov'd to pity such a case.

A GENTLE shepherd, born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Hæmony
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store:
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel! the pride of shepherds'
Young Astrophel! the rustick lasses love,
For passing all the pastors of his days,
In all that seemly shepherds might behove:
In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

the time that first the nymph his mother
 h did bring, and taught her lambs to
 ed,

swain, excelling for each other
 shape, like her that did him breed,
 up fast in goodness and in grace,
 ly fair wox both in mind and face ;

ily more and more he did augment
 the usage and demeanure mild,
 nens hearts with secret ravishment
 way, and weetingly beguill'd ;
 : it self, that all good things doth spill,
 : in him that she could say was ill.

ere were fair, his joyance innocent,
 hout sowre, and honey without gall ;
 mself seem'd made for merriment,
 asking both in bower and hall :
 s no pleasure nor delightful play
 rophe! so ever was away.

ld pipe and dance, and carol sweet
 he shepherds in their shearing feast,
 r's lark, that with her song doth greet
 ing day, forth coming from the east :
 of love he also could compose ;
 py the whom he to praise did chose.

maidens often did him woo
 touchsafe amongst his rimes to name,
 or them, as he was wont to do
 at did his heart with love inflame ;
 they promised to dight for him
 lets of flowers and girlonds trim.

a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
 s oaten pipe began to shrill,
 al wells and shady groves forsook,
 ie charms of his enchanting skill,
 ght him presents, flowers if it were
 ne,
 fruit, if it were harvest-time.

none of them did care a whit,
 gods for them often sigh'd fore ;
 ir gifts, unworthy of his wit,
 worthy of the country's store :
 one he car'd, for one he sigh'd,
 cfire, and his dear love's delight.

air ! the fairest star in sky,
 Venus, or the fairest fair,
 lar saw never living eye)
 arp-pointed beams through purest air :
 love, her he alone did honour,
 uts, his rimes, his songs, were all upon

vow'd the service of his days,
 spent the riches of his wit,
 made hymns of immortal praise,
 r he sung, he thought, he writ :
 ut her, of love he worthy deemed,
 rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
 And verses vain, (yet verses are not vain)
 But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
 And bold atchievements her did entertain ;
 For both in deeds and words he noutred was,
 Both wife and hardy, (too hardy, alas !)

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift ;
 In shooting stiddy, and in swimming strong :
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are among.
 In every one he vanquish'd every one,
 He vanquish'd all, and vanquish'd was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicity,
 Or rather infelicity, he found,
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound ;
 No beasts so salvage but he could it kill,
 No chace so hard but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
 Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
 His mistress' name and his own fame to raise.
 What needeth peril to be sought abroad,
 Sith round about us it doth make abroad ?

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
 In forcin soil pursued far away,
 Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he herd to be of salvage prey :
 So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
 Nor famous Ardeyn nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toyls and subtil trains
 He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap ;
 So well he wrought with practice and with
 pains,
 That he of them great troupes did soon entrap :
 Full happy man (misweening much) was he,
 So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedless of his dearest hale,
 Full greedily into the herd he thrust,
 To slaughter them, and work their final bale,
 Lest that his toyl should of their troupes be burst.
 Wide wounds amongst them many a one he
 made,
 Now with his sharp-boar spear, now with his
 blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape (so partial unto none)
 Ill mind, so much to mind another's ill,
 As to become unmindful of his own :
 But pardon unto the cruel skyes,
 That from himself to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd amongst that beastly rout,
 A cruel beast of most accursed brood,
 Upon him turn'd (despair makes cowards stout)
 And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles rived quight,

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood therout did
flow,

That he endured not the direful flound,
But on the cold dear earth himself did throw;
The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And having none to lett, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd
peers,

To whom alive was nought so dear as he?
And ye, fair Maids! the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
To stop his wound, that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched Boy! the shape of Drery!
And sad ensample of man's sudden end,
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, or foe or friend;
Whilst none is nigh thine eye-lids up to close,
And kifs thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds suing of the chace,
As they the forest ranged on a day,
By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap thole shepherds thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was
And in their arms then softly did him rear;
Tho' (as he will'd) unto his loved lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear:
The dolefull bier that ever man did see
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto me.

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and stinky gore deformed,
That went to be with flowers and girlonds
dight,

And her dear favours dearly well adorned,
Her face the fairest face that eye more see,
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away;
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft;
And with sweet kisses suck'd the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lillies, pale and oft;
And oft she call'd to him, who answer'd nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can fet,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely halte;
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did fir,
And followed her mate, like turtle-chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this fame be
held,

And pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blue:
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which therinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
Fairly form'd as any star in skyes,
Shining Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well;
But thou, where-ever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel;
And whensoever thou it up doost take,
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all, which loved him full dear,
(And sure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to see what they did bear;
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter tears they all bedew'd.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grief oppress;
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to shew his sorrow best;
That from that howre, since first on grassie green
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning
seen.

But first his sister, that Clarinda hight,
That gentlest shepherdes that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and sight,
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay:
Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

"Aye me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my eniven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

"To heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were
And workers, of my unremedied we;
For they foresaw what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suff'ed this to be.
From them comes good, from them comes all our
That which they made, who can them
spill?"

ah! they, alas! like wretched be,
to the Heavens' ordinance,
side whatever they decree;
edrefs is their best sufferance.
an they, like wretched, comfort me,
nô lefs need comforted to be?

ny self will I my sorrow mourn,
ive like sorrowful remains,
self my plaints shall back return,
rufury with double pains:
the hills, the rivers, shall rebound
ful accent of my sorrows' ground.

ills, and rivers, now are desolate,
one the which them all did grace;
fields do wail their widow state,
heir fairest flower did late deface:
flowre in field that ever grew
hel; that was we all may rue.

el hand of curst foe unknown
the stalk which bore so fair a flowre?
opt, before it well were grown,
sefaced in untimely howre:
o all that ever him did see,
o all, but greatest los to me.

ow your girlonds, O ye shepherds
es!
flowre which them adorn'd is gone;
which them adorn'd, is gone to
s,
o let las put girlond on:
girlond, wear sad cypress now,
elder, broken from the bough.

ing the love-lays which he made;
made such lays of love as he?
d the riddles which he said
elves to make you merry glee:
glee is now laid all abed,
maker now, alas! is dead.

e devourer of all world's delight,
d you, and rest from me my joy;
d me, and all the world, he quight
d of joyance, and left sad annoy.
world, and shepherds' pride, was he;
o pe never like again to see.

that hast us of such riches rest,
calt, what hast thou with it done?
ome of him whose flowre here left
adow of his likeness gone?
the shadow of that which he was,
; but that he like a shade did pass.

" But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly quires
select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead:

" Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe is soft doth lie
In bed of lillies, wrapt in tender wife,
And compass all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

" There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight:
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

" But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

" There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

" But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries."

Which when she ended had, another swain,
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain
Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful toun,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
And every one in order lov'd him best,
'Gan dight themselves t'express their inward woe
With doleful layes, unto the time address;
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournful hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE.

OF THESTYLIS.

Come forth, ye Nymphs! come forth,
Forfake your watry bowres,
Forfake your mossy caves,
And help me to lament;
Help me to tune my doleful notes
To gurgling sound
Of Liffie's tumbling streams:
Come let salt tears of ours
Mix with his waters fresh:
O come! let one consent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints
The deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made,
Decreed by higher powres;
The dreery day in which
They have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might
From east to west be found.
Mourn, mourn great Philip's fall!
Mourn, we his woful end,
Whom spiteful Death hath pluckt
Untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his years in flowre
Did promise worthy fruit.
Ah! dreadful Mars! why didst
Thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathful mood, what fault
Of ours hath moved thee
Of such a shining light
To leave us destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect
Sometime didst us behold;
Thou hast in Briton's valour
T'een delight of old,

And with thy presence oft
Vouchsaf't to attribute
Fame and renown to us
For glorious martial deeds;
But now thy ireful beams
Have chill'd our hearts with cold;
Thou hast estrang'd thy self,
And dignest not our land:
Far off, to others now
Thy favour honour breeds,
And high disdain doth cause
Thee shun our clime, I fear;
For hadst thou not been wroth,
Or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldst have heard the cry
That woful England made;
Eke Zealand's piteous plaints,
And Holland's toren hair,
Would haply have appeas'd
Thy divine angry mind.
Thou shouldst have seen the trees
Refuse to yield their shade,
And wailing, to let fall
The honours of their head;
And birds in mournful tunes
Lamenting in their kind,
Up from his tomb
The mighty Corineus rose,
Who cursing oft the fates,
That his mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
Calling the Heavens unkind,
The Thames was heard to roar,
The Keyne and eke the Mose,

Danow' self
 anced did rue
 and with grief;
 pure and clear
 and with swelling floods
 oes.
 fortless,
 th pallid hue,
 s likewise
 ar and near,
 rs bedew'd,
 on high,
 ye Gods!
 in to cry;
 uel fate
 wight,
 Nature's course
 t his age.
 food forfook,
 carfully,
 cave or den,
 n so fright.
 he waves,
 ir'd to rage,
 se to rise
 Ocean hoar,
 r eld, and full
 ht,
 se; "Refrain,"
 r tears and plaints;
 ur idle words,
 quests no more;
 eech nor mone
 : fixed stint
 Death:
 ll that paints
 h colours fresh,
 eyes with store
 s; and though
 heart of flint
 make, yet nought
 ill prevail."
 aid,
 t, who 'gan to feel
) faint,
 cruel dint

 to assail,
 p to heav'n,
 nk as steel,
 ce,
 :ely was express,
 d, he said,
 ight this frail
 arcafs have
 ught t'advance;
 ath been
 th' opprest;
 aintain,
 have spent
 ne gav' it; or if
 ight advance
 y truth, then spare'
 if thou think best;

" Forbear these unripe years:
 " But if thy will be bent,
 " If that prefixed time
 " Be come which thou hast set,
 " Through pure and fervent faith
 " I hope now to be plac'd
 " In the everlasting bliss
 " Which with thy precious blood
 " Thou purchase did for us."
 With that a sigh he fet,
 And straight a cloudy mist
 His senses over-cast;
 His lips wax pale and wan,
 Like damask roses' bud
 Cast from the stalk, or like
 In field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth, being shred
 By culter as it pass.
 A trembling chilly cold
 Ran through their veins, which were
 With eyes brim-full of tears
 To see his fatal howre,
 Whose blustering sighs at first
 Their sorrow did declare,
 Next murmuring ensue:
 At last they not forbear
 Plain out-cries, all against
 The Heav'ns, that chviciously
 Depriv'd us of a spright
 So perfect and so rare
 The sun his lightsom beams
 Did shroud, and hide his face
 For grief, whereby the earth
 Fear'd night eternally:
 The mountains each were shook;
 The rivers turn'd their streams;
 And th' air 'gan winter-like,
 To rage and fret apace;
 And grisly ghosts by night
 Were seen, and fiery gleams
 Amid the clouds, with claps
 Of thunder, that did seem
 To rent the skies, and made
 Both men and beasts afraid.
 The birds of ill presage
 This luckless chance fore-told
 By dervful noise, and dogs
 With howling made men deem
 Some mischief was at hand;
 For such they do esteem
 As tokens of mishap,
 And so have done of old.
 Ah! that thou hadst but heard
 His lovely Stella 'plain
 Her grievous loss, or seen
 Her heavy mourning cheer,
 While she with woe opprest
 Her sorrows did unfold:
 Her hair hung loose neglect
 About her shoulders twain;
 And from those two bright stars,
 To him sometime so deer,
 Her heart sent drops of pearl,
 Which fell in soyson down
 M m iij

'Twixt lilly and the rose :
 She wrong her hands with pain,
 And piteously 'gan say,
 " My true and faithful Pheer,
 " Alas and woe is me !
 " Why should my fortune frown
 " On me thus frowardly,
 " To rob me of my joy ?
 " What cruell envious hand
 " Hath taken thee away,
 " And with thee my content,
 " My comfort and my stay ?
 " Then only woe the cause
 " Of trouble and annoy ;
 " When they did me assail,
 " In thee my hopes did rest.
 " Alas ! what now is left
 " But grief, that night and day
 " Afflicts this weful life,
 " And with continual rage
 " Torments ten thousand ways
 " My miserable brest ?
 " O greedy, envious Heav'n !
 " What needeth thee to have
 " Enrich'd with such a jewel
 " This unhappy age,
 " To take it back again
 " So soon ? Alas ! when shall
 " Mine eyes see ought that may
 " Content them, since the grave
 " My only treasure hides
 " The joys of my poor heart ?
 " As here with thee on earth
 " I liv'd ev'n so equal,
 " Methinks it were with thee
 " In heav'n I did abide ;
 " And as our troubles all
 " We hear on earth did part,
 " So reason would that there
 " Of thy most happy state
 " I had my share. Alas !
 " If thou my trusty guide
 " Were wont to be how canst
 " Thou leave me thus alone
 " In darkness, and astray ?
 " Weak, weary, desolate,
 " Plung'd in a world of wee,
 " Refusing for to take
 " Me with thee to the place
 " Of rest where thou art gone."

This said, she held her peace,
 For sorrow tide her tongue,
 And instead of more words,
 Seem'd that her eyes a lake
 Of tears had been, they flow'd
 So plentifully therefore ;
 And with her sobs and sighs
 Th' air round about her rung.
 If Venus' when she wail'd
 Her dear Adonis slain,
 Ought mov'd in thy fierce heart
 Compassion of her woe,
 His noble sister's plaints,
 Her sighs and tears among,

Would sure have made thee mild,
 And inly rue her pain.
 Aurora half so fair
 Herself did never show,
 When from old Tithon's bed
 She weeping did arise.
 The blinded Archer-boy,
 Like lark in showre of rain,
 Sate bathing of his wings,
 And, glad, the time did spend
 Under those chrystal drops
 Which fell from her fair eyes,
 And at their brightest beams
 Him proyn'd in lovely wile :
 Yet sorry for her grief,
 Which he could not amend,
 The gent' boy 'gan wipe
 Her eyes, and clear those lights,
 Whose lights through which
 His glory and his conquests shine.
 The Graces tuck'd her hair,
 Which hung like threads of gold
 Along her ivory brest,
 The treasure of delights,
 All things with her to weep
 It seem'd did incline ;
 The trees, the hills, the dales,
 The caves, the stones so cold ;
 The air did help them mourn,
 With dark clouds, rain and mist.
 Forbearing many a day
 To clear itself again,
 Which made them chafeous fear
 The days of Pyrrah should
 Of creatures spoil the earth,
 Their fatal threads untwilt ;
 For Phœbus' gladfome rays
 Were wish'd for in vain ;
 And with her quivering light
 Latona's daughter fair,
 And Charles Waincke, refus'd
 To be the shipman's guide.
 On Neptune war was made
 By Zephus and his train,
 Who letting loose the winds,
 Toft and tormented th' air ;
 So that on ev'ry coast
 Men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallow'd up
 In open sea with waves ;
 And such as came to shore,
 Were beaten with despair.
 The Medway's silver streams,
 That wont to fill to slide,
 Were troubled now and wroth,
 Whose hidden hollow caves
 Along his banks, with fog
 Then throu'd from man's eye,
 Ay Philip! did resound,
 Ay Philip! they did cry.
 His nymphs were keen to more
 (Though custom fill it craves)
 With hair spread to the wind,
 Themselves to bathe or sport,

or net,
 stonily
 thy fifth
 receive.
 It
 ces of resort,
 ow were still;
 ry lays
 t; and now
 might perceive
 o stray,
 lect;
 of mirth
 hts and days,
 to be heard
 ints, and mone.
 fed Soul!)
 spect
 ed, though full
 pe&t;
 ine eye
 rious throne,
 jectly.
 reigns;
 hining face
 omplete,
 as thy spright;
 rays one
 s
 on never stains
 urest spring,
 sweet
 rink;

Where thou dost gather now
 Of well employed life
 Th' inestimable gains;
 Where Venus on thee smiles,
 Apollo gives thee place,
 And Mars, in reverent wise
 Doth to thy vertue bow,
 And decks his fiery spear
 To do thee honour most:
 In highest part whereof,
 Thy valour for to grace,
 A chair of gold he sets
 To thee, and there doth tell
 Thy noble acts anew,
 Whereby even they that boast
 Themselves of ancient fame,
 As Pyrrhus, Hannibal,
 Scipio, and Cæsar, with
 The rest that did excel
 In martial prowess, high
 Thy glory to admire.
 All hail! therefore,
 O worthy Philip, immortal!
 The flowre of Sydney's race!
 The honour of thy name!
 Whose worthy praise to sing
 My Muses not aspire;
 But, sorrowful and sad,
 These tears to thee let fall,
 Yet with their verses might
 So far and wide thy fame
 Extend, that envy's rage
 Nor time might end the fame.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

To the right honourable

THE L A . . . ANGE.

MOST brave and noble Lady! the things that make ye so much honoured of the world as ye be, are such as (without my simple lines' testimony) are thoroughly known to all men, namely, your excellent beauty, your vertuous behaviour, and your noble match with that most honourable lord the very pattern of right nobility: but the causes for which ye have deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity which it hath pleased your Ladyship to acknowledge; of which whenas I found my self in no part worthy, I devised this last slender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladyship, and also to make the same universally known to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you.

Vouchsafe, noble Lady! to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

REVERSE to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine!
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad tune
Which late you poured forth as ye did fit
Beside the silver springs of Helicene,
Making your mulick of heart-breaking mone:

For since the time that Phœbus' foolish son
Ythundered, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traversing the charret of the sun
Beyond the compass of the pointed path,
Of you his mournful sisters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never since invented.

that fair Caliope did lose
 Her twins, the dearlings of her joy,
 Whom her unkindly foes,
 Her Sisters, did for spite destroy,
 And the Muses did bewail long space,
 And heard such wailing in this place.

Their groves, which with the heavenly
 Pipes
 Sweet instruments were wont to sound,
 The hollow hills, from which their silver
 Pipes
 Did not redoubled echoes to rebound,
 Rebound with nought but rueful cries,
 And singing shrieks thrown up into the skies.

Their flowing streams, which wout in channels
 To
 Run gently down with murmur soft,
 And by them right tuneful taught to bear,
 Part amongst their comforts oft,
 Had now to overflow with brackish tears,
 And the loud noise did dull their dainty ears.

The Nymphs and light-foot Fairies,
 Who either came to hear their music sweet,
 Or the measures of their melodies
 To move their nimble-shifting feet,
 Now ring them so heavily lament,
 And wailfully lamenting from them went.

That elfe was wont to work delight
 In the divine infusion of their skill,
 That elfe seem'd fair and fresh in sight,
 And by Nature for to serve their will,
 Had now to dismal heaviness,
 And had now to dreadful ugliness.

What thing on earth, that all things
 Reeds,
 Is the cause of so impatient plight?
 Or what fiend, with felon deeds,
 Has led up so mischievous despight?
 Or when enter into heavenly hearts,
 To pierce immortal breasts with mortal smarts?

Who ye then, whom only it concerns,
 Whose secret causes to display,
 But you, or who of you it learns,
 Fully aread so doleful lay.
 Thou eldest sister of the crew,
 Thou rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

Thou great Father of the gods on high,
 Whom art dreaded for thy thunder-darts,
 Whom our sire, that reign'st in Castalie,
 Thou great Parnass, the god of goodly art;
 Behold the miserable state
 Of thy daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open shame
 The which is day by day unto us wrought,
 By such as hate the honour of our name,
 The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
 They, not contented us themselves to scorn,
 Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Not only they that dwell in lowly dust,
 The sons of Darknes and of Ignorance,
 But they whom thou, great Jove! by doom
 Unjust,
 Didst to the type of honour erst advance;
 They now, puff'd up with 'deignful insolence,
 Despise the brood of blessed Sapience

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
 That wont to be the world's chief ornament;
 And learned imps that wont to shoot up still,
 And grow to height of kingdom's government,
 They under keep, and with their spreading arms
 Do beat their buds, that perish through their
 Harms.

It most behoves the honourable race
 Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain,
 And with their noble countenance to grace
 The learned foreheads without gift or gain;
 Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be,
 That is the girlond of nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwise they do esteem
 Of th' heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
 And to be learned it a base thing deem;
 Base minded they that want intelligence;
 For God himself for wisdom is prais'd,
 And men to God thereby are nighest rais'd.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
 Through pompous pride and foolish vanity;
 In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
 And only boast of arms and ancestry;
 But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first
 Give
 To their grandfathers, they care not to achieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
 To register, and found in trump of gold,
 Through their bad doings or base slothfulness
 Find nothing worthy to be writ or told;
 For better far it were to hide their names,
 Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
 Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
 And all that in this world is worthy sight
 Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime;
 Therefore I mourn with deep heart's forrowing,
 Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that the rain'd such store of streaming
 Tears,
 That could have made a stony heart to weep,

And all her sisters rent their golden hairs,
And their fair faces with salt humour steep.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O who shall pour into my swollen eyes
A sea of tears that never may be dried!
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air so
wide!

And iron sides, that fighting may endure,
To wail the wretchedness of world impure?

Ah! wretched world! the den of wickedness,
Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched World! the house of heaviness,
Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal misery;
Ah! wretched World! and all that is therein,
The vassals of God's wrath, and slaves of sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appear,
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks, is wisely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy he is,
And the only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breast with constant patience
Against the bitter throws of Dolour's darts;
She solaceth with rules of sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarts:
When he is sad she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be
weary.

But he that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event;
So is the man that wants entendment.

Why then do foolish men so much despise
The precious store of these celestial riches?
Why do they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappy wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchedness,
Yet do not see their own unhappiness.

My part it is, and my professed skill,
The stage with tragick buskins to adorn,
And fill the scene with plaints and outcries shrill,
Of wretched persons to misfortune born;
But none more tragick matter I can find
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and mind.

For all man's life me seems a tragedy
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophies,

Are heapt with spoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.

So all with rucfal spectacles is fill'd,
Fit for Megera or Persephone,
But I, that in true tragedies am skill'd,
The slowre of wit, find nought to busy me,
Therefore I mourn and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then 'gan she woefully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth loud shrieks and derry dolful sighs
So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

THALIA.

Where be the sweet delights of learning's
sure,
That wont with comick sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listners' eyes and ears with melody,
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beset?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid asid, and no where now to see,
And in her room unseemly sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grievous countenance
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him besides sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darkness of the deep abyss,
Where being bred, he light and heaven do
hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannise,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with folly have possess'd,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain,
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfeisance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the comick stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasure grac'd,
By which man's life, in his likest image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd;
And those sweet wits, which wont the scene
frame.

Are now despid'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock her self, and truth to intimate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drest.

ereof, scoffing Scurrility,
ing Folly with Contempt is crept,
rimes of shameless ribaudry
egard, or due decorum kept;
wit at will perfumes to make,
he learned's task upon him take.

me gentle spirit, from whose pen
ims of honey and sweet nectar flow,
he boldness of such base-born men,
e their follies forth so rashly throw,
r choose to fit in idle cell,
mself to mockery to fell.

ade the servant of the many,
ing-stock of all that list to scorn,
red nor cared for of any,
of losels as a thing forlorn;
I mourn and sorrow with the rest,
aufe of sorrow be redrest.

she loudly did lament and shriek,
rth streams of tears abundantly,
r sisters, with compassion like,
ies of her fingults did supply.
e; and then the next in rew
grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

EUTERPE.

dearling of the summer's pride,
acle! when winter's stormy wrath
fields, that erst so gay were dy'd
livers, quite despoiled hath,
deles doth hide her cheerless head
time of that her widowhead;

earst were wont in sweet accord
with our pleasant notes to fill,
urable times did us afford
to chaunt our charms at will,
kels upon the bared bow,
culvers, do fit wailing now,

e bitter storm than winter's flower,
of the world hath lately wafted,
fresh buds, which wont so fair to
er,
d quite, and all their blossoms blasted;
young plants, which wont with fruit
nd,
at fruit or leaves are to be found.

lness hath benumb'd the sense
pirits of each living wight,
d with darkness their intelligence,
ore than Cymmarians' daily night;
ous Error, flying in the air,
d the face of all that seemed fair.

llish horror, Ignorance,
bosom of the black abyfs,
h Furies' milk for sustenance
: infancy, begot amifs

By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night,
So he is tons both fire and brother hight:

He, arm'd with blindness and with boldness stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fair light defaced,
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings raced,
And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue
reign'd,
With brutishness and beastly filth had stain'd.

The sacred springs of horse-foot Helicon,
So oft hedewed with our learned Lays,
And speaking streams of pure Castalion,
The famous witness of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their foul footing's
tread,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with
plains,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbours sweet, in which the shepherds'
swains
Were wont so oft their pastorals to sing,
'They have cut down, and all their pleasures
marr'd,
That now no pastoral is to be heard.

In stead of them, foul goblins and shriek-owls,
With fearful howling do all places fill,
And feeble Eccho now laments and howls
The dreadful accents of their out-cries shrill:
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose joy was erst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits, now dismay'd with sorrow dull,
Do mone my misery with silence soft;
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,
Till please th' Heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding wo,
And piteous lamentation did make,
And all her sisters seeing her do so,
With equal plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasures
sweet,
Fearless through his own fault or Fortune's
spright
To stumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his misery.

So we, that erst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosom of all bliss did sit,
Like virgin queens, with laurel garlands crown'd,
For vertue's meed and ornament of wit,

Sith Ignorance our kingdom did confound,
Be now become most wretched wights on ground,

And in our royal thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of foul Infamy;
Blind Error, scornful Folly, and base Spright,
Who hold by wrong that we should have by
right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing;
And make them merry with their fooleries;
They chearly chant, and rimes at random fling,
The fruitful spawn of their rank fantasies:
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and losers magnify.

All places they do with their toys possess,
And reign in liking of the multitude;
The schools they fill with fond new-fangledness,
And sway in court with pride and rashness rude:
'Mongst simple shepherds they do boast their skill,
And say their musick matcheth Phœbus' quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their prince that learning is but vain;
Fair ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with leud delights disdain:
Clerks they to loathly idleness intice,
And fill their books with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdom's maintenance,
The whiles we silly maids, whom they despize,
And with reproachful scorn discountenance,
From our own native heritage exil'd,
Walk through the world, of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertain,
Unless some one, perhaps of gentle kin,
For pities sake compassion our pain,
And yield us some relief in this distress;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchedness.

So wander we all careful comfortless,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So seek we help our sorrow to redress,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call;
Therefore we mourn and pitiless complain,
Because none living pitieth our pain.

With that she wept and wofully lamented,
That nought on earth her grief might pacify,
And all the rest her doleful din augmented
With shrieks, and groans, and grievous agony.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue.

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus' silver bowre were bred,

Thoughts half divine, full of the fire of love,
With beauty kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in security possess,
Forgetful of your former heaviness;

Now change the tenor of your joyous lays,
With which ye use your loves to deify,
And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praise
Above the compass of the arched sky:
Now change your praises unto piteous cries,
And eulogies turn into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter sounds
Of raging love first 'gan me to torment,
And lance your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I, that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormy passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lover's life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindly skill,
Banish'd by those that love with madness fill.

Love wont to be school-master of my skill,
And the deviceful matter of my song;
Sweet Love! devoid of villany or ill,
But pure and spotless, as at first he sprung
Out of th' Almighty's bosom where he came,
From thence infused into mortal brains.

Such high conceit of that celestial fire,
The base-born brood of Blindness cannot grieve,
Ne never dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of perfectness,
But rime at riot, and do rage in love,
Yet little wote what doth thereto behave.

Fair Cytheree! the mother of Delight,
And Queen of Beauty, now thou may'st go mad
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quite,
Thy sceptre rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay son, the winged God of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffed Grouse.

And ye three Twins to light by Venus brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate,
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find entertainment or in court or school;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learned's meed, is now lent to the fool:
He sings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood!
Of bitter tears, and made exceeding moan;
And all her sisters seeing her sad mood,
With loud laments her answer'd all at once.

and then the next in rew
grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE.

hall I my evil case complain,
anguish of my inward smart,
left to remedy my pain,
o pity a perplexed heart,
seeks my sorrow to augment
approach and cruel banishment?

whom I used to apply
I service of my learned skill,
offspring of Love's progeny,
the world with famous acts to fill,
I raised in heroick stile
of profession to compile;

rupted through the rust of times,
all fairest things on earth deface,
unnoble sloth or sinful crime,
degenerate the noble race,
desire of worthy deeds forlorn,
of learning utterly do scorn.

care to have the auncestry
heroes memoriz'd anew;
care that late posterity
w their names, or speak their praises

got, from whence at first they sprong,
mselfes shall be forgot ere long.

it then to come from glorious
or to have been nobly bred?
'twixt Irus and old Inachus,
and worst, when both alike are ded,
neither mention should make,
dust their memories awake?

uld ever care to do brave deed,
vertue others to excel,
uld yield him his deserved meed,
that is the spur of doing well?
were not praised more than ill,
ld chuse goodness of his own free-

he Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
n Trumpet of eternity,
thoughts lift up to heaven's hight,
I men have power to deify:
I Hercules I rais'd to heaven,
I main amongst the starris heavn.

will my golden clarion rend,
faceforth immortalize no more,
ore find worthy to commend
f value, or for learned lore;
peers whom I was wont to raise,
eek for pleasures, nought for praise,

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may
spare:

And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants do share;
Therefore I mourn and endless sorrow make,
Both for my self and for my sisters' sake.

With that she loudly 'gan to wail and strike,
And from her eyes a sea of tears did poure,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpness of her showre.
So ended she, and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of tears, conspiring wretched men's afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkness without sovereignty?

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through fleshes frailty and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the only comfort which they have,
It is their light, their load-star, and their day,
But hell, and darkness, and the grisly grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the world's crea-
tion,
How in his cradle first he fostred was,
And image of Nature's cunning operation,
How things the formed of a formless mass;
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft into the sky,
And look into the crystal firmament;
There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy,
The star's pure light, the spheres' swift move-
ment,
The spiri's and intelligencies fair,
And angel's waiting on th' Almighty's chair.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
Th' Eternal Maker's majesty we view,
His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
And mercy, more than mortal men can view,
O sovereign Lord! O sovereign happiness!
To see thee and thy mercy measureless!

Such happiness have they that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly discipline;

But shame and sorrow, and accursed ease,
Have they that scorn the school of arts divine,
And banish me, which do possess the skill
To make men heavenly-wise through humbled
will.

However yet they me despise and spight,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my self with mine own-self delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought;
So loathing earth I look up to the sky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the misery of men, [breed,
Which want the bliss that wisdom would them
And like brute beasts do lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darkness and of ghastly deed;
For whom I mourn, and for myself complain,
And for my sisters eke, whom they disdain.

With that she wept and wail'd so piteously,
As if her eyes had been two springing wells;
And all the rest, her sorrows to supply,
Did throw forth shrieks, and cries, and drery yells.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her mournful plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL case desires a doleful song.
Without vain art or curious compliments,
And squalid fortune into baseness flung,
Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me.
To tell my sorrows, that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures
With which I went the winged words to try,
And make a tuneful diapason of pleasures,
Now being let to run at liberty
By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound, though having little sense,
They think to be chief praise of poetry,
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly Poesie,
And made a monster of their fantasia.

Whilom in ages past none might profess,
But princes and high priests, that secret skill;
The secret laws therein they wont express,
And with deep oracles their verses fill;
Then was she held in sovereign dignity,
And made the nourling of nobility.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintain,
But suffer her prophaned for to be
Of the base vulgar, that with hands unclean
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie,
And treadeth under foot her holy things,
Which was the care of kesar and of king.

One only lives, her age's ornament,
And mirror of her Maker's majesty,
That with rich bounty and dear cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poesie;
Ne only favours them which it profess,
But is herself a peerless poetress.

Most peerless prince, most peerless poetress!
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, sacred emperress!
Live she for ever, and her royal places
Be fill'd with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly writs.

Some few beside this sacred skill esteem,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beauty's beam,
Are thereby fill'd with happy influence,
And lifted up above the world's gaze,
To sing with angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as born of salvage brood,
And having been with acorns always fed,
Can no whit savour this celestial food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day,
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Estfoons such store of tears she forth did pour
As if she all to water would have gone,
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and wail, and made exceeding moan;
And all their learned instruments did break;
The rest untold, no living tongue can speak.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.

I.

Oh Spirits! whose ashy cinders lie
In ruins, with huge walls oppress,
Or praise, the which shall never die
Our fair verses, ne in ashes rest;
A wailing voice of wight alive
From hence to depth of darcest hell,
Whose deep abysses open rive,
May understand my shrieking yell.
Being seen, under the heaven's veil,
And devoted compass over all,
O you with loud voice I appeal,
Your antique fury here do call,
That I with sacred horror sing
The fairest of all earthly thing.

II.

Let on her haughty walls will praise,
And steeples high shot up in air;
The old Ephesian buildings blaze,
And nurslings their pyramids fair;
Yet vaunting Greece will tell the story
Of great image in Olympus placed,
Whose work will be the Carians' glory,
Which will boast the Labyrinth now raced;
The Rhodian will likewise set forth
The Coloss, erect to memory;
Else in the world is of like worth,
Or learned wit will magnify:
Which sing, above all monuments,
The seven hills, the world's seven wonder-
ments.

III.

Thou Stranger! which for Rome in Rome here
I seekst,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,
These same old walls, old arches, which thou seekst,
Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Behold what wreck, what ruine, and what waste,
And how that she, which with her mighty powre
Hath tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her self at last,
The prey of Time, which all things doth de-
voure.

Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought save Tyber, hastning to his fall,
Remains of all, O world's inconstancy!
That which is firm doth sit and fall away,
And that is sitting doth abide and stay.

IV.

She, whose high top above the stars did fore,
One foot on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundness compassing;
Jove fearing, least if she should greater grow,
The giants old should once again arise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills, which
Be now
Tombs of her greatness, which did threat the skies;
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnall,
Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomach laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,

And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

v.

Who lists to see what-ever Nature, Art,
And Heaven could do, O Rome! thee let him see,
In case thy greatness he can guess in heart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more; but if the shade of Rome
May of the body yield a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawn forth out of the tomb
By magick skill out of eternal night:
The corps of Rome in ashes is entomb'd,
And her great spirit, rejoyn'd to the spirit
Of this great mass, is in the same enomb'd;
But her brave writings, which her famous merit,
In spite of time, out of the dust doth rear,
Do make her idol through the world appear,

vi.

Such as the Berecynthian goddess bright,
In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that so many gods she brought to light,
Such was this city in her good days found;
This city, more than that great Phrygian mother,
Renown'd for fruit of famous progeny,
Whose greatness, by the greatness of none other,
But by her self her equal match could see:
Rome only might to Rome compar'd be,
And only Rome could make great Rome to
tremble;
So did the gods by heavenly doom decree
That other earthly powre should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earth's puissance,
And did her courage to the heavens advance.

vii.

Ye sacred Ruines! and ye tragick Sights!
Which only do the name of Rome retain,
Old monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes do maintain;
Triumphphant arks, spyres neighbours to the skye,
That you to see doth th' heaven it self appall,
Alas! by little ye to nothing fly,
The peoples fable and the spoil of all;
And though your frames do for a time make war
'Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your works and names, and your last reliques
mar.

My sad desires rest therefore moderate;
For if that time make end of thing so sure,
It als will end the pain which I endure.

viii.

Through arms and vassals Rome the world sub-
du'd,
That one would ween that one sole city's strength
Both land and sea in roundness had surview'd,
To be the measure of her breadth and length:
This people's vertue yet so fruitful was
Of vertuous nephews, that posterity,
Striving in powre their grand-fathers to pass,
The lowest earth joy'n'd to the heavens high,
To th' end that having all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Roman empire might be quight,
And that though Time doth consume wealths
devoure,
Yet no time should so low enbase their hight,

That her head earth'd in her foundation deep,
Should not her name and endless honour keep.

ix.

Ye cruel stars! and eke ye gods unkind!
Heaven envious! and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune or by course of kind
That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly creature,
Why have your hands long sithens travailed
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Roman palaces
Made of some matter no less firm and strong?
I say not, as the common voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the moon be
being
Are temporal, and subject to decay;
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that ween the contrary in thought,
That all this Whole shall one day come to
nought.

x.

As that brave son of Æson, which by charms
Atchiev'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of arms
Of dragon's teeth, sown in the sacred sand;
So this brave town, that in her youthly days
An hydra was of warriors glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourling's praise
The fiery sun's both one and other house;
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules, so rank seed to repress,
Emongst themselves with cruel fury striving,
Mow'd down themselves with slaughter merck,
Renewing in themselves that rage unkind,
Which whilom did those earth-born brethren see,

xi.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortal puissance
Pust up with pride of Roman hardyhead,
Seem'd above Heaven's powre it self t'advance;
Cooling again his former kindled heat,
With which he had those Roman spirits fill'd,
Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothick cold hot rage instill'd:
Then 'gan that nation, th' earth's new gan
brood,

To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war,
And beating down these walls with furious war
Into her mother's bosom, all did mar,
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his ire,
Should boast himself of the Romane empire.

xii.

Like as whilom the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starry skye,
And fight against the gods of heavenly birth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
All suddenly, with lightning overthrow'd,
The furious squadrons down to ground did flye.
That th' earth, under her children's weight did
grone,
And th' heavens in glory triumpht ever all;
So did that haughty front which heapt was
On these seven Roman hills, it self uprear
Over the world, and lift her lofty face
Against the heaven, that 'gan her force to rear

the scorned fields bemoane her fall,
a secure fear nœt her force at all.

XIII.

swift fury of the flames aspiring,
deep wounds of victors' raging blade,
left spoil of souldiers blood-desiring,
rich spoils of thee, Rome, their conquest
made;
on stroke of Fortune variable,
of age hating continuance,
of gods, nor spright of men unstable,
oppos'd gainst thine own puiffance;
terrible uprore of winds high blowing,
rolling streams of that god snaky-paced,
rich so often with his overflowing
riched, have thy pride so much abased,
this nothing, which they have thee left,
the world wonder what they from thee
left.

XIV.

in summer fearless pass the foord,
in winter lord of all the plain,
his tumbling streams doth bear about
ughman's hope and shepherd's labour
ain;
the coward beasts use to despise
the lyon after his live's end,
and their teeth, and with vain fool-hardise
the foe that cannot him defend;
at Troy most dastards of the Greeks
were about the corps of Hector cold;
which whilom wont with pallid cheeks
man triumphs' glory to behold,
these ashie tombs shew boldness vain,
quer'd, dare the conquerour disdain.

XV.

O Spirits! and ye ashie Ghosts!
gazing in the brightness of your day,
forth those signs of your presumptuous
oaths,
on their dusty reliques do bewray;
O ye Spirits! (sith the darksome river
nor passable to souls returning,
and you in thrice three wards for ever,
restrain your images still mourning)
then (for perhaps some one of you
above him secretly doth hide)
do feel your torments to accrew,
sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
of old Roman works, built with your hands,
become nought else but heaped sands?

XVI.

O ye see the wrathful sea from far
at mountain heapt with hideous noyse,
of thousand billows shouldred nar,
a rock to break with dreadful poyle;
O ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast
huge tempests through the troubled sky,
having his wide wings spent in wast,
his weary carriere suddenly;
O ye see huge flames spread diversly,
in one up to the heavens to spire,
consum'd to fall down feebly;
O how did this monarchy aspire
II.

As waves, as wind, as fire, spread over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as Jove's great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that presumptuous might
With which the gyants did the gods assay;
But all so soon as scorching sun had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to overspred,
The earth out of the massie womb forth sent
That antique horror which made heaven adred.
Then was the German Raven in disguise,
That Roman Eagle seen to cleave asunder,
And towards heaven freshly to arise
Out of these mountains, now consum'd to
powder,
in which the fowl that serves to bear the light-
ning
Is now no more seen flying nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heaps of stones, these old walls which ye
see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soil,
And these brave palaces, which maistred be
Of Time, were shepherds' cottages sometime:
Then took the shepherds kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynd arm'd his right hand with
steel;
Estfoons their rule of yearly presidents
Grew great, and six months greater a great deal,
Which made perpetual, rose to so great might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' heaven it self opposing 'gainst her might,
Her power to Peter's successor betook,
Who shepherd-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth see that all things turn to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect which th' heaven beautifies,
All that's imperfect, born below the moon,
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes,
And all that doth consume our pleasures soon;
All the mishap the which our days outwears,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancestors,
Like a Pandora, locked in store:
But Destiny, this huge chaos turmoyleing,
In which all good and evil was enclosed,
Their heavenly virtues from these woes assoyling,
Carried to heaven, from sinful bondage loosed:
But their great sins, the causes of their pain,
Under these antique ruines yet remain.

XX.

No otherwise than rainy cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
Estfoons in compass arch'd, to steep his hed,
Doth plunge himself in Thetys' bosom fair;
And mounting up again from whence he came,
With his great belly spreads the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame
In rain, or snow, or hail, he forth is hold:
This city, which was first but shepherd's shade,
Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That queen of land and sea her self she made:
At last, not able to bear so great weight,

N a

Her power dispers'd through all the world did
vade,
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus, and the puissance
Of Africk could not tame, that same brave city
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mis-
chance,

Sustain'd the shock of common enmity,
Long as her ship tost with so many freaks,
Had all the world in arms against her bent,
Was never seen that any fortune's wrecks
Could break her course, begun with brave intent;
But when the object of her vertue fail'd,
Her power it self against it self did arm:
As he that having long in tempest fail'd,
Fain would arrive, but cannot for the storm,
If too great wind against the port him drive,
Doth in the part it self his vessel rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which near'd her rule with Africa and Byze,
With Thames' inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise,
Her nourlings did with mutinous uprore
Hearten against her self, her conquer'd spoil,
Which she had won from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoi'd within a while;
So when the compass'd course of th' universe
In six and thirty thousand years is run,
The bands of th' elements shall back reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undone:
The seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary wisdom of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoil should be for-
born!

To th' end that his victorious people should
With canking leisure not be overwon!
He well foresaw how that the Roman courage,
Impatient of pleasure's faint desires,
Though idleness would turn to civil rage,
And be her self the matter of her fires:
For in a people given ail to ease,
Ambition is engendered easily;
As in a vicious body, gross disease,
Soon grows through humours superfluity.
That came to pass, when, swoln with plenty's
pride,

Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blind fury which wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foot or fly aloft,
Or armed be with claws or scaly creasts,
What fell Erynnis with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noisom rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romans!) your hard destiny,
Or some old sin, whose unappealed guilt
Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers' blood, the which at first was spilt

Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient city whilom made!
Or that I had Amphion's instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes' accord
The stony joints of these old walls, now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be rewar'd;
Or that at least I could with peasil fine
Fashion the portraits of these palaces,
By pattern of great Virgil's spirit divine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty stile,
That which no hands can ever more compie.

XXVI.

Who list the Roman greatness forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seek for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepness, or her
height;

But him behooves to view in compass round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long arms,
Be it where th' yearly star doth scorch the ground,
Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter flames.
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world
Rome;

And if things nam'd their names do equalise,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome,
And naming Rome ye land and sea comprise!
For th' ancient plot of Rome, displayed plain
The map of all the wide world doth contain.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonish'd dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the sky,
These haughty heaps, these palaces of old,
These walls, these arks, these baths, these temple
Judge by these ample Ruins' view the rest
The which injurious Time hath quite outworn,
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old fragments are for patters torn:
Then also mark how Rome from day to day,
Repaying her decayed fashion
Renews herself with buildings rich and gay.
That one would judge that the Roman name
Doth yet himself with fatal hand embrace,
Again on foot to rear her pouldred corpse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seen a great oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some trophies old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Whose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold
But half disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wretched roots and naked arms,
And on her trunk, ail rotten and unsound,
Only supports her self for meat of worms,
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And many young plants spring out of her mold;
Who such an oak hath seen, let him record
That such this city's honour was of yore,
And amongst all cities flourish'd much more.

XXX.

at which Egypt whilom did devise,
 at which Greece their temples to embrace,
 th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guise,
 rinth, skill'd in curious works to grave;
 at Lysippus' practick art could form,
 as' wit, or Phidias his skill,
 wont this ancient city to adorn,
 heaven it self with her wilde wonders fill:
 at which Athens ever brought forth wise,
 at which Africk ever brought forth strange,
 at which Asia ever had of praise,
 were to see. O marvailous great change!
 living was the world's sole ornament,
 dead, is now the world's sole monument?

XXX.

as the seeded field green grafs first shows,
 from green grafs into a stalk doth spring,
 from a stalk into an ear forth grows,
 in ear the fruitful grain doth shortly bring;
 as in season due the husband mows
 waving locks of those fair yellow hairs,
 bound in sheaves, and laid in comely
 rows,
 the naked fields in stacks he rears;
 now the Roman empire by degree,
 at barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 left of it but these old marks to see,
 which all passers-by do somewhat pill;
 by which glean, the reliques use to gather
 at th' husbandman behind him chaunt to
 scatter.

XXXI.

Time is now nought but a champain wide,
 as all this world's pride once was situate.
 Time to thee, whosoever doost abide
 Nile, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
 rich thereof guilty is, nor Spain,
 the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
 the brave warlike brood of Alemain,
 the horn souldier which Rhine running
 drinks:

Thou only cause, O civil Fury! art,
 Which sowing in th' Æmathan fields thy spight,
 Didst arm thy hand against thy proper heart,
 To th' end that when thou wast in greatest height
 To greatness grown, through long prosperity,
 Thou then adown might'st fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses! that posterity
 Of age pursuing shall you ever read?
 Hope ye that ever immortality
 So mean harp's work may challenge for her need?
 If under heaven any endurance were,
 These monuments, which not in paper writ,
 But in porphyre and marble do appear,
 Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
 Nath'less my hate, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
 Cease not to found these old antiquities,
 For if that Time do let thy glory live,
 Well may'st thou boast, how ever base thou be,
 That thou art first which of thy nation song
 Th' old honour of the people gown'd long.

L'ENVOY.

BELLY! first garland of free poesy
 That France brought forth, though fruitful of
 brave wits;
 Well worthy thou of immortality,
 That long hast travel'd by thy learned wits,
 Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
 And give a second life to dead decays;
 Needs must he all eternity survive,
 That can to other give eternal days.
 Thy days, therefore, are endless, and thy praise
 Excelling all that ever went before;
 And after thee 'gins Bartas hie to raise
 His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore,
 Live, happy Spirits! th' honour of your name,
 And fill the world with never-dying fame.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

To the right noble and beautiful lady,

MARY,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

Most honourable and bountiful Lady, there be long fitheas deep fowed in my breast the seeds of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother, deceased, which taking root, began in his lifetime somewhat to bud forth, and to show themselves to him, as then in the weakness of their first spring, and would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to draw out his days) spired forth fruit of more perfection: but since God hath decreed the world of that most noble spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muses, together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead: yet fitheas my late coming into England, some friends of mine, (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how straight bands of duty I was tyed to him, and also bound unto that noble house (of which the chief hope then rested in him), have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him, or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulness: whom chiefly to satisfy, or else to avoid the foul blot of unthankfulness, I have conceived this small Poem, intituled by a general name of, The World's Ruines; yet specially intended to the renowing of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chief of them late deceased: the which I dedicate unto your Ladyship, as whom it most specially concerneth, and to whom I acknowledge my self bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happiness, and so humbly kiss your hands,

Your Ladyship's ever

humbly at command,

EDMUND SPENSEL

THE RUINES OF TIME.

I saw me one day beside the shore
 Streaming Thameſis to be,
 Where the goodly Verulam flood of yore,
 Where there now remains no memory,
 A little monument to ſee,
 And the traveller, that fares that way,
 Is woe as he was the may warned be to ſay.

On the other ſide I did behold
 A ſitting ſorrowfully wailing,
 Her yellow locks like wiry gold,
 Her ſhoulders careleſly down trailing,
 Her ſtreams of tears from her fair eyes forth
 A ſtreaming ſill;
 She held a broken rod ſhe held,
 And ſtove towards heaven ſhe ſeem'd on high to
 ſtand.

She was one of that river's nymphs,
 And ſid the loſs of ſome dear love lament,
 Or one of thoſe three fatal imps
 Who ſaw the days of men forth in extent,
 The ſcient Genius of that city bred;
 She call'd her ſo piteouſly perplexed,
 And calling) ask'd what her ſo vexed?

What delight (quoth ſhe) in earthly thing,
 Where ſorrow, can I, wretched Creature! have?
 Where is happineſs the Heavens envying,
 The higheſt ſtair to loweſt ſtep me drive,
 Where ſave in mine own bowels made my grave;
 Where of all nations now I am forlorn,
 Where worlds ſad ſpectacle, and Fortune's ſcorn."

As I mov'd at her piteous plaint,
 My heart nigh riven in my breaſt,
 I ſaw her wither'd ſide ſee her fore constraint,
 And ſeeing tears awhile, I ſtill did reſt,
 And ſaid her name of her request:
 I have I none, (quoth ſhe) nor any being
 : of both by Fate's unjuſt deceiving.

" I was that city which the garland wore
 " Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
 " By Roman victors; which it won of yore,
 " Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
 " And lie in mine own aſhes, as ye ſee:
 " Verulam I was: what boots it that I was,
 " Sith now I am but woods and waſteful graſs?

" O vain world's glory, and unſtedfaſt ſtate
 " Of all that lives on face of ſinful earth!
 " Which from their firſt until their utmoſt date
 " Taſte no one hour of happineſs or mirth,
 " But like as at the ingate of their birth,
 " They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
 " So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

" Why then doth ſuch a bubble-glaſs of breath,
 " Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
 " And rear a trophy for devouring Death,
 " With ſo great labour and long-laſting pain,
 " As if his days for ever ſhould remain?
 " Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
 " Doth as a vapour vaniſh and decay.

" Look back who liſt unto the former ages,
 " And call to count what is of them become,
 " Where be thoſe learned wits and antique ſages
 " Which of all wiſdom knew the perfect ſum?
 " Where thoſe great warriors which did over-
 " " come
 " The world with conqueſt of their might and
 " " main, [reign?
 " And made one mear of th' earth and of their

" What now is of th' Aſſyrian Lions,
 " Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
 " What of the Perſian Bear's outrageousneſs,
 " Whoſe memory is quite worn out with years?
 " Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
 " That over-ran the Eaſt with greedy pow'r,
 " And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

- " And where is that same great Seven-headed
 " beast,
 " That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 " To fall before her feet at her behest,
 " And in the neck of all the world did ride?
 " Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now
 " hide?
 " With her own weight down pressed now she
 " lies,
 " And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.
- " O Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
 " ~~And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,~~
 " That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equal
 " view
 " Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestow,
 " The picture of thy pride in pompous show;
 " And of the whole world as thou wast the em-
 " press,
 " So I of this small northern world was princefs.
- " To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
 " Adorn'd with purest gold and precious stone;
 " To tell my riches and endowments rare,
 " That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
 " To tell my forces, matchable to none,
 " Were but lost labour; that few would believe,
 " And with rehearsing would me more agrieve.
- " High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
 " Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
 " Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
 " Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
 " Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
 " All those (O pity!) now are turn'd to dust,
 " And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.
- " Thereto for warlike power and people's store,
 " In Britanny was none to match with me,
 " That many often did aby full sore;
 " Ne Troynovant, though elder sister she,
 " With my great forces may compared be;
 " That stout Pendragon to his peril felt,
 " Who in a siege seven years about me dwelt.
- " But long e'er this Bauduca, Britonnesf,
 " Her mighty hoast against my bulwarks brought;
 " Bauduca! that victorious conquerer,
 " That lifting up her brave heroick thought
 " Above women's weaknes, with the Romans
 " fought,
 " Fought, and in field against them thrice pre-
 " vailed;
 " Yet was she foil'd whenas she me assailed.
- " And though at last by force I conquer'd were
 " Of hardy Saxons, and became their thrall,
 " Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full
 " dear,
 " And priz'd with slaughter of their general,
 " The monument of whose sad funeral,
 " For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
 " Put new to naught, through spoil of time, is
 " wasted.
- " Wasted it is, as if it never were,
 " And all the rest, that me so honour'd made,
 " And of the world admired every where,
 " Is turn'd to smoak, that doth to nothing fade,
 " And of that brightness now appears no trace,
 " But grisly shades, such as do haunt in hell
 " With fearful fiends, that in deep darkness
 " dwell.
- " Where my high steeples whilom us'd to stand,
 " On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
 " There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
 " For the shriech-owl to build her baleful bow;
 " And where the nightingale wont forth to pass
 " Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
 " There now haunt yelling mews and whining
 " plovers.
- " And where the chrystal Thamis wont to slide
 " In silver channel down along the lee,
 " About whose flowry banks on either side
 " A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollite,
 " Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
 " There now no river's course is to be seen,
 " But moorish fens, and marches ever green.
- " Seems that the gentle river for great grief
 " Of my mishap, which ost I to him plained,
 " Or for to shun the horrible mischief
 " With which he saw my cruel foes me pain'd,
 " And his pure streams with guiltless blood
 " stained,
 " From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled,
 " And his sweet waters away with him led.
- " There also, where the winged ships were sent
 " In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
 " And thousand fishers numbred to have been
 " In that wide lake, looking for plenteous prey
 " Of fish, which they with baits us'd to betray,
 " Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
 " Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.
- " They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
 " Ne ought to me remains but to lament
 " My long decay, which no man else doth meet,
 " And mourn my fall with doleful dreriment.
 " Yet is it comfort in great languishment,
 " To be bemoaned with compassion kind,
 " And mitigates the anguish of the mind.
- " But me no man bewaileth but in game,
 " Ne sheddeth tears from lamentable eye,
 " Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
 " To be remembered of posterity,
 " Save one, that maugre Fortune's injury,
 " And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel test,
 " Hath writ my record in true-seeming text.
- " Cambden! the nourice of Antiquity,
 " And lantern unto late succeeding age,
 " To see the light of simple verity,
 " Buried in runes, through the great outrage
 " Of her own people, led with warlike rage.

- " Cambrden! though time all monuments obscure,
 " Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.
- " But why (unhappy Wight!) do I thus cry,
 " And grieve that my remembrance quite is
 " rased
 " Out of the knowledge of posterity,
 " And all my antique monuments defaced?
 " Sith I do daily see things highest placed,
 " So soon as Fates their vital thred have thorn,
 " Forgotten quite, as they were never born.
- " It is not long since these two eyes beheld
 " A mighty prince, of most renowned race,
 " Whom England high in count of honour held,
 " And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
 " Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 " Sate in the bosom of his sovereign,
 " And, right and loyal, did his word maintain.
- " I saw him die, I saw him die as one
 " Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier;
 " I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 " His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
 " Scarce any left to close his eye-lids near;
 " Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
 " The sacred sod, or *requiem* to say.
- " O trustless state of miserable men,
 " That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
 " And vainly think your selves half happy then,
 " When painted faces with smooth flattering,
 " Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing!
 " And when the courting master louteth low,
 " Him true in heart and trusty to you throw!
- " All is but feigned, and with oaker dide,
 " That every shower will wash and wipe away:
 " All things do change that under heaven abide,
 " And after death all friendship doth decay:
 " Therefore, what-ever man beairst worldly sway,
 " Living, on God and on thy self rely,
 " For when thou diest all shall with thee die.
- " He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 " Save what in heaven's storehouse he uplaid;
 " His hope is fail'd, and come to pass his dread,
 " And evil men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
 " Spight bites the dead, that living never said.
 " He now is gone, the whiles the tox is crept
 " Into the hole the which the badger swept.
- " He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
 " And all his greatness vapoured to nought,
 " That as a glass upon the water shone,
 " Which vanish quite so soon as it was sought:
 " His name is worn already out of thought,
 " Ne any poet seeks him to revive,
 " Yet many poets honour'd him alive.
- " Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout,
 " Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise!
 " Ne tell his forrow to the listning rout
- " Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs to
 " praise:
 " Praise whofo list, yet I will him dispraise,
 " Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
 " Wake, shepherd's boy, at length awake for shame.
- " And whofo else did goodness by him gain,
 " And whofo elie his bounteous mind did try,
 " Whether he shephed be or shepherd's swain,
 " (For many did, which do it now deny)
 " Awake, and to his song a part apply:
 " And I, the whilst you mourn for his decease,
 " Will with my mourning plaint your plaint in-
 " crease.
- " He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
 " His brother prince, his brother noble peer,
 " That whilst he lived was of none envye,
 " And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
 " Dear unto all that true affection bear;
 " But unto thee most dear, O dearest Dame!
 " His noble spouse, and paragon of fame,
- " He, whilst he lived! happy was through thee,
 " And being dead, is happy now much more;
 " Living, that linked chaunst with thee to be,
 " And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
 " As living, and thy lost dear love deplore:
 " So whilst that thou, fair flower of Chastity!
 " Doost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.
- " Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
 " Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever;
 " For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
 " His worthy praise, and vertues dying never,
 " Though death his soul do from his body sever:
 " And thou thy self herein shalt also live,
 " Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.
- " Ne shall his sister, ne thy father, die;
 " Thy father, that good earl of rare renown,
 " And noble patron of weak poverty!
 " Whose great good deeds in country and in
 " town
 " Have purchast him in heaven a happy crown,
 " Where he now liveth in eternal bliss,
 " And left his son t' ensue those steps of his.
- " He, noble Bud! his grandfire's lively heir,
 " Under the shadow of thy countenance
 " Now gins to shoot up fast, and flourish fair
 " In learned arts and goodly governance,
 " That him to highest honour shall advance.
 " Brave Imp of Bedford! grow apace in bounty,
 " And count of wisdom more than of thy county.
- " Ne may I let thy husband's sister die,
 " That goodly lady, sith she eke did spring
 " Out of this stock and famous family,
 " Whose praises I to future age do sing,
 " And forth out of her happy womb did bring
 " The sacred brood of learning and all honour,
 " In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts up
 " her.

" Most gentle spirit, breathed from above,
 " Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
 " In whom all beauty and all virtuous love
 " Appeared in their native properties,
 " And did enrich that nobis breast of his
 " With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
 " Worthy of heaven it self, which brought it forth;

" His blessed spirit, full of power divine,
 " And influence of all celestial grace,
 " Loathing this sinful earth and earthly flame,
 " Flew back too soon unto his native place;
 " Too soon for all that did his love embrace;
 " Too soon for all this wretched world, whom he
 " Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

" Yet ere his happy soul to heaven went
 " Out of this fleshly goal, he did devise
 " Unto his heavenly Maker to present
 " His body as a spotless sacrifice,
 " And chose that guilty hands of enemies [blood;
 " Should pour forth th' offering of his guiltless
 " So life exchanging for his country's good.

" O noble Spirit! live there ever blessed, [Joy;
 " The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new
 " Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 " With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy:
 " But where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
 " Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee;
 " That happy there I may thee always see!

" Yet whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
 " I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
 " And sing to thee until that timely death
 " By Heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
 " Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
 " And into me that sacred breath inspire,
 " Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

" Then will I sing; but who can better sing
 " Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright!
 " Which to thee sings with deep heart's sorrowing,
 " Sorrowing tempered with dear delight?
 " That her to hear I feel my feeble spright
 " Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy;
 " O sad joy, made of mourning and annoy!

" Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
 " Than thou thy self, thine own self's valiance,
 " That whilst thou livedst madest the forests ring,
 " And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
 " And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
 " To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear?
 " O happy were those days: thrice happy were.

" But now more happy thou, and wretched we,
 " Which want the wonted sweetness of thy
 " voice,

" Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
 " With Orpheus, with Linus, and the choice
 " Of all that ever did in times joyce,
 " Conversest, and dost hear their heavenly lays,
 " And they hear thine and thine do better praise.

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
 " And here thou livest being ever long
 " Of us which living loved thee afore,
 " And now thee worship amongst the dead
 " through.

" Of heavenly poets and heroes strong:
 " So thou both here and here immortal art,
 " And every where through excellent darts.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
 " Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
 " Die in obscure oblivion as the thing
 " Which never was, as ever with regard
 " Their names shall of the later age be heard,
 " But shall in rusty darkness ever lie,
 " Unless they mention'd be with industry.

" What booteth it to have been rich alive?
 " What to be great? What to be gracious?
 " When after death no token doth survive
 " Of former being in this mortal house,
 " But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious?
 " Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils
 " And hath not hope of happiness or bliss.

" How many great ones may remembered be,
 " Which in their days most famously did flourish,
 " Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now is,
 " But as things wip'd out with a sponge &
 " pride,

" Because they living cared not to cherish
 " No gentle wits, through pride or covetise,
 " Which might their names for ever cherish!

" Provide, therefore, (ye Princes!) whilst ye
 " live,

" That of the Muses ye may friended be,
 " Which unto men eternity do give;
 " For they be daughters of Dame Memory
 " And Jove, the father of Eternity,
 " And do those men in golden thrones repose,
 " Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

" The seven-fold yron gates of grisly hell,
 " And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
 " They able are with power of mighty spell
 " To break, and thence the souls to bring away
 " Out of drad darkness to eternal day,
 " And then immortal make which else would die
 " In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

" So whylom raised they the puissant brood
 " Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
 " Out of the dust to which the Oetean wood
 " Had him consum'd, and spent his vital spirit
 " To highest heaven, where now he doth inhabit
 " All happiness in Hebe's silver bow'r,
 " Chosen to be her dearest paramour.

" So rais'd they eke fair Leda's warlike twins,
 " And interchanged life unto them least,
 " That when th' one dies, th' other then begins
 " To shew in heaven his brightness orient;
 " And they, for pity of the sad wayment

Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
 Ask again to life sent for his sake.

Why are they, and so fortunate,
 The Pierian sacred Sisters love,
 Freed from bands of implacable fate,
 Swore of death, they live for ay above,
 Whom mortal wrecks their bliss may not re-
 move,
 With the gods, for former vertue's meed,
 Far and ambrosia do feed.

Why do die, however nobly done,
 The thoughts of men do in themselves decay,
 These words, taught in numbers for to run,
 Taught by the Muses, live for ay,
 Why with storming showers he wast away;
 For breathing winds with harmful blast,
 Fear, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

Why do earthly princes then, in vain,
 Build with pyramides to heaven aspired,
 Or Colosses built with costly pain,
 Or feathered pillows never to be fired,
 Or statues made of the metal most desired,
 To ke their memories for ever live;
 What can mortal immortality give?

Why the Mausolus made, the world's great
 wonder,
 Why no remnant doth thereof remain;
 Why the Marcellus, but was torn with thunder;
 Why the Lisippus, but is worn with rain;
 Why the King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
 Why the vain monuments of earthly mass,
 Which 'd of Time, in time to nought do pass.

Why me, with golden wings aloft doth fly
 The reach of ruinous decay,
 Why with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
 'd of base-born men from far away;
 Whose will with vertuous deeds assay
 Unto heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 With sweet poets' verse be glorified.

Why t to have been dipt in Lethe lake
 To save the son of Thetis from to die,
 At blind bard did him immortal make
 Whose verses dipt in dew of Castalie,
 Which made the Eastern conqueror to cry,
 O mate young Man! whose vertue found
 To see a tromp thy noble acts to found.

Why ore, in this half happy I do read
 Melibæ, that hath a poet got
 Whose living praises being dead,
 Which never here to be forgot,
 Whose ht of Envy, that his deeds would spot:
 Whose whose decease learning lies unregarded,
 Whose ten of arms do wander unrewarded.

Why two be those two great calamities
 Whom long ago did grieve the noble sprights
 Whom upon with great indignities,

" Who whilom was alive the wisest wight;
 " But now his wisdom is disproved quight;
 " For he that now welds all things at his will,
 " Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill,

" O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
 " To see that vertue should despised be
 " Of such as first were rais'd for vertuous parts,
 " And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
 " Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be:
 " O! let not those of whom the Muse is scorned,
 " Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned!

" O vile world's trust, that with such vain illusion
 " Hath so wise men bewitcht and overkest,
 " That they see not the way of their confusion!
 " O vainness to be added to the rest,
 " That doth my soul with inward grief infest!
 " Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
 " And in my case their own ensample see.

" And whose else that sits in highest seat
 " Of this world's glory, worshipped of all,
 " Ne feareth change of time nor Fortun's threat,
 " Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 " And his own end unto remembrance call,
 " That of like ruine he may warned be,
 " And in himself be mov'd to pity me."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
 With doleful shrieks she vanished away,
 That I through inward sorrow waxen faint,
 And all astonished with deep dismay
 For her departure, had no word to say,
 But fate long time in senseless sad affright,
 Looking still if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
 My thought returned grived home again,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
 For ruth of that same woman's piteous pain;
 Whose words recording in my troubled brain,
 I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
 That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my grozing breast,
 And deeply musing at her doubtful speech,
 Whose meaning much I laboured forth to wrest,
 Being above my slender reason's reach,
 At length, by demonstration me to teach,
 Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
 Like tragick pageants seeming to appear.

I.

I saw an Image all of massie gold,
 Placed on high upon an altar fair,
 That all which did the same from far behold,
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest stair:
 Not that great idol might with this compare,
 To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
 The holy brethren falsely to have paid.

But th' altar on the which this Image staid,
 Was (O great pity!) built of brittle clay,

That shortly the foundation decayd,
With show'rs of heaven and tempell worn away;
Then down it fell, and low in asbe lay,
Scorn'd of every one which by it went,
That I it seeing dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a stately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richest stone that might be found,
And high unto the heavens in height appear'd,
But placed on a plot of sandy ground:
Not that great towre which is so much renown'd
For tongues' confusion in Holy Writ,
King Nims' work, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vain labours of terrestrial wit,
That builds so strongly on so frail a fall,
As with each storm does fall away and sit,
And gives the fruit of all your travell's toil:
To be the pray of Time and Fortune's spoil!
I saw this Towre fall suddenly to dust,
That high with grief thereof my heart was brut.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flow'rs and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful sprights:
Not that which Merlin by his magick flights
Made for the gentle squire to entertain
His fair Belshibbe, could this garden stain.

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting pain!
Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly bliss, and joy in pleasures vain?
Since that I saw this Garden wast'd quite,
That where it was scarce seem'd any sight,
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

III.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of speech and meek of nature:
Not he which in despite of his Creatour
With railing terms defy'd the Jewish hoast,
Might with this mighty one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean over-
stride,

And reach his hand into his enemies' hoast:
But see the end of pomp and fleshy pride!
One of his feet unwarcs from him did slide,
That down he fell into the deep abyfs,
Where dround with him is all his earthly bliss.

IV.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the sea from one to th' other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured rainbow arch'd wide:
Not that great arch which Trajan edifice,

To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah! what boots it to see earthly thing
In glory or in greatness to excel,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not fastned well,
Gan fall, and all the rest down shortly fell;
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pained.

V.

I saw two Bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
That salvage nature seem'd not to have,
Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not else where be found,
Although the compass world were sought and round.

But what long abide above this ground
In state of bliss, or steadfast happiness?
The cave, in which these bears lay found
Was but of earth, and with her weightiness
Upon them fell, and did unwarcs oppress.
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavy plight
At sight of these sad spectacles forsook,
That all my senses were bereav'd quite,
And I in mind remained sore agast,
Distraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at last
I heard a voice which loudly to me call'd,
That with the suddain shrill I was appall'd

Behold, (said it) and by ensample see
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclin'd,
For all the rest must needs be left behind:
With that it bade me to the other side,
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spik.

VI.

Upou that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowy Swan, of heavenly hue
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strimonion brood might no man show:
There he most sweetly sung the prophery
Of his own death in doleful elegy.

At last, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resound'd,
Feeling the fit that him forward'd to die,
With lofty flight about the earth he bound'd,
And out of sight to highest heaven mount'd,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign:
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

VII.

Whilst thus I looked, low adown the lee
I saw an Harp; strung all with silver twine,

f gold and costly ivory,
that whilom seem'd to have been
which Dan Orpheus was seen
and forrests after him to lead,
Harp of Phillifides now dead.

it of the river it was rear'd,
about the clouds to be divin'd,
the way most heavenly noise was heard
as, stirred with the warbling wind,
both joy and sorrow in my mind;
gaven a sign it doth appear,
well known beside the Northern Bear.

III.

As I saw on th' other side
an altar made of heben wood,
and most precious treasure hide,
all this baser world's good;
the overflowing of the flood
owned was, and done to nought,
thereof much griev'd my penfive
thought.

When most in peril it was brought,
down descending with swift flight,
welling stream it lightly caught,
their blessed arms it carried quight
each of any living sight;
transform'd into that star
heavenly treasures locked are.

IV.

As I saw a stately Bed,
with costly cloth of gold,
for any prince's couch be red,
with dainty flowres, as if it should
bride, her joyous night to hold;
sodly virgin sleeping lay,
that saw never summer's day.

As I saw that called far away,
asking, bad her quickly dight,
where her bridegroom was in ready ray
her, and seek her love's delight;
she started up with cheerful sight,
only both Bed and all was gone,
where her groom left there all alone.

V.

As I beheld where stood
an altar arm'd upon a winged steed,

The fame that bred was of Medusa's blood,
On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly seed,
The fair Andromeda from peril freed;
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streams of blood forth flowed on the grass.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him, alas!)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoils, which late he did purchase;
Through brave achievements from his enemies
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his head, that straight to heaven bore,
And left me here his loss for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly, I saw an Ark of purest gold
Upon a brazen pillour standing high,
Which the ashes seem'd of a great prince to hold,
Enclos'd therein for endless memory
Of him whom all the world did glorify;
Seem'd the heavens with th' earth did disagree
Whether should of those ashes keeper be.

At last, me seem'd wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The ark did bear with him above the sky,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happiness is rife;
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for gale was almost like to die.

L'ENVOY.

IMMORTAL Spirit of Phillifides!
Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
That whilom wast the world's chiefest riches,
Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
His loss, by lack of thee to heaven bent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighs, to deck thy fable here.

And ye, fair Lady! th' honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts
scorn,
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping tears to adorn;
And as ye be of heavenly off-spring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aspire,
And loath this dross of sinful world's desire.

MUIOPOTMOS:

O R,

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

To the Right Worthy and Virtuous Lady,

THE LADY CAREY.

MOST brave and bountiful Lady! for so excellent favours I have received, at your sweet hand to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their vine benefits; therefore I have determined to give my self wholly to you, as quite absolved from my self, and absolutely vowed to your services, which in all right is ever held for full compensation of debt or damage to have the person yielded. My person I use well how little worth it is; but the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poor service thereof, which shall eth glory to advance your excellent parts and noble virtues, and to spend it in honouring you, not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded, nor for some kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name which I have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spread in the mouths of all men; with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and under your name to commend to the world this small Poem; the which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousness to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER

MUIOPOTMOS, &c.

eadly dolorous debate,
rough wrathful Numenius' despight,
mighty ones of great estate,
arms and proof of mortal fight
oud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
er could the other's greater might
il scorn endure, that from small jar
s at length broke into open war.

ereof and tragical effect
O thou the mournful't Muse of Nine!
t the tragick stage for to direct
mplaints and wailful tine,
e, and all the means detect
uch sad Clarion did at last decline
retchedness. And is there then
r in the hearts of mighty men?

ec of silver-winged flies
offsets the empire of the air,
centred earth and azure skies,
more favourable nor more fair,
en did favour his felicities,
n, the eldest son and heir
l, and in his father's fight
did seem the fairest wight.

il hope his aged breast he fed
ood, which his young toward years,
re courage and bold hardy-head,
nsample of his equal peers,
promise, and to him fore-red
his heart did melt in tender tears)
time would sure prove such an one
e worthy of his father's throne.

oung Fly, in whom the kindly fire
ouch began to kindle fast,
lisdain to subje&t his desire
n sloth, or hours in ease to waste,

But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's height,
Whence down descending, he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending, did his beams abroad disped,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smil'd,
Young Clarion with vauntful lustyhed
After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That nought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound,
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter sound,
No less than that which Vultane made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure flew,
And rest the spoil, his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
When the Naxmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glittering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set :
The metal was of rare and passing price ;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brás from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalch from strange Phœnice,
But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do hide ;
So did this Fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terror more adorna.

Lastly, his shiny wings, as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters' skill, he did about him dight :
Not half so many fundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The archer god the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to seec,
Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
Ah ! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told ;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fans, so silken soft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide ;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

Report is that Dame Venus, on a day
In spring, when flowres do cloath the fruitful
ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
Bade her fair damfels, flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array ;
Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crew
In courteous usage and unstained hue ;

Who being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the field's honour than the others best,
Which they in secret hearts envying fore,
Told Venus, when her as the worthiest
She prais'd, that Cupid (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aid in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereef the goddess gathering jealous far,
Not yet unmindful how not long ago
Her son to Psyche secret love did bear,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle we
Thereof arose, and many a rueful tear,
Reason with sudden rage did overge,
And giving hasty credit to th' accrual,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Effsoons that damsel by her heavenly sight
She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
In the wide air to make her wandering flight ;
And all those flowres with which so pleasantly
Her lap she filled had, that bred her sight,
She placed in her wings, for memory
Of her pretended crime, though crime none was
Since which that Fly them in her wings
bear.

Thus the fresh Clarion being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himself address,
And with good speed began to take his flight :
Over the fields in his frank lustiness,
And all the champaign o'er he soared light,
And all the country wide he did posses,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously.
That none gainsaid, nor none did him cry.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseene,
Nor the rank grassie fens' delights unride :
But none of these, however sweet they be,
More please his fancy, nor him cause t' abide ;
His choiceful sense with every change doth fit ;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights ;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Fours forth sweet odors and alluring sights ;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspart
T' excel the natural with made delight ;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious base eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order,
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety,
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to satiffie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet ;
And then he percheth on some branch thereof,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

n again he turneth to his play,
the pleasures of that paradise :
flom sage, and lavender still gray,
elling rue, and cummin, good for eyes,
s reigning in the pride of May,
p, good for green wounds' remedies,
igolds, and bees-alluring thime,
arjoram, and daisies decking prime :

lets, and orpine growing still,
d balm, and cheerful galingale,
mary, and breathful camomil,
y, and drink-quickning setuale,
ling verven, and head-purging dill,
vory, and basil, hartly-hale,
orts, and comforting perfceline,
ice, and refreshing rosmarine ;

also else of vertue good or ill
this garden, fetch'd from far away,
one he takes, and tastes at will,
their pleasures greedily doth prey ;
ben he bath both plaid and fed his fill,
arm sun he doth himself embay,
re him reits in riotous iuffiance
s gladfuinefs and kingly joyance.

ore felicity can fall to creature
enjoy delight with liberty,
e lord of all the works of Nature,
i in th' air from earth to highest sky ;
on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
whatever thing doth please the eye ?
ts not pleased with fuch happinefs,
rthy he to taste of wretchednefs.

t on earth can long abide in ftate ?
can him affure of happy day ?
ning fair may bring foul evening late,
t mifhap the moft blefs alter may ?
ifand perils lie in clofe await
s daily, to work our decay,
ic, except a god, or God him guide,
m avoid, or remedy provide.

also heavens in their fecret doom
l have, how can frail flefhly wight
t, but it muft needs to iffue come ?
the air, the fire, the day, the night,
armies of their creatures all and fome
: to them, and with importune might
unft us, the vaffals of their will :
:n can fave what they difpofe to spill ?

3, O Clarion ! though fair:ft thou
y kind, unhappy, happy Fly !
ruel fate is wov'n even now
s own hand, to work thy mifery ;
thee help the many a hearty wov
hy old fire with facred picty
ured forth fur thee, and th' altars fprent ;
may thee fave from heaven's avenge-
nent,

It fortun'd (as Heavens had beight)
That in this garden where young Clarion
Was wont to folace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, th' author of confufion,
The fhame of Nature, the bondflave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful manfion,
And lurking clofely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he fpide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot difpacing to and fro,
Fearlefs of focs and hidden jeopardy,
Lord ! how he 'gan for to beftir him tho,
And to his wicked work each part apply !
His heart did yern againft his hated fo,
And bowels fo with rankling poifon swell'd,
That fcarce the fkin the ftrong contagion held.

The caufe why he this Fly fo maliced
Was (as in ftories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moft fine fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquifhed
Of Pallas, and in her own skill confound,
When fhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her fhame, and sorrow never
ended.

For the Tritonian goddefs, having heard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanfhip to yield ;
But the prefumptuous damfel rafhly dar'd
The goddefs' felf to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refufe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make ;
So to their work they fit, and each doth chufe
What ftory fhe will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abufe
Europa like a bull, and on his back
Her through the fea did bear, fo lively feen,
That it true fea and true bull ye would ween.

She feem'd ftill back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The daffing of the waves, that up fhe took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near ;
But (Lord !) how fhe in every member shook,
When as the land fhe faw no more appear,
But a wild wildernefs of waters deep,
Then 'gan fhe greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull fhe pictur'd winged love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove ;
The one his bow and shafts, the other fpring
A burning read about his head did move,
As in their fire's new love both triumphing ;
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their horns did found.

And round about her work she did empale,
With a fair border, wrought of sundry flow'rs,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs,
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth de-
vours,
Could not accuse. Then 'gan the goddess bright
Her self likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens try;
Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
To judge the strife between them stirred late;
Each of the gods by his like wisdom
Eath to be known, but Jove above the
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace,
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The sign by which he challengeth the place,
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deem the victory his due;
But seldom seen forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her self she gives her Ægide shield,
And steel-head spear, and marion on her head,
Such as the oft is seen in warlike field;
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dred
She smote the ground, the which straight forth
did yield

A fruitful olive-tree, with berries spread,
That all the gods admir'd; then all the story
She compass'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Amongst those leaves she made a Butterfly
With excellent device and wondrous flight,
Fluttering among the olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight;
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad out-stretched horns, his airy thighs,
His glorious colours, and his glittering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, sign of one disdain'd,
The victory did yield her as her share;
Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn;

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of drierhed,
Pined with grief of folly late repented:
Estfoons her white strait legs were altered
To crooked crawling thanks, of marrow emptied,
And her fair face to foul and loathsom hue,
And her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

This cursed creature, mindful of that old
Enferred grudge the which his mother felt,
So soon as Clarion he did behold,
His heart with vengeful malice inly sweld,
And weaving straight a net with many a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely spun that scarce they could be spide.

Not any damsel, which her vauanteth mett
In skilful knitting of soft silken twine,
Nor any weaver, which his work doth best
In diaper, in damask, or in lync;
Nor any skill'd in workmanship embold;
Nor any skill'd in loops of fingring fine,
Might in their diverse cunning ever dare
This so curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think that that same subtle gin
The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
That all the gods, with common mockery,
Might laugh at them, and scorn their shancie
fin,
Was like to this: this same he did apply
For to entrap the careless Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walk'd at will and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedom principal:
Little wist he his fatal future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall!
He likest is to fall into mischance
That is regardless of his governance.

Yet still Aragnol (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprize,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dress'd in good order as he could devise.
At length the foolish Fly, without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Towards those parts came flying carelessly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
And his false heart, fraught with all trea-
dore,

Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain:
Himself he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noise, ne any motion, made.

Like as a wily fox, that having spide
Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lies in ambushment of his hoped prey,
Ne stirreth limb, still seeing ready to
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares;
So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

ow shall give unto my heavy eyes
of tears, that all may overflow?
re shall I find lamentable cries
ournful tunes enough my grief to show?
) thou tragick Muse! me to devise,
ad enough t' exprefs this bitter throw,
! the dreary frown'd is now arriv'd,
f all happinefs hath us deprived.

klefs Clarion, whether cruel Fate
red Fortune faultlefs him misled,
e ungracious blaft out of the gate
le's reign perforce him drove on head,
) sad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
iolent fwift flight forth carried
: curfed cobweb which his foe
med for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, struggled long,
Himself to free thereout; but all in vain;
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himself he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In limy snares the subtil loops among,
That in the end he breathlefs did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grieftly tyrant did efpy
Like a grim lion rufhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he feized greedily
On the refiftlefs prey, and with fell fwight,
Under the left wing ftrook his weapon fly
Into his heart, that his deep-groaning fwight
In bloody freams forth fled into the air,
His body left the fpectacle of care.

II.

O o

BRITAIN'S IDA.

IN SIX CANTOS.)

To the right noble Lady,

MARY,

Daughter to the most illustrious Prince,

GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Most noble Lady! I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the able knowing men, that it must be a work of Spenser's, of whom it were pity that any thin loft) and doubting not but your Ladyship will graciously accept, though from a mean humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your self & family, and shall ever remain

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALK

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The youthful shepherds winning here,
And beauties rare displaid, appear;
What exercise he chief affects,
His name and scornful love neglects.

I.
vile, (who knows not Ida vale?)
harmless Troy yet felt not Græcian spite,
hundred shepherds wonn'd, and in the dale,
their fair flocks the three-leav'd pastures
bite,
shepherds boys, with hundred sportlings
light,
rings unto the time's too speedy haste:
Lish Lads! that strove with lavish waste
to spend the time that spends your time
as fast.

II.
st the rest, that all the rest excell'd,
y boy there wonn'd, whose harmless years
their freshest budding gently swell'd;
mph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheers;
downy blossom through his cheek ap-
pears;
ely limbs (but love he quite discarded)
ade for play (but he no play regarded)
t love to reward, and with love be re-
warded.

III.
ras his fore-head, arch'd with silver mould,
: never anger churlish wrinkleth dighted)
orn locks hung like dark threads of gold,
anton airs (with their fair length incited)
y amongst their wanton curls delighted;
iling eyes with simple truth were stor'd:
ow should truth in those thief eyes be
stor'd,
housand loves had stoln, and never one
restor'd?

IV.
y-check might seem an ivory plain,
surely white than frozen Appenine,
lovely Bashfulness did sweetly reign,

In blushing scarlet cloth'd in purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightful shrine,
(Still could it self) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem in divers tire,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

V.
His cheerful looks and merry face would prove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is said,
That they were fit twins for so fair a head:
Thousand boys for him, thousand maidens dy'd;
Die they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boys (ah, Fool!) and thousand maids
deny'd.

VI.
His joy was not in musick's sweet delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning
art)

Or daintier songs to daintier ears t' indite,
But through the plains to chase the nimble hart
With well-run'd hounds; or with his certain dart
The tusked boar or savage bear to wound;
Mean time his heart with monsters doth abound;
Ah, Fool! to seek so far what nearer might be
found.

VII.
His name (well known unto those woody shades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complain them
Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd
them;

Not all their love one gentle look had gain'd
them,
That rocky hills, with echoing noise consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder than rocky hills laugh at their vain ha-
menting.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Dione's garden of Delight,
With wonder holds Anchifes' sight;
While from the bower such musick sounds,
As all his senses near confounds.

I.

ONCE day it chaunc'd as he the deer pursh'd,
Tired with sport, and faint with weary play,
Fair Venus' grove not far away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweetening limbs display;
There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himself he scorn'd, he prais'd their kind
embraces.

II.

The wood with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winter's spit-
ing)
To laurels sweet were sweetly married,
Doubling their pleasing smells in their uniting;
When single much, much more when mix'd de-
lighting;
No foot of beast durst touch this hallow'd place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entr'd with fear, but soon turn'd back his fright-
ed face.

III.

The thick-lock'd boughs shut out the tell-tale sun,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her known fault, which oft she wish'd
undon)
And scatter'd rays did make a doubtful light,
Like to the first of day or last of night:
The fittest light for lover's gentle play:
Such light best shews the wandering lover's way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's
holy-day.

IV.

So far in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whose breast with thousand painted flowers
ray'd,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandering sight;
But soon the eyes rendred the ears their right;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to hear,
That all his senses flock'd into his ear,
And every faculty wish'd to be seated there.

V.

From a close bower this dainty musick flow'd,
A bowre apparel'd round with divers roses,
Both red and white, which by their leaves
show'd
Their mistress fair, that there her self repose;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musick
cloves,
By spreading their fair bosoms to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight;
That raps the melted ear, this both the smell
light.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearful hope and wishing fear
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The bower, much more the guest so lodg'd
there)
And as he goes he marks how well agree
Nature and Art in discord unity,
Each striving who should best perform his part,
Yet Art now helping Nature, Nature Art,
While from his ears a voice thus stole his
heart:

VII.

and Men! whose wretched care the life soon
 " ending,
 y striving to increase your joy do spend it,
 and spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
 'ou hurt your life by striving to amend it,
 and seeking to prolong it soonest end it;
 hen while fit time affords thee time and
 " leasure,
 njoy while yet thou may'st thy life's sweet
 " pleasure;
 so foolish is the man that starves to feed his
 " treasure.

VIII.

owe is life's end; an end, but never ending;
 ll joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
 ove is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever
 " spending)

" More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
 " Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;
 " Then from thy wretched heart fond care re-
 " move,
 " Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets
 to prove,
 " Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to
 " love."

IX.

To this sweet voice a dainty musick fitted
 Its well-tun'd strings, and to her notes comforted,
 And while with skilful voice the song she dittied,
 The blabbing Ecche had her words retorted;
 That now the boy, beyond his soul transported,
 Through all his limbs feels run a pleasant shaking,
 And 'twixt a hope and fear, suspects mistaking,
 And doubts he sleeping dreams, and broad awake
 fears waking.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Fair Cytherea's limbs beheld,
The straying lad's heart so intral'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' senses slumbring in delight.

I.
Now to the bower he sent his thicvish eyes
To steal a happy sight; there do they find
Fair Venus, that within half naked lies,
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not return the message to the mind;
But full of fear and superstitious awe,
Could not retire or back their beams with-draw,
So fix'd on too much seeing made they nothing
saw.

II.
Her goodly length stretch'd on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foil of a beauty far more bright)
Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skin much more than lilly-white:
The bed sank with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to think a chance more
blessed,
Both blessed so to kiss, and so again be kissed.

III.
Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moon,
Whose full-grown orb begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to beauty's regiment,
Which on the plain with love triumphant went;
Her golden hair a rope of pearl embrac'd,
Which with their dainty threads oft-times enlac'd,
Made the eye think the pearl was there in gold
inchas'd.

IV.
Her full large eye, in jetty black array'd,
Proud beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft herself in black more rich display'd;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thousand Loves fate playing in each eye,
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesy,
By sweet persuasion wan a bloodless victory.

V.
The whitest white set by her silver cheek
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seek,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that with bold wanton train
Under those colours, marching on the plain,
Force every heart, and to low vassalage
bring in.

VI.
Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so wish'd embracements seldom part
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton bliss
But when sweet words their joying sweets
parted,
To th' ear a dainty musick they imparted:
Upon them fitly fate, delightful smiling,
A thousand souls with pleasing stealth beguiled
Ah! that such shews of joys should be all
exiling!

VII.

came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
edge; but when she once intended
air with words, the heart deceiving,
thronged so to be expended;
word a hundred Loves attended,
breath, more sweet than is that firing
Arabian only bird expiring
death, by loss of breath more fresh
ring.

VIII.

ke to a stone in gold inchas'd,
ir jewel wrought with cunning hand,
double, doubly the face grac'd:
frame on her round neck did stand;
well such curious work sustain'd;
top the heavenly sphear up-rearing,
present, with daintier appearing,
etter Atlas, that fair heaven bearing.

IX.

breasts stand all their beauties bearing,
as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
hest softness far exceeds comparing;
h and soft, but nought that ever was,
are first, deserves the second place;
soft and each as smooth as other;
hou first try't one, and then the other,
seems than each, and each than each
s smoother.

X.

reen their dainty hemispheres,
ispheres the heav'nly globes excelling)
e white than is the name it bears,
l Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Delight all joys sits freely dealing;

Where hundred sweets, and still fresh joys at-
tending,
Receive in giving, and still love dispending,
Grow richer by their loss, and wealthy by ex-
pensing.

XI.

But stay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which past the finest hand or choicest skill;
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soon be blam'd,
For 'twill the shameless world of best things is a-
sham'd.

XII.

That cunning artist that old Greece admir'd,
Thus far his Venus sitly pourtrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
His Dædale hand, that nature perfected
By Art, felt Art by Nature limited.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill de-
prive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
Only with thinnest filken veil o'er-laid,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their work to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbs sweet slumbring in
delight.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The swooning swain recovered is
By th' goddess, his soul rapt in bliss:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

I.
Sorr sleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
Withall she stares, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her fair Adonis dies,
And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes:
So stepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with Love himself she will confer him,
And now before her love himself she will prefer
him.

II.
The lad, soon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himself so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his sitting soul to heav'n translated,
Was there in stary throne and bliss inflated;
Oft would he die, so to be often sav'd;
And now with happy wish he closely crav'd
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingrav'd.

III.
The Paphian princess (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdain could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his sit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace:
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweet delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble
sprite.

IV.
Tell me, fair Boy! (said she) what erris
Hither directed thy unwary pace!
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not a
Their foul aspect in thy so pleasant face
Tell me what brought thee to this hidd
Or lack of love, or mutual answering fir
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me what is't thy fair and wishin
quire?

V.
The boy, whose sense was never yet acc
With such a musick, stood with cars ere
And sweetly with that pleasant spell enc
More of those sugred strains long time e
Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighs arising from his heart's low o
Thus 'gan reply, when each word b
venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth

VI.
" Fair Cyprian Queen," (for well that hea
Proves thee the mother of all-conquering
" Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting p
" For no presumptuous thoughts did hi
" My daring feet to this thy holy grove
" But luckless chance (which if you no
" I still must rue) hath caus'd me here
" And lose myself (alas!) in losing of t

VII.

" Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
 " Never till now I saw what ought be lov'd;
 " And now I see, but never dare aspire
 " To move my hope, where yet my love is mov'd;
 " Whence though I would, I would it not re-
 " mov'd;
 " Only since I have plac'd my love so high,
 " Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt deny,
 " Grant me, yet still to love, though in my love
 " to die."

VIII.

But she that in his eyes Love's face had seen,
 And flaming heart, did not such suit disdain,
 (For cruelty fits not sweet Beauty's queen)
 As gentle could his passion entertain,
 Though she Love's princess, he a lowly swain:

First of his bold intrusion she acquits him,
 Then to her service (happy Boy!) admits him,
 And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits
 him.

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
 And Cupid's self, with his like face delighted,
 Taught him a hundred ways with which he
 daunted

The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted.
 Forcing to love that most his love delighted:
 And now the practise boy did to approve him,
 And with such grace and cunning art did move
 him,
 That all the pretty Loves and all the Graces love
 him.

ITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO V.

The Argument.

The lover's sad despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth show
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.
YET never durst his faint and coward heart
(Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win)
Assail fair Venus with his new-learn't art,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out the more he prest it in ;
And thinking oft how just she might disdain
him,
While some cool myrtle shade did entertain him,
Thus fighting would he sit, and sadly would he
plain him :

II.
" Ah, fond and hapless Boy! nor know I whether
" More fond or hapless more, that all so high
" Haft plac'd thy heart, where love and Fate to-
" gether
" May never hope to end thy misery,
" Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy :
" All hindrances (alas!) conspire to lett it ;
" Ah, fond and hapless Boy! if canst not get it,
" In thinking to forget, at length learn to for-
" get it.

III.
" Ah, far too fond, but much more hapless
" Swain!
" Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
" Serve and observe thy love with willing pain ;
" And though in vain thy love thou do prefever,
" Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
" No hope can crown thy thoughts so far aspiring,
" Nor dares thy self desire thine own desiring,
" Yet live thou in her love, and die in her ad-
" miring."

IV.
Thus oft the hopeless boy complaining lies;
But she, that well could guess his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal Love from Love's mother's
eyes;
Did not disdain to give his love contenting ;
Cruel the soul that feeds on souls tormenting;
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly born,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorn
That with so noble skill her title did adorn.

V.
One day it chanc'd, thrice happy day and chance!
Whiles Loves were with the Graces sweetly
sporting.
And to fresh musick founding play and dance,
And Cupid's self, with shepherds' boys consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,
Fair Venus seats the fearful boy close by her,
Where never Phœbus' jealous looks might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistress and her name
descrie her.

VI.
Long time the youth up-bound in silence stood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts
began,
Fit prologue to his speech, and fearful blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings run,
That either now he's made, or now undone ;
At length his trembling words, with fear made
weak,
Began his too long silence thus to break,
" While from his humble eyes first reverend
" seem'd to speak.

VII.

" Fair Queen of Love! my life thou mayst com-
 " mand,
 " Too slender price for all thy former grace
 " Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand,
 " But never dare I speak her name and face;
 " My life is much less priz'd than her disgrace;
 " And for I know if I her name relate
 " I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
 " Unless thou swear by Scyz I purchase not her
 " hate."

VIII.

Fair Venus well perceiv'd his subtle shift,
 And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
 While thus the boy pursu'd his former drift:
 " No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skill'd,
 " Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,

" Though helpt with all the choicest art's direc-
 " tion,
 " But when he durst describe her heaven's per-
 " fection,
 " By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imper-
 " fection.

IX.

" Her form is as herself, perfect celestial,
 " No mortal spot her heavenly form disgraces:
 " Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial?
 " More sweet than thought or pow'rful with
 " embraces;
 " The map of heaven the sum of all her graces:
 " But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her,
 " Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
 " Look in a glass, and there more perfect you
 " may spy her."

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The boy's stout wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soul with bliss enchant;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

"Thy crafty art (reply'd the smiling queen)
"Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
"Yet might'st thou think that yet 'twas never
"seen
"That angry rage and gentle love contented,
"But if to me thy true love is presented,
"What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
"For by the self-same vow I here avow thee,
"Whatever thou require I frankly will allow
"thee."

II.

"Pardon (replies the boy) for so affecting
"Beyond mortality, and not discarding [pecting;
"Thy service, was much more than my ex-
"But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
"Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
"Thy love I dare not ask, or mutual fixing,
"One kiss is all my love and pride's aspiring,
"And after starve my heart, for my too much
"desiring."

III.

"Fond Boy! (said she) too fond, that ask'd no
"more;
"Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
"And giving spends not our increasing store."
"Thus with a kiss his lips she sweetly pressed;
"Most blessed kiss! but hope more than most
"blest.
"The boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
"And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
"He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

"Why sigh'st thou? fair Boy! (said she) dost thou re-
"pent thee
"Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to
"stay?"
"Well may I sigh, (said he) and well lament me,
"That never such a debt may hope to pay."
"A kiss, (said she) a kiss will back repay."
"Wilt thou (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
"Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
"She grants; and he his lips, heart, soul, to pay-
"ment cited.

V.

Look as a ward, from time his lands detain'd,
"And subject to his guardian's cruel lore,
"Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
"So he; yet though in laying out his store
"He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poor;
"With that he marks, and tells her out a score,
"And doubles them, and trebles all before.
"Fond boy! the more thou pay'st thy debt: still
"grows the more.

VI.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
"With kindly heat, inflaming his desiring,
"Or whether those sweet kisses had inspir'd him,
"He thinks that something wants for his requiring,
"And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
"But yet though that he knoweth so she gave,
"That he presents himself her bounden slave,
"Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat ill
"to grave.

VII.

boldned with success and many graces,
 hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releas'd,
 asking leave, courag'd with her embraces,
 in it prison'd in her tender breast:
 blessed prison! pris'ners too much blest!
 ere with those sisters long time doth he play,
 now full boldly enters Love's highway,
 le down the pleasant vale his creeping hand
 doth stray.

VIII.

not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
 ng his blushing with a sugred kiss,
 such sweet heat his rudeness doth allay,
 now he perfect knows whatever bliss
 r Love taught, and he before did miss;
 : moult with joy, in such untry'd joys trying,
 ladly dies; and death new life applying,
 ly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweet delight,
 Free from sad care and fickle world's annoy,
 Bathing in liquid joys his melted sprite;
 And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy!)
 Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
 To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliss im-
 parted,
 That Jove upon him down his thunder darted,
 Blasting his splendant face, and all his beauty
 swarted.

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
 Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
 That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
 Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
 Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth em-
 Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it, [brace
 I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
 He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.



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GLOSSARY,

Explaining the

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN

SPENSER'S WORKS.

A.

Abate, in the two old quartos; but in the folios

Abate, to lower, to let fall.

Abear, to bear, carry, demean, behave.

Abet, to vindicate, and, to maintain.

Abide, *Aby*, *Abyde*, to abide, suffer, endure.

Abode, staying, or delay

Abray out of sleep, raise, awake. *Abrayd*, awaked.

Abusyon, fraud, abuse.

Accloy, to cloy, fill up. *Accloyes*, chokes up, fills up.

Accoying, in falconry, to crouch or stoop.

Accoye, to approach.

Accoy'd, soothed, appeased.

Accoyled, stood around, gathered together.]

Accrowed, increased, united, collected.

Abates, 1st and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, i. e. provisions.

Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate.

Addeme, adjudge, deem.

Adressi, to dress, prepare, order, make ready.

Admirance, admiration.

Adoe, business.

Adorne, (substantively) adorning, ornament.

Adredd, *Adrad*, frightened, to be afraid, to dread.

Advance, to hasten, to set forward.

Advise, to consult, deliberate, consider.

Advisement, counsel, advice, circumspection.

Adward, award, judgment, sentence,

Affell, affection, passion.

Affray, to encounter, to strike down.

Affray, terror, tumult. To *Affray*, to terrify.

Affrended, made friends.

Affret, rencounter, hasty meeting.

Affronting, opposing front to front; meeting face to face.

Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.

Aggrace, favour, kindness.

Aggrate, to gratify, to please.

Agghast, frightened, astonished.

Aggrate, did so much aggrace; shewed so much grace and favour.

G L O S S A R Y.

ad and fear greatly; to astonish, to
 rance.
 on an appearance; to set off after
 ner.
 lthough.
 l means, any way, wholly, never-
 r, wholly; also used for although.
 in the Turkish manner.
 e, lighten.
 leviation, ease, comfort.
 mentation.
 .
 d.
 , to daunt, to distress, to
 associate with, to keep com-
 manage, carriage.
 , carriage, behaviour.
 med.
 el, garment.
 ves; the particle *a* is added.
 andoyances.
 Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beasts,
 birds, &c.
 Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, requite.
 Apall, to discourage, daunt, terrify.
 Appear, impeach, accuse, censure.
 Arears, backwards; a lagging or backward
 pace.
 Arread, Arred, shew, advise, declare, tell.
 Arreds, advices, discourses.
 Arrow, in a row together, all together.
 Arks, chest or coffer.
 Arwaight, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched,
 seized.
 Array, order, apparel, dress.
 Arred, sometimes signifies decree.
 Ashaunce, to look askance, enviously, obliquely,
 sideways, awry.
 Askake, to appease.
 Assay, proof, trial, attempt, attack.
 Assaile, to free, to quit. *Assailed*, absolved, dis-
 charged.
 Astonid, *astound*, astonished.
 Assot, to besot, deceive, make a fool of.
 Astart, to startle.
 Atchivement, enterprise, or performance.
 Ate, did eat.
 Atone, *i. e.* friends again, at one; *Atoned*, recon-
 ciled.
 Attacht, apprehended, laid hold on.
 Attaint, it did attain; it seemed to absorb it,
 and to put it out by its superior splendor.
 Attance, once for all; at one and the same time.
 Attone, bereaved, taken away altogether.
 Attract, attracted, adorned.
 Atween, between.
 Awaile, to lower, abate, bring down descend.
 Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* superadded. According
 to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.
 Avange, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.
 Awize, *Awise*, *Awise*, to perceive, to consider.

To behold, to observe, to be sensible of
Hughes.
Aumayld, enamelled.
Avour, confession, acknowledgment.
Avwarned, warned, premonished.
Avwape, to astonish, to terrify.
Aye, ever.
Aygulets, tagged points.

B.

Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.
Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.
Baisemains, compliments, respects.
Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.
 sorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.
 to disappoint, baffle, frustrate.
 curses. To *Ban*, to curse. *Bend*, *ed*
 bosses or ornaments in the trappings of
 embossed.
 , an outer-work, gate, or watch-tower.
 into the base, below, bottom.
Bases, any coverings for the legs.
Bafen, as, Big looks bafen wide [*Mother Habbet's*
Tale] *i. e.* extended as with wonder.
Bashed, abashed.
Basinet, a helmet.
Basted, wrought, slightly, sewed.
Bate, did beat, *Hughes*. Did bite, *Upton*.
Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*, the
 zodiack, in which are the twelve signs.
Bay, to bark, Faery Queene, Book i. Canto 3.
 Stanza 3. it signifies to bathe, cherish, or so-
 lement. To hold or keep at bay, is the hunter's
 phrase of the stag, when the hounds are *bay*
 or barking at him.
Beacon, a raised building of combustible matter,
 to be fired, in order to give notice to distant
 people of invasions. *Upton*.
Beddemen, prayer-men.
Bedroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but used
 for a catalogue in general.
Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him.
Beare, a bier.
Beathed in fire, hardened in the fire.
Beauperes, equals, fair companions.
Beavy, a company.
Bed, for *bid*, to pray.
Bedight, dressed, adorned.
Bedye, dyed.
Bebest, command.
Bebight, or *bebote*, called, named; and *beobight*
 bid, promised, gave.
Belamay, fair friend.
Belemoure, a lover.
Beloyd, laid over.
Beldame, good lady, good dame.
Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutations.
Bellgarde, beautiful looks.
Bellibone, fair maid.

ced cross-ways,
 eathed, named.
 pensity or inclination; sometimes
 conpying.
 ent grass; bulrushes.
 nes signifies weight, pressure, or
 cave, to take away.

ome, to grace, to look seemly.
scen, i. e. courtesy, bearing a good
 some treatment.
prent, besprinkled.
 oppressed; *ill bestead*, bad plight,

to his hand, bestow upon.
 , bestow.
 to, befall.
 t or visor of a head-piece.
 over.
 attention, strife.
 , saying his prayers.
 th, immediately.
 n.
 Detraction represented as a monster.
 lge or spread abroad.
 d, darkened.
 emish, stain.
 y to mix, but to spoil with mixing,
 l. It also sometimes signifies to

has used this word to signify the
 randishing of a sword.
 give over.
 blessed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in
 St. 13. *all about so blest*, i. e. injured,

om. Pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv.

kept as bond-slaves.
 maid.
 equest, petition.
 e, help, profit.
 ling, unprofitable.
 oft, to approach. *Bord*, a jest.
 ivagings or incursions on the bor-
 ownish.
 crance, in the middle of the shield.
 ar folds or windings.

t or rivulet.
 large drinking pot.
 used for an inner chamber or pri-
 ent.
 J, burst.
 id,

brambles, fern.
 n; *Lreem*, fierce.
 nes a fire-brand, sometimes a sword.

Branles, brawls, a sort of tune.
Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and
 spruce.
Brauned bours, well finewed arms.
Bray, found shrill.
Braided, knitted, plaited, wreathed.
rent, burnt.
Briants, robbers, free booters.
Brockage, [*Metb. Hub. Tale*] pimping.
Brond, *Brond-iron*, vide *Brand*.
Broote, bear, endure, digest.
Brunt, violent attack, accident.
Bruff, small wood, brush wood.
Bruteness, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness.
 To *buckle*, to buckle on armour; to prepare for
 battle.
Buffe, a blow, buffet.
Bug, a bug-bear.
Bugle, a small bugle-horn.
Burganet, a helmet.
Burgeon, to spring forth or bud.
Bushets, little bushes.
But, unless, except.
Buxome yielding.
Bylivee. See *Silivee*.
Bynempt. See *Benempt*.

C.

Camis, *Camur*, a thin gown.
Can, is often used as *gan*, began.
Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the
 horse's mouth; the ruling bit.
Capias, a special warrant.
Capon, a cock cut; metaphorically a cow-herd.
Capresole, woodbine, honey-suckle.
Captiveance, captivity.
Carke, care.
Carle, a clown, a churl.
Carol, to sing songs of joy.
Carven, to cut.
 To *Cast* in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Cast*
 is also used for time, or a throw.
A Cast of falcons, a set of falcons.
Castory, beaver's oil.
Causen, to argue or debate.
Caw'd, made hollow.
Caytive, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive, slave.
Certes, certainly.
Cesse, cease.
Cesure, a cutting off.
 To *Chaffer*, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.
Chamelot, stuff mixed with camel's hair, camelot.
Chamfred, bent, crooked.
Chast, chaced.
Chause, anger, heat, wrath.
Chaunticlere, so named from *chaunting* or *singing* with
 a clear and silver voice.
Chayre, charily, with great care and caution.
Chacklaton, a kind of chequered or motley stuff.
Chackmate, a word borrowed from the game of
 chess.

G L O S S A R Y.

countenance, air, mien.
 , knighthood, knightly exploits.
 ce, achievement, enterprise, feat, per-
 nance.
 me, brought forth.
 f, called, named.
 h, gathered together.
 embraced.
 , commune, discourse together. Also to
 :
Compass' crest, his crest compassed around, or well
 rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compyld, brought together.
Con, to learn, to know.
Concept, imagination, fancy.
Concew, to grow together.
Connd, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Couge, bow, reverence.
Conteste, contention.
Contrue, spend, consume.
Convenable, agreeable.
Coson passions, kindred passions.
Coprtion, a portion or share with you.
Corb, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cardwayne, Spanish leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Coffet, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, sheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to all*; i. e. dispensed his
 bounty.
Count, account, reckoning.
Countercaß, a counter contrivance or cunning.
Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeisance, counterfeiting.
Counterstake, an opposite stroke.
Complement, union, marriage, coupling together.
Cour'd, for covered.
Court, courteousness.
Couth, to know or be skillful in.
Cragg, neck.
Crakes, hoardings.
Cranks, same as *Crankles*; i. e. turnings, windings.
Craples, claws.
Crown, coward, or cowardly.
Credence, belief.
Cruddy-blood, crudled coagulated.
Crumena, purie.
Cu'ner, (Saxon word.) dove, pigeon.
Cu'verin, a piece of ordnance.
Curak, *Curiete*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; ar-
 mour for the back and breast.

D.

Damnyfyde, injured, impaired.
Dan, an old title signifying master.
Arwayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or pre-
 pare to fight.

Darrel lark, alluding to catching of
 what they call a *darrel glafi*.
Days-man, umpire, arbitrator.
Daynt, dainty, delicate.
Dayr'house, dairy-house.
Death, death, gives.
Dearnly, *Deerly*, eagerly, earnestly.
Delanite, sprightly, courteous.
Decreased, decreased.
Defaunce, defeating.
Deffly, finely or nimbly.
Deftne, to end, to determine or decide.
Defould, defiled or brought to shame.
Delice, delight, pleasure.
Delur, a pit or hollow place.
Demens, *Demayne*, demencour, carriage,
 viour; sometimes it signifies to *deban*,
nure, *Dentanure*, as above.
Deemen, deem, suppose.
Deempt, deemed.
Deffiten, painted.
Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, bravery.
Deferve, describe.
Deffiteus, spiteful, malicious.
Deffe, a feat.
Deoffyfat, full of rare devices or inventions.
Devoir, duty.
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn.
Dilate, enlarge upon.
Dirk, dark, or to darken.
Disabaunce, to withdraw, to stop.
Disaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, =
 lucky.
Difafe, for uneasiness.
Difided, cut in two parts.
Difoure, discover.
Difoff, shaken off, to remove, or put away.
Difentrayed, drawn along floatingly.
Diffoal knight, perfidious, traitorous.
Diffoingd, dissolvent, remote, far.
Difpie, discipline, correction.
Difport, sport, diversion, pastime.
Difpredden, spread, diffused around.
Difpuroyance, want of provision.
Diffoined, made to quit or relinquish, *difpoifed*.
Diffofute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 11.
Diffoftraced, dethroned.
Diffoftraine, i. e. draw it, or break it afunder.
Diffofined, varied.
Diffoftrahit, drawn aside, distracted.
Dites, orders, directions.
A Dit, a ditty, a song.
Doale, a dealing out.
Doe, *doe him not to eye*, put him not to death.
Dofte, do off, put off.
Dolor, *l'olour*, grief, pain, sorrow.
Doole, *dole*, complaint, sorrow, pain, grief.
Doe, to do on, to put on.
Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.
Doted, doting, impaired.
Doughtie, stout, valiant, courageous.
Dread, *dread*, *dreed*, dreaded; to be feared, b
 ed, revered.
Drapete, linnen clothes.

ty detachment, B. ii. C. 20.

ow, sadness.
r drowned.
efs, sorrowfulness.
vful and dreary state.
pared.
r, a fool.
ce, or driving on.
inefs.
nt, imprisonment. hardship.

E.

eyrn, to be moved with com-
first of all, at first, before, for-

t signifies likewise to add, to in-
ent.
ee and mad.
pen, also to violate.
d, afraid.
k, soon.
orently, quickly, forthwith.
rier, or wild rose.

fan, the adjective of *Elf*.

, make base.

varlike chariot.
also to cherish and delight.
; also to make up into bales or

rent significations—*Arms emboss*,
id work. *Emboss with gold*, rail-
. *Emboss with pearls*, railed or
case emboss, hid concealed. *The*
boss in weary obace, meaning hard
cut. *To embosse his speare in his*
edge, to inclose. But the most
seems in B. iii. C. I. St. 64.
as in so glorious sp'rite, probably
in *Emb f'urft*, i. e. by ambuscade
ives of so glerious a spoil. *Up-*

ed, arched; covered archwise.
ling wrath, B. ii. C. 5. St. 18.
yied, boiling.
make brave or fine; to dress.
the mother's side.
w term, used in petitioning the
ce.
; *felios Imperill*, endanger.
nd, gene to ruin.
fixed.
ize, undertaking.
at.
in.
n), accident.
on the back, to engrave.

Endurd, hardened.

Enduren, indure, continue.

Enfelened, hurried on by wicked and felonious in-
tents.

Enfouldred smoke, smoke mixed with flame.

Englut, satiate, glut.

Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or
gory.

Engorged yre, anger arising to the very gorge or
throat; anger which cannot be suppressed.

Engrafted, ingrafted, implanted.

Engroste, made thick.

Enbaunß, raised, lifted up.

Enracc, enroot, implant.

Enriwen, torn asunder.

Enscams, i. e. fattens.

Enßw, follow. *Enßude*, followed.

Enßuarle, infnare, intangle as a skain of silk.

Entayled with anticks, engraven or carved with
images.

Enterdeale, meditation.

Enterprise, sometimes signifies to give reception
to one.

Entertake, to entertain.

Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.

Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise.

Errant Knights, who travel about the world seeking
adventure.

Esbeused, avoided. *Esßew*, avoid.

Esßoyne, withdraw to a distanec; separate.

Esßial, fight, spying.

Esßoyne, excuse for not appearing.

Evengely, gospel.

Evusler, eits, newts, or evets, *Upton*. Lizzards,

Hugbes.

Evogben bow, a bow of yew.

Exanimate, lifeless, dead.

Excheat, accident, or a property fallen to any
one in any thing.

Express, pressed out, squeezed out.

Exterpie, to extirpate, to root out.

Extract, extraction, drawing out.

Eyas Hawke, a term in falconry, signifying a
young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight.

Eyne, *Ene*, eyes.

F.

Fade, to vanish, to perish, to go away.

Faine, *deßß faine*, art desirous.

Falßed, falsified, deceived.

Fare, to go. *Faring*, going on.

Fatal read, propheticall advice. *Fatal errorr*, a
wandring voyage ordered by the Fates

Fay, faith, truth; sometimes it signifies a Fairy.

Faytor, doer. *Falße faytor*, a deceiver.

Faalty, fealty or homage.

Fearen, to frighten.

Feculent, foul, full of dregg.

Fell, fierce, cruel; also gall. *Felly*, fiercely cruel-
ly.

Fellongß, most fierce.

Femnitec, womanhood, state and dignity of a wo-
man.

Fere, a companion. *Fer:es*, companions.

Forme, as *stefely ferme*, fleshy prison.
Fest, feast, for the rhyme.
Fet, *Fet*, fetch.
Fetured his speare, to set his speare in his rest.
Field, is often used for fight, combat, battle.
Fiaunt, warrant.
Fine, end.
Firmes his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm.
Flatting, flat.
Flight, arrow.
Flit, *Fleet*, swift, *Upton*. To fluctate, to be in motion, *Hugbes*.
Flourets, blossoms, or little flowers.
Foeman, foes.
Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*, leaf gold.
Foind, pushed.
Folke-meet, a meeting or assembly of folk or people.
Foltring tongue, faltering, falling, or tripping.
Fop, fool. *Fond*, foolish.
Fond, did find, for the rhyme.
Fone, foes.
Foadoo, undo, destroy, ruin.
Forby, near to.
Forebent, seized, caught hold of.
Forelent, lent before hand.
Forsoy, renounce, *Upton*. *Foresaid*, forbid, *Hugbes*.
Forshall, to interrupt.
Forshink, to repine or be concerned at any thing.
Forewent, forsook, went out of their way.
Forgone, lost, neglected, forsaken.
Forlore, *Forlorne*, lost, forsaken, wretched.
Forpined, much pined, consumed.
Forray, to ravage, spoil.
Forracket, delayed.
Forrow, delay.
Forsoat, exhausted with sweat.
Forsworn, wearied, over-laboured.
Fortly, therefore, wherefore, why.
Fortilage, fort.
Forworn, much worn.
Fosler, for forester.
Fouldring, thundering, blasting with lightning.
Fowen, plenty.
Franchise, to free or set at liberty.
Franchion, one of two free or loose behaviour.
Franklin, a freeman or gentleman.
Fray, to frighten.
Freakes, whimsies, mad actions.
Frenne, franger.
Frett, to eat, consume. It is used in another sense; to frets, to adorn; fretted; adorned.
Frize, a warm kind of woollen cloathing.
Frozy, froze, frozen.
France, curl, crisp.
Froozy, ironzy, mossy, musty.
Fry of children, fry, spawn.
Furnimant, furnishing, furniture.

G.

Gage, pledge, pawn, security.
Galage, a wooden shoe.

Game, 'twixt earnest and game, between jest.
Gan, for began.
Garres, caules; as, *garres thee greet*.
Gate, a way.
Gazement, grazing.
Geare, stuff, attire, furniture, equipage.
Geafon, uncommon, perplexing.
Gelt, a gelding, *Upton*. *Gelt*, gold, 1.
Gentlesse, the behaviour of a gentleman.
German, brother or near kinman.
Gerne, yawn.
Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.
Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for
Gibe and geare, joke and jeer.
Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.
Giusts, juts or tournaments; more
 single combat on horseback with
 swords.
Glade, a passage; generally for a
 through a wood.
Glave, a sword.
Glee, mirth.
Glen, a valley.
Glib, a curled huff of hair hanging
 the eyes.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glode, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.
Glosing speeches, flattering, deceitful.
Gnarre, to snarl or bark.
Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.
Goodlyhead, goodliness.
Gore, pierce.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour defending the throat.
Grange, a granery, barn, farm.
Grayle, some particles, or gravel. *Alf*
B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred
 last supper of our Saviour.
Greave, for grove.
Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.
Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce,
 through.
Griefful, full of grief.
Griple, one that snatches greedily, 1.
 miser.
Grooms, shepherd, herdsman.
Groynd, grunted.
Guarish, to garnish, to dress out gorgeously.
Guehd, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.
Guilders, cheats.
Guize, way, fashion, manner, *Upton*.
 habit, condition, *Hugbes*.
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjon, armour covering the neck and
Upton. Armour covering the head and
 dets, *Hugbes*.
Habiliments, apparel, clothing.

eady, able, apt, nimble.
 piece of armour.
 in partition.
 loly Dame; an oath by the Virgin
 ve.
 harbour.
 ve, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, bold-
Hardyhead, a brave state of mind.
 lay waste, to destroy.
 in interjection and exclamation, shew-
 fs.
 ker basket to carry fish.
uberque. Vide *Kaberjan*.
 ce, highmind.
 braced.
 or *Bebest*, command, precept.
 a bow made of ebony.
 fort of country dances.

Bidder, he and she.
 ke hold of.
 d.
 rbs, plants,
ried, to praise, to celebrate.
 carfal.
 to hasten.
 ned.
 ed, called.
 ed.
 crm of reproach.
 C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is
 he castle itself.
 lled in the 1st and 2d quartos, in the
ole, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.
 ition, state. Frequently used in com-
 us knighthood, priesthood, widowhood,

, hoary, *Upton*. White; sometimes it
 quallid, filthy rough, *Hugbes*.
 inn.
 from *Hight*, was named, called.
 , sacramental fire.
 eave.
 vering, floating.
 humility.
 b, rust forth.
 ush with violence.
 athing, thrusting.
Hymen, the nuptial song at weddings, in-
 the god Hymeneus.

I.

me to signify a slandering fellow.
 nefs.
 s of leather fastened on the hawk's legs
 ld in the fist.
 fo the quartos and folios; but *Hugbes*
 e.
 or offspring.

Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense
 of the French word *empescher*, to hinder.
Importable, not to be borne.
In, Inn, Inne, an inn, a chamber, a house.
Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith.
Indigne, unworthy.
Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, &c.
Inferd, brought on.
Inseft, deadly.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingowes, ingots.
Intendement, attention, understanding, thought.
Interesse, interest.
Intreat, speak of, treat of.
Intuse, contusion, bruise.
Jollyhead, a state of jollity.
Jouissance, Joyaunce, rejoicing, diversion.
Ira, Ire, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, custody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.
Knight, caught.
Ken, Kenn, to know, to spy, to discover.
Kend, Kent, knew, kenned.
Kerni, countrymen or boors.
Kesars, Keasars, Emperors, Cæsars, Czars.
Kest, cast.
Kestrel, a sort of hawk of the baser breed.
Kight, dost know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kend, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. Kyndle, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, Laire, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a song. Lays, songs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Laystall, a place to lay dung or rubbish.
Lazarus, leprous persons.
Leach, surgeon or physician.
Leare, Leares, Lares, doctrine, learning, science.
Leafing, lying.
Leard, levied, raised.
Ledden, language, dialect.
Leef, or Lief, willing. *As lief*, more willing.
Leefe, lost.
Legierdemayne, sleight of hand.
Leman, sweetheart, concubine, mistress.
Longer, longer.
L' Epylog, the epilogue after a copy of verses.
Left, lister.
Lever, rather.
Leven, lightning.

GLOSSARY.

bolt.

Liefer, Leuer, dearer. Lieffst, dearer.

Lord, sovereign-lord. Linge-man, who owes lince to the liege lord.

Liggen, to lie.

Lineage, lineage or descent.

Loll'd, for lolled out, &c.

Lound, a blood hound.

Lover, one that goes about selling indulgences.

Loan, to lean, give away. Sometimes to cease or give over.

Loane, a species of cloth manufactured at coln.

Loose, ground inclosed for tilts or tournaments.

Lout, alight, get off horse.

Lovably, i. e. lived among mortals.

Livelihood, livelihood, maintenance.

Livelyhood, liveliness, life, spirit.

Livery and feign, law phrases.

Lowe, a thing lent, a loan.

Long, belong.

Loord, as, lazy Loord, idle fellow.

Lordings, Sire, Masters. A dim. of Lord.

Lore, learning, instruction.

Lore, for Lorn, left, lost.

Lorsel, Lofel, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow.

Lover, or Looover, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.

Lout, to bow fervilely, to crouch.

Luz, perches,

Luzk, lushish, lushishness, a lazy disposition.

Luzless, listlessly.

Luztuck, lustiuck, vigour.

Luzless, weak, not lusty.

Luzt, light on, fettle, fall on.

Luzt, lost.

M.

Magr, magician, enchanter,

Magras stone, the load-stone.

Maboune, Mahomet. By Maboune, a Saracen oath.

Make, a mate, consort. To make (verb) to compose verses.

Malesces, evil deeds.

Malicing, bearing of malice.

Maligne, maliciously, abuse.

Maltalent, ill will, spite.

Manned, manned, furnished, filled.

Manner, behaviour, carriage.

Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry.

Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. &c.

Marge, margin, brim.

Mark white, the white mark,

Martalled, hammered, beat.

Mas, used for divine service.

Mated, conquered, subdued.

Maugre, in spite of, against one's will, standing,

Mayle, a coat of mail.

Mazed, stunned.

Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.

Meane, means, conditions, occasion.

Meare, a meer, limit, or boundary.

Meile, to mingle.

Meed, reward, prize.

Mell, to intermeddle.

Mene, did mean, intended.

Ment, mingled.

Merciable, merciful.

Mercifule, pitied.

Merrymake, merriment.

Mesprife, neglect, contempt, scorn.

Met, meet.

Mew, a place to mew hawks. Any place up.

Mickle, much,

Mieve, for move.

Mining minion, finical affected darling.

Minime, a minim in music.

Minimons, toys, trifles.

Minished, for diminished.

Mirk, dark, obscure.

Mirkfome air, obscure, fowl.

Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.

Miscreant, originally signifies infidel, or a wrong belief.

Missdone, for misde, i. e. to do amiss.

Misfare, misfortune.

Mislike, dislike.

Myster, manner, sort, art, mystery.

Mistereh not, needs not.

Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amiss, misled, drawn aside.

Misween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.

Miswent, gone astray.

Mo, mee, more.

Muchel, much.

Moldwarps, moles,

Mome, a stupid fellow.

Monastery, a monastery.

Mone, sorrow.

Morian, head-piece, helmet.

Mote, must, might.

Mott, did mete or measure.

Mould, grows mouldy.

Mountenance, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.

Mouves, making of mouths.

Musbel, much.

Munifcence, subsidies, aid benevolence.

Mured, inclosed.

Muzd, mused,

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.

Nas, has not.

Nathless, notwithstanding, nevertheless.

Nathemore, Natheless, never the more.

, not.
 ecessaries.
 ted.
 clean.
 elty.
ffe, a love of novelty and changes.
 ot. Cont. for *ne will*.
 imbleness.
 ility.
be nonce, for the occasion.
 ow not. Cont. for *ne wot*.
 ld not.
 rown of the head.
 iculture, education.
 ourse.
 rm.
 red or hurt.
 iful or baleful.

O.

ral rites.
 , dross.
 l by fire, water, or combat.
 me over it.
 o crow over, to insult.
 ertook.
 vergrown with grass.
 eaching over.
 read it over.
 verwhelmed.
 self-conceited, opinionated.
 d.
 re, the more at all.
 w out, yield out, discharge.
 forthwith.
 t out, win the way out.
 es, or buttons of gold.

P.

in, infidel.
 re, diminish.
 orfe; most commonly a lady's pad.
 r part, a phrase in heraldry.
 lgrim.
 a universal medicine.
 : skull, the crown of the head.
 example, pattern; companion, or fel-
 lover.
 eradventure, by chance.
 mit.
 irture.
 lso surpass, exceed.
 C. I. St. 19. signifies here, country,
 m.
 ock.
 acy, or violet.
 , endeavour.

Peark, brisk.
Peete, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10.
 St 59 *Wz*.
Peise, poise. *Payfd*, poised.
Perdie, Fr. *par. Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peragal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Perfaunt, piercing.
Perfue, pursuing, pursuit, or chace.
Pbeer, companion.
Physnomy, physiognomy.
Picturals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to wait away.
Pionings, works of pioneers.
Plaine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Pleß, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes*. *Car'd not for God*
or man a point, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton*. *Arm-*
ed at all points, ib.
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or
 draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pouffe, peafe.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Practicke päine, the cunning practice, plot, and en-
 deavour.
Prank, *Some prank their ruffes, i. e.* exhibit forth, and
 proudly shew. *Prankt in reason's garb*, pompous-
 ly set forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, press, throng, crowd.
Preß, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for
 pressed,
Pretended, shewn forth, held out.
Prick, to prick as with spurs.
Pricking on the plains, riding on the plain.
Prisfe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Prife, scuffle, fight.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protese, extension, drawing out.
Prou, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Proweß*, bravest.
Puisaunce, valour, power, might. *Puisant*, power-
 ful, mighty.
Purshed, flourished with a needle, *Hughes*. Em-
 broidered. or decorated as with embroidery
Upton.
Purpose, discourse, talk, words.
Purway, provide.
Puttocker, bitterns, kites. So Glosa. to Chaucer.

GLOSSARY.

brand, thunderbolt.
blindly, ignorantly.
Lizard, leopard.
Lick, like.
Lieft, dear. *Lieser*, *Lever*, dearer. *Lieftst*, dearest.
Liege-lord, sovereign-lord. *Liege-man*, who owes allegiance to the liege lord.
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie.
Lignage, lineage or descent.
Lilled out his tongue, for lolled out, &c.
Lime bound, a blood hound.
Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences.
Lin, to lean, give away. Sometimes to cease or give over.
Lincolne greene, a species of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.
List, ground inclosed for tilts or tournaments.
List, alight, get off horse.
Lived mortally, i. e. lived among mortals.
Livelihood, livelihood, maintenance.
Livelyhood, liveliness, life, spirit.
Livery and seisin, law phrases.
Loan, a thing lent, a loan.
Loag, belong.
Loard, as, *lazy Loard*, idle fellow.
Lordings, Sire, Masters. A dim. of Lord.
Lore, learning, instruction.
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost.
Lovel, *Lofel*, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow.
Lover, or *Loover*, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.
Lout, to bow servilely, to crouch.
Lugs, perches,
Luk, *luskish*, *luskishness*, a lazy disposition.
Lustless, listlessly.
Lustlike, lustlike, vigour.
Lustless, weak, not lusty.
Lytic, light on, settle, fall on.
Lytic, lost.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter,
Magne stone, the load-stone.
Mahoune, Mahomet. By *Mahoune*, a Saracen oath.
Make, a mate, consort. To *make* (verb) to compose verses.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malicing, bearing of malice.
Maligne, maliciously, abuse.
Malignant, ill will, spite.
Manned, manned, furnished, filled.
Answer, behaviour, carriage.
Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry.
Mony, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. &c.
Marge, margin, brim.
Mark white, the white mark,
Martelled, hammered, beat.
Mm, used for divine service.
Mated, conquered, subdued.

Maugre, in spite of, against one's will standing.
Mayle, a coat of mail.
Mazed, stunned.
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.
Meane, means, conditions, occasion.
Measure, a meet, limit, or boundary.
Mesle, to mingle.
Meed, reward, prize.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Mene, did mean, intended.
Mont, mingled.
Merciable, merciful.
Mercifule, pitied.
Merrime, merriment.
Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn.
Met, meet.
Mew, a place to mew hawks. Any up.
Mickle, much,
Mieve, for move.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minished, for diminished.
Mirk, dark, obscure.
Mirkfome air, obscure, fowl.
Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.
Miscreant, originally signifies infidel, or wrong belief.
Missdone, for misde, i. e. to do amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Mislike, dislike.
Mister, manner, sort, art, mystery.
Mistake, not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed & misled, drawn aside.
Miswene, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *mo*, more.
Muchel, much.
Moldwarps, moles,
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastere, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenance, the amount of any thing, ^{or} distance.
Mouthe, making of mouths.
Muchel, much.
Manifestance, subsidies, aid benevolent.
Moral, inclosed.
Muzel, raised,

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Nathless, *Nathelss*, not the less, nevertheless.
Nathemore, *Nathemore*, never the more.

her, not.
s, necessaries.
named.
at, clean.
novelty.
tenesse, a love of novelty and changes.
I not. Cont. for *ne will*.
, nimbleness.
nobility.
or the nonce, for the occasion.
, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*.
ould not.
ie crown of the head.
, nurture, education.
o nurse.
harm.
noyed or hurt.
urtful or baleful.

O.

uneral rites.
use, drops.
trial by fire, water, or combat.
, came over it.
, to crow over, to insult.
overtook.
, overgrown with grass.
it, reaching over.
did read it over.
, overwhelmed.
ing, self-conceited, opinionated.
ined.
more, the more at all.
flow out, yield out, discharge.
id, forthwith.
get out, win the way out.
osses, or buttons of gold.

P.

agan, infidel.
paire, diminish.
horse; most commonly a lady's pad.
he.
t per part, a phrase in heraldry.
pilgrim.
, an universal medicine.
the skull, the crown of the head.
an example, pattern; companion, or fel-

, a lover.
t, peradventure, by chance.
, vomit.
eparture.
Alfo surpasss, exceed.
iii. C. I. St. 19. signifies here, country,
gion.
sacock.
pancy, or violet.
ins, endeavour.

Peark, brisk.
Peace, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10.
St 59. *Uc*.
Peise, poise. *Paysd*, poised.
Perdie, Fr. *par. Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peragal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Perfaunt, piercing.
Perfue, pursuing, pursuit, or chace.
Pbeer, companion.
Physnomy, physiognomy.
Picturals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to wait away.
Pionings, works of pioneers.
Plaine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Pleth, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes*. *Car'd not for God*
or man a point, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton*. *Arm-*
ed at all points, ib.
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portuaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or
draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pouffe, peafe.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Practiche pñine, the cunning practice, plot, and en-
deavour.
Prank, *Some prank their ruffes, i. e.* exhibit forth, and
proudly shew. *Prankt in reason's garb*, pompously
set forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, pres, throng, crowd.
Proff, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for
pressed,
Pretended, shewn forth, held out.
Prick, to priek as with spurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Prife, scuffle, fight.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protese, extension, drawing out.
Procu, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, bravest.
Puisaunce, valour, power, might. *Puissant*, power-
ful, mighty.
Pursed, flourished with a needle, *Hughes*. Em-
broidered. or decorated as with embroidery
Upton.
Purpose, discourse, talk, words.
Purway, provide.
Puttocker, bitterns, kites. So Glos. to Chaucer.

GLOSSARY.

Vide *Pine*.
ide *Pinnings*.

Q.

Quadrat, a square.
Quaid, subdued. Perhaps instead of quailed or quelled.
Quaile, to subdue, to quell, *Upton*. *Quail*, to languish, *Hughes*.
Quaint, nice, curious.
Quarle, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*. shaft, arrow.
rey, prey.
the western division; the fourth part.
ide *Quaid*.
Quam, please.
quenched.
Quaintly, quaintly or oddly chosen.
sometimes used for *to die*.
adventure, exploit.
to quicken, to stir.
to deliver, to free.
sunt, stout.
Quere, to requite.
Quited, required, returned.
Quok, did quake, did shake, did tremble.

R.

Race. Vide *Raft*.
Rad, for did read; or guessed.
Raft, *Raft*, bereft, bereaved, *Upton*. *Rent*, tore, *Hughes*.
Raid. Vide *Ray*.
Raile, *adowne their sides did raile*, i. e. flow or run along.
Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.
Ramp, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horse.
Rank, in order.
Ransackt, plundered, rifled, violated.
Rapt, in rapture.
Rasht, *mailes did rasht*, did break, did shiver in pieces.
Rast, *Razed*, erased, effaced.
Ratbe, early.
Raught, reached, did reach.
**Ravin*, rapine, spoil, ravening.
To *Ray*, discolour, beray.
Ray, for *Aray*, ornament, furniture. Also for in ray, in array, in order and rank.
Reed, *Reed*, to advise, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, guess, divine. Likewise counsel, advice, prophesy.
Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.
Reedifide, rebuild.
Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel.
Reck, care, reckon, account.
Reclayme, call back.
Recover, recover.
Revole *Reuile*, to recoil, go back, or give way.
Recreant, out of hope, untrusty, cowardly.
Redoubted, revered, honoured, feared.

Redounding tears, abounding and flowing out.
Regiment, rule, government.
Relate, bring back.
Relent his pace, to slacken, to stay.
Reliven, to live again.
Remerced, thanked.
Rencounter, accidental fight, or adventure.
Renfort, reinforced.
Renfort, reinforced, again made fierce and bold.
Rennz, for runs.
Reverst, turn'd upside down, overturned.
Replevie, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.
Reprise, reproof.
Reprize, to make reprisals.
Re seized, reinstated, in possession again.
Resiant, lodged, placed, resident.
Retrait, *Retrait*, picture, portrait; air of the in
to retreat, fall back, give ground.
draw out.
recall, return.
dress again, to clothe again.
row, rue, pity. *Rewe*, a row. In a *Len*, row.
a debauched fellow.
requent; fully, abundantly.
gap, cleft, chink, or crack.
to cleave asunder. *Rwan*, rent, split, torn asunder.
Rode, inroad.
Roote, young bullocks.
Roude, a cross.
Rofere, a rose tree.
Rote, harp, or crowd.
Rove, *didst rove*, i. e. didst shoot thy roving arrow.
Roundell, a round bubble.
Roynz, to bite or gnaw.
Ruz. Vide *Rew*.
Ruffz, ornaments for the neck, of plain or ruffled mullin or cambrick.
Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.
Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.
Rutb, pity.
Rybould. Vide *Ribould*.
Ryfe. Vide *Rife*.
Ryved. Vide *Rive*.

S.

Sad, grave.
Safe her, her excepted.
Salewd, saluted.
Saliaunce, sally, or assault.
Salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy.
Salved, saluted.
Sam, same; sometimes it signifies together.
Samite, latin.
Say, a thin sort of silk stuff. A *fewrd of better* of better proof, assay.
Scurmogerz, skirmishings.
Scath, harm, mischief.
Scatterlings, scattered rovers or ravishers.
Serene, discern.
Sclave, slave.

nders.
 i, engraved.
 ing.
 ige.
 chest coffer.
 ze out, press out.
 ed.
 n. *Sdeigned*, disdained.
 nfumed, burning, parching.
 itation.

mmmon.
 sh.
 chosen elegant.

ew, pretence, appearance.
 nursery.
 resident, governor, or steward.
 : since.
 it, the smelling out.
Sewing, following. *Sewde*, follow-

at.
 usical instruments, Psal. xcvi. 7.
 thought to signify a hautboy.
 C. 1. St. 10.
 grace, to blame, to spoil.
 clear.
 o act the part of a confessor. *Sbrift*,
 rg, confession.
 ked. *Sbrightes*, shriekings,
 nd shrilly.
 to shelter. *Sbrouded in scap*, covered,

g, brightness.
 of kin.
 1.
 ench, throne.
 f, sprig, or young shoot.

urcly.
 enefs, safety.
 plicity.
 : since.
 gults, sighs, sobbings.
 uits not. *Ill it fits*, it ill agrees, ill be-

at.
 .
 : that time.
 grow sluggish.
 t, sweltering.
 rl.
 , i.e. intangled, as a skain of silk.
 b or check.
 bs or knots in wood.
 ods of earth.
 hire; a soldier's pay.
 um, substance.
 , or sweetly.
 thly, true.
 ny. In *fort*, in such fort or manner.
 iging, falling.

Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Souvenance, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, found. *With shrieking swome*, B. iii. C. 4.
 St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the foiled beast.
Spacc, walk about, range about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sperre the gate bar, or shut the gate.
Sperfed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a stripling.
Spyals, espials, spies.
Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fair-
 est flower.
Stadle, staff.
Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.
Stank, weary or faint.
Starke, stiff with cold.
Star-read, doctrine of the stars; astronomy.
Stane, for stone.
Sted, place, seat, station, situation.
Steeme, smoke, *Steamed*, had exhaled.
Steamed, esteemed.
Stent, stint, stay, stop.
Stept, steeped, socked, wetted.
Sterne, tail.
Sterne, to perish, to die.
Stoven, found, noise.
Stire, stir or move.
Stole, a garment, a matron's robe.
Stand, stand, station.
Stoned, astonished, or stanned.
St and. Vide *Stonied*.
St:and, *Stownd*, space, moment, season, hour,
 time.
Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes
 at the fowl.
Stour, *Stowre*, fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
Straine, *Strens*, race, descent, family, origin.
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Stresse, distress.
 To *Stye*, to ascend, to mount up.
Subverft, subverted, overthrown.
Succeffe, succession.
Suffused eyes, bedewed, suffused with tears.
Suppreffing, keeping under.
Suppreft, ravished.
Surbet, wearied.
Surcease, stop.
Surquedry, pride, presumption.
Sute, suit, petition, request.
Stwart, swarthy, black.
Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from.
Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.
Sweatb-bands, swathe or swaddling-bands.
Swelt, burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted.
Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.
Swinck, labour.
Swound, a swoon or fainting fit.

GLOSSARY.

T.

Targe, a buckler or shield.
Tassel, Tessel, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk, gold, or silver.
Tassel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene, Tine, Tyne, trouble, mischief, injury.
Tenor, the middle part next the base.
Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. I. St. 33.
Thewes, manners, qualifications, customs.
Thilk, this, that.
Tho, then.
Thralled, enslaved.
Thralls, slaves.
Thrill, to pierce through.
Throw that last bitter throw, pain, pangs. *So throwes*, strokes, blows. *To sleep athrowes*, while or space.
Thrust, Thirstie, thirst.
Tickle, slippery, unstable, ticklish.
Tide, a while, time, season, an hour.
Tight, tide.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance.
Tort, wrong, injury.
Totly, dizzy, tottering.
Townd, tugged and hauled about.
Tract, by *tract*, by tracing, by tract and footing.
Trade, tread, trace, or footstep. Do *Trade*, do walk.
Train, Trayn, the train or tail. Likewise used for treachery, deceit.
Tramels, nets.
Translated, turned them to.
Transmeve, to transform, transmute.
Transverse, awry, out of order.
Trast, followed as by tract or footing.
Traveile, labour.
Treachour. Treachetour, traitor.
Traque, a truce, cessation of arms; agreement.
Tre.n., of a tree, wooden.
Trenchant, Trenchant, cutting, sharp.
Troad, path, footing.
Trow, believe, imagine, conceive.
To Trusi, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.
Turnament, Turneyment, Turney, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.
Turribant, a turban.
Tway, two; in *Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.
Tweyht, twit, upbraid.
Traitin, to blame, to upbraid.
Twyfold, twofold.

V. U.

Vaded, gone.
Valaw, value, worth, valour.

Vantage, profit.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vaunt, to boast.
Vellenge, rather *willinge*, the maner and bed of tenure.
Venery, hunting of wild beasts, B. i. C. 6 & 9.
Venger, revenger.
Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to put in or air to the face by lifting up.
Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.
Vere the maine shete, turn, shift.
Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.
Vilde, vile.
Virelays, a kind of songs.
Vysanie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.
Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.
Unusual, strange, harsh; odd, *delivered*, attempt by unfair and indirect means, the afternoon, toward the evening, B. ii. St. 13.
Unbight, not dight, disordered; loosened, *unbight*, difficult, scarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it signifies almost.
Uncover, to discover, to bewray.
Unsest, took them from the herse or temporary monument where they were usually kept, B. v. C. iii. St. 37.
Unkempt, unadorned, or void of grace or elegance.
Unkond, nor known.
Unlich, unlike.
Unpurvide, unprovided, not furnished.
Unrest, disquiet, uneasiness.
Unsoot, unweet.
Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiously, *unware*.
Unwaxting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.
Unwiss, not thought of, unknown.
Upbraff, burst open.
Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.
Upwreathed, unrevengeed.

W.

Wage, a pledge; likewise reward, wages.
Waist, a stray.
War, worse.
War-bable, able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious. *Ware*, did wear.
Wareless, stupidified.
War-old, old in war or strife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harraiss with war.
Warriouresse, a woman-warrior, an Amazon.
Watebet, pale, blue.
Wawes, waves, *Upton. Wawes*, waves, *perch* for woes, *Hughes*.
Way, weigh, value, esteem.
Wayment, to bewail, lament.
Wayne, Waine, chariot.
Weal-away, Wele-away, alas!
Ween, Weenen, imagine, judge.
Weel, to know. *Weeten*, to wit.
Weetles, unknowing.

Weste, waved, avoided, put off.
stray; whatever wanders and is

spring, flow. To *Weld*, to move,
govern.

fare.
crease, wither; to grow faint.
firmament.

ow.
Wend, for.

c.
journey, *Upton*. Going, course.

in the west.
e, to grow.
whales.
ever.
never.
we, formerly, some while ago.
ilenced.
irt.

hile, sometime before.
noxious poisonous.
anage, handle, govern, direct, turn,

, person.
r.

to and fro.
over like a veil.
variance.

w. Wist, thought, knew.
proach.

golden, withdrew.
gone in woe, overwhelmed.

n two senses; in the first, for to
win the victory, from *to win*. In
the second, for to dwell, to inhabit, from
women.

be wont.
manner.

or win by courting.
Wodnes, madness.

Woteft, knowest.
for the rhyme.

r the rhyme.

age. *Wroke*, revenged.
geful.

led.

Wroken, wreaked, revenged.

Wbyle, beguile.

Wbyts. Vide *Wit*.

Y.

Ybet, beaten.

Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.

Yblent, blinded, or confounded.

Ybrent, burnt.

Yclad, clad, clothed.

Ycleped, called, named.

Ydleffe, idleness.

Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.

Yearne, earn, get, procure.

Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.

Yeoman, sometimes signifies servant.

Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.

Yewen, given

Yfere, in company, together.

Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up.

Yfraught, freighted, laden.

Yfretted, the same as fretted.

Yge, gone.

Yit, yet; for the rhyme.

Ylike, alike.

Ymagery, images, figures.

Ymolt, molten, melten.

Ympte, *Impte*, offspring.

Ympte, grafted on, fixed on as a graft.

Yod. Vide *Yeed*.

Yold, yielded.

Yond, beyond.

Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.

Younge, youth:

Younker, a lusty young man:

Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*.

Ypent, pent up, or folded like sheep.

Ypight, placed.

Yplaste, placted.

Yplight, plighted.

Yrapt, rapt in ecstacy.

Yre, ire, anger.

Yrent, rent.

Yrived, rived, riven.

Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged.

Ysame, collected together.

Ysbend, to spoil, to disgrace.

Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed; to my own knowledge.

Sometimes used expletively, sometimes ironical-
ly.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;

Containing his

VENUS AND ADONIS,
TARQUIN AND LUCRECE,
SONNETS,

PASSIONATE PILGRIM,
AND
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspear rose;
Each scene of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

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Anno 1793.

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THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

By ages of Gothic ignorance and superstition, learning and genius visited our island in Queen Elizabeth. It was then that liberty began to dawn; and the mantle of mystery shed from religion and literature, the people began to think for themselves, and to be free from the shame and ignominy of ignorance, and mental slavery.

It was, so remarkable in history, when the minds of men were awakened to the most animating passions, Shakspeare arose—to silence the legendary oracles of the bard and the minstrel, to banish the wildness of romantic fiction, to put to flight the phantoms of allegory, and to add to the poetry almost to perfection.

The life of this extraordinary man, among a people yet struggling to emerge from barbarism, is described by Dr. Johnson with a felicity of expression that challenges the whole compass of poetry:

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And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

The astonishing genius, who advanced the studies he cultivated so far beyond the attainments of his age, and effused so much novelty upon his country, few particulars have descended to posterity. The fame of his abilities made a great noise in the age in which he flourished, yet his life was not such as to produce many incidents, as it was subject to but few vicissitudes. Rowe, who understood and greatly admired him, has collected what incidents of his life were known, and the account here given rests chiefly upon his authority, and the conjectures of his learned and erudite commentator Mr. Malone.

Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d of April 1564. His father, John Shakspeare, was an Alderman of that town, and a considerable dealer in wool. His mother was the daughter and heir of Robert Arden of Willingcote in the same county. Being left with a large family of ten children, Mr. Shakspeare could afford to give his eldest son a liberal education. He had him bred at the free school, where he acquired what Latin he was capable of; but how well he understood that language, or whether, after his leaving school, he attained to greater proficiency in it, has been disputed, and is a point very difficult to settle. It is however, generally supposed, that his father was obliged to withdraw him early from school, in order to have him employed in his own employment, towards supporting the rest of the family.

At the time of his coming to London, hired coaches were not in use, and his first support himself is said to have been, to hold the horses of the gentlemen who came to the house, that they might be ready again when the performance was over. In this office he was so eminent, that he soon had more business than he could manage, and at last hired him, who, as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, retained the Shakspeare's boys.

Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, are said to have been so struck with the wit and sprightliness of his conversation, that they recommended him to the house. He was admitted, at first, in a very low station, that of *call-boy*, or prompter's attendant. In this employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter as often as the business requires their appearance on the stage.

In time he found higher employment, and distinguished himself above all his contemporaries, not as an extraordinary actor, at least as an excellent dramatic writer; whose productions were the delight of his own age, and are still the boast and admiration of his country.

By what gradations of improvement he rose from mediocrity to the summit of excellence is not known, for the chronology of his writings is yet unsettled. The highest date which Pope has traced, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old. The diligent Malone has traced the appearance of that play back to 1595, and has rendered it probable that he commenced a writer for the stage in 1591, when he was somewhat twenty-seven years old.

All his plays appear to have been performed either at the Globe in Southwark, or at the Swan in Blackfriars; in both of which he had a property. Queen Elizabeth, whom he called "a fair vestal throned by the west," had several of his plays acted at court, and gave him the marks of her favour.

What particular friendships he contracted with private men is not certainly known. He enjoyed the patronage, and probably partook of the munificence of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated "the first heir of his invention." All who have spoken of him have celebrated the gentleness of his manners and the readiness of his wit. "As he was an imitator of nature (say his fellow-comedians) so he was a most gentle expresser of it, and hand went together." Aubrey says "he was a handsome well shaped man, of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit." The writings of Drayton and other contemporary poets bear testimonies to his admirable wit and amiable manners.

There is a tradition that he spent the latter part of his life in ease and retirement, at his native Stratford, where he had acquired a property worth about 200*l.* a year.

At his house of New-place in that town he died on the 23d of April 1616, when he had nearly completed his 52d year. No account has been transmitted of the malady which at an early period of life deprived his country of its brightest ornament. He was buried in the church at Stratford, where a mural monument is erected to his memory. In 1741 a monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey, among the worthies of his country.

He had three children; a son, named Hamnet, and two daughters, Susanna and Judith. Hamnet, who was a twin-child born at the same time with Judith, died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Judith, his youngest daughter, was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three children, who all died without issue. She died in 1662, aged 77. Susanna, his eldest daughter, and his favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, of good reputation. She died in 1649, at sixty-six. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe Esq; afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

His dramatic writings were first published together by his fellow comedians in 1623, and since published by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capel, Johnson, Steevens, Reed, and Malone, with an accumulation of emendatory criticism and philological learning, unparalleled in the illustration of any of the classical writers of antiquity.

The nation, which demonstrates its taste in nothing so justly as in the admiration it pays to his writings, is yet without a splendid edition of his works. The edition, with engravings, undertaken by Alderman Boydell, promises to remedy this defect, in rivalling the most brilliant decorations that have been lavished on the distinguished poets of other countries. It is not, however, to be accompanied with notes; an omission which Mr. Malone (to whom the admirers of Shakspeare are the greatest obligations) is expected to supply in his promised edition in 4to, with illustrations combined on the same page.

It belongs only to the plan of this work to furnish the public with a correct edition of his poems, which are here, for the first time, received into an arrangement of classical English poetry.

In the earlier part of his life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays; and they are oftener mentioned or alluded to by his contemporaries. "As the soul of Euphorbus says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*; his *Lucrece*; his sugred Sonnets among his private friends."

The poem of *Venus and Adonis*, he has told us himself, in his dedication to the Earl of Southampton, was his first composition. It was first printed in 1601, and so much admired in his lifetime, that in thirteen years after its first appearance, six impressions of it were printed. The subject was probably suggested to him by Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's Chamber*, in the third book of the *Faery Queene*; or by a short poem, intitled, *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, written by Henry Constable. He has chosen to deviate from the mythological story which Spenser set before him; following probably the model presented to him by the poem, which represents Adonis as insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty.

The Rape of *Lucrece* was first printed in 1594, and dedicated, like the former, to the Earl of Southampton. It was again published in 1598, 1600, 1607, and 1616. The story on which the poem is founded is related by the Roman historians. The Legend of *Lucretia* is also found in Lucan, and in Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and in several ballads of that age; some of which, Mr. Warton thinks, probably suggested to him this story: "Lucretia" (he says) "was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothic ages."

These two poems deserve attention, as being the only part of his writings which he published himself. The length of them may be justly objected to. The circumlocution with which the tale is told, in each of them, more particularly in the Rape of *Lucrece*, is wearisome: But it was the practice of his age to write a great number of verses on a very slight subject; and he has in this, as

in many other instances, adapted himself to the taste of the times. In poetic merit they are superior to any pieces of the same kind by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers of narrative poetry then known. Of the two, Venus and Adonis deserves superior praise. "The passion of Venus for Adonis" (says Fenton) "is described by our admirable Shakspeare in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity."

The Sonnets were first printed by Thomas Thorpe in 1609. They were again published in 1640. In this edition (which has been followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors) the order of the original copy was not adhered to; and fantastic titles were prefixed to different portions: *The Glory of Beauty, The Force of Love, &c.* The general style of these poems leaves not the smallest doubt of their authenticity. One hundred and twenty-six of them are inscribed to a friend; the remaining twenty-eight (a small proportion of so many) to a mistress. Many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be; yet some are written with perspicuity and energy: Their great defect is want of variety.

The collection of Sonnets intitled the *Passionate Pilgrim*, (for what reason it is not easy to discover) was first published in 1599; with some love epistles from Ovid by Heywood; and other pieces falsely ascribed by the printer to Shakspeare. Some of them seem to have been essays on the subject of Venus and Adonis, before the scheme of his work was completely adjusted. In Mr. Malone's edition (which is followed here) all those which relate to that subject are classed together. The translations from Ovid were republished as Shakspeare's in the edition 1640; nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious "Essay on the learning of Shakspeare." They are now rejected; as is also a celebrated *Mutual* ascribed to Shakspeare, but written by Marlowe, beginning with the words "Come live with me and be my dear." The majority of these unconnected scraps were probably never designed for the public; many of them, however, bear the strongest marks of Shakspeare's hand.

The *Lover's Complaint* was first printed in 1609, at the end of an edition of his Sonnets; the opening of the poem is uncommonly picturesque, and every part of it has more of the simplicity and pathetic tenderness of the smaller pieces of Spenser than any other poem of that age. Like the *Ascent Song* described by himself in his *Twelfth Night*:

————— It is silly foolish,
And dallies with the innocence of youth
Like the old age.

In examining the poems of Shakspeare, it would be doing him injustice to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions. They are to be tried by the standard of poetical excellence established in his own age; and after perusing the productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, he will have little to fear from the unprejudiced decision of his judges.

In comparing Shakspeare with himself, let it be remembered, that his two principal poems were written when he was very young, and that his disposition was more inclined to dramatic than narrative poetry; his genius for the one being a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a less splendid and transcendent kind, approaching nearer to those of other mortals.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Ovid. Amor. l. 1. El. 15.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend, in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship; nor how the world will censure me, for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: Only if your honour seem but pleased, I account my self highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

W. SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun, with purple-colour'd face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my self! (thus she began)
The fields chief flower! sweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roses are!
Nature, that made thee, with her self at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder! to alight thy steed,
And reign his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty;
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The president of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls its balm;
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddes's good.
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over ~~the~~ arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire;
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
Backward she push'd him, as she would it
thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in
lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He says she is inmodest, blames her mifs:
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff, or prey be gone:
Even so she kiss his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture! air of grace!
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies:

Pure flame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats :
For to a pretty car she tunes her tale.
Still he is fullen, still he lowers and frets,
'T'wixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale.
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her breast is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love,
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
'Till he take truce with her contending tears ;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink, than she for this good
turn ;

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She baths in water, yet in fire must burn.
Oh pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted boy !
Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Ev'n by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battel ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar :
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that, which thou unask'd shalt
have.

Over my alters hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest ;
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest ;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him, that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd ;
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.
Strong temper'd steel, his stronger strength o-
bey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her, that foil'd the god of fight !

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Tho' mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The kiss shall be thine own, as well as mine ;
What seek thou on the ground ? hold up thy
head :

Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes ?

Art thou ashamed to kiss ? Then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night,
Love keeps his revels, where there he hut
twain ;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in flight.
These blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we
mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be
tasted :

Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their
prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despis'd, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice :
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not
for thee,
But, having no defects, why dost thou
abhor me ?

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in
turning ;

My beauty, as the spring, doth yearly grow ;
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand
felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green ;
Or, like a nymph, with long dihevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
These forceless flowers, like sturdy trees, support
me :

Two strengthless doves will draw me through the
sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport
me.

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then woo thy self, be of thy self reject'd,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's
abuse :

VENUS AND ADONIS.

...ds, and beauty breedeth
 got, to get it is thy duty.
 earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
 earth with thy increase be fed?
 nature thou art bound to breed,
 some may live, when thou thy self art
 dead:
 so in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 at thy likeness still is left alive.

...his love-sick queen began to sweat,
 ...y, the shadow had forsook them:
 I ... in the mid-day heat,
 ... did hotly overlook them:
 Adonis had his team to guide,
 ... like him, and by Venus side.

...Adonis with a lazy spight,
 ... with a heavy, dark, disliking eye.
 ...ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
 ... fly vapours, when they blot the sky;
 ...ring his cheeks, cries fie, no more of love,
 ... the sun doth burn my face, I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind!
 What have excuses mak't thou to be gone?
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
 tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but
 warm,
 And, loe, I lie between the sun and thee!
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
 And, were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heav'nly, and this earthly sun,

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
 Oh! had thy mother born so bad a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died un-
 kind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me thus?
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss!
 Speak fair: but speak fair words, or else be mute.
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
 Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
 plection,
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience choaks her pleading
 And swelling passion doth provoke a passion
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth his
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her
 And now she weeps, and now she
 speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound
 And when from thence she struggles
 gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

...ding, faith she, since I have hem'd
 here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my dale
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or in
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be
 Stray lower, where the pleasant founts

Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom grass, and high delightful
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and
 To shelter thee from tempest and from raine
 Then be my deer, since I am such a pain
 No dog shall rouse thee, though at
 bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple
 Love made those hollows, if himself were
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple:
 Foreknowing well if there he came to die
 Why there Love liv'd, and there he
 die.

These loving caves, these round enchanted
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus
 Being mad before, how doth she now for
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second
 Poor Queen of Love, in thine own law
 To love a cheek, that smiles at thee in

Now which way shall she turn? What
 say?
 Her words are done, her woes the
 creasing:
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge
 Pity she cries, some favour, some respite
 Away he springs, and bairth to his hor

But, lo! from forth a copp's that neighbour
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud
 Adonis' trampling courier doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs
 The strong-neck'd steed, being ty'd
 tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight gets

fly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
his woven girts he breaks asunder;
ing earth, with his hard hoof he wounds,
ollow womb resound's like heaven's
under:

on bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
lling what he was controlled with.

up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
compas'd crest now stands on end:
ils drink the air, and forth again,
a furnace, vapours doth he send:
e, which glisters scornfully like fire,
his hot courage, and his high desire.

es he trots, as if he told the steps,
tle majesty, and modest pride;
ears upright, curvets and leaps,
should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd:
us I do to captivate the eye
fair breeder, that is standing by.

keth he his rider's angry stir,
ring *bolla*, or *bis stand* I say?
es he now for curb, or pricking spur?
eparifon's, or trappings gay?
s his love, and nothing else he sees,
thing else with his proud sight agrees.

en a painter would surpass the life,
g out a well-proportion'd steed,
with Nature's workmanship at strife,
dead the living should exceed:
his horse excel a common one
pe, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

ooft, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
cast, full eyes, small head, and nostril
side,
est, short ears, strait legs, and passing
rong,
ne, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
what a horse should have, he did not
ick,
proud rider on so proud a back.

es he scuds far off, and there he stares;
flarts at stirring of a feather.
he wind abate he now prepares,
ere he run, or fly, they knew not whither.
rough his mane and tail the high wind
ngs,
g the hairs, which heave like feather'd
ings.

upon his love, and neighs unto her;
vers him, as if she knew his mind.
oud, as females are, to see him woo her,
on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
s at his love, and for rits the heat he feels,
g his kind embracements with her heels.

he a melancholy male content,
his tail; that like a falling plume

Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His testy master goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
them,
Out-stripping crows, that strive to over-fly
them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis fits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love, by pleading may be blest.
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stop'd or river staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth asswage:
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice, that she is so nigh,
For all advance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was willy to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him, as he fat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks, receive her soft hand's print,
As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes did dain'd the woo-
ing:

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lilly prison'd in a jail of snow;
Or ivory in an alabaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!

This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves, that fit a billing.

Once more the engine of thoughts began,
O fairest mover on this mortal round!
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound.
For one sweet look thy help I would assure
there,
Though nothing but my body's bane would
cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel
it?

Give me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt have
it.

O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
Spray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For still my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire
Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath
none;
Therefore no marvel, though thy horse be
gone.

How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,
Servilely maltred with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending
crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eyes so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
thee.

O! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know nat love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unshap'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf per fall'd?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing unt.
The colt that's back'd, and burden'd long
young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing. Let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
To love's alarm, it will not ope the gate.

Dismiss your vows, your feign'd tears, your
flattery;

For where a heart is hard, they make no hurry

What, can't thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou
assign'd?

O! would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me death
wrong?

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding!

Earth's deep sweet musick! and heart's
fore-wounding!

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty, and invisible:
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me, that were but sensible.

Though neither eyes, nor ears, to hear, or
see,

Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch;
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love's
smelling.

But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest jealousy, that four unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet broken'd,
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gulf and foul flaws to herdmen, and to herds.

This ill preface advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun.
His meaning struck her, e'er his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
 The silly boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze break off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
 Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her:
 For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard.
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt, that his unkindness marr'd;
 He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
 Would never rise, so would he kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixt,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brows repine,
 But hers, which through the crystal, tears gave
 light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen, by night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in earth, or heaven!
 Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire!
 What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
 Do I delight to die? or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's anney:
 But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
 Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
 queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
 O never let their crimson liveries wear!
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year!
 That the star-gazers having writ on death,
 May say, the Plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
 To sell myself, I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing:
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
 Get thy fiscal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
 What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
 Say for non-payment that the debt should
 double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me.
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
 fast,
 Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter with weary gate,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west!
 The owl (Night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest:
 The cole-black clouds, that shadow heaven's
 light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
 Good night (quoth she) and e'er he says adieu,
 The honey see of parting tendred is.
 Her arms to lend his neck a sweet embrace,
 Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drowth:
 He with her plenty press'd, the faint with
 dearth,
 Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth:
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the prize so
 high,
 That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage:
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back;
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much han-
 dling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all the cap, not all the litleth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with tempering
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compact oft with vent'ring,
 Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is forward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!
 Such Nectar from his lips she had not suckt:
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover,
 What though the rose have pricks; yet it is pluckt.
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain
 The poor fool prays her, that he may
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which by Cupid's bow she doth protect,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?

He tells her no, to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the bear with certain of his friends.

The bear (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws,
 She sinketh down still hanging on his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.
 All is imaginary, she doth prove,
 He will not manage her although he mount her:
 The worse than Tantalus is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw;
 Even so she languisheth in her mischance,
 As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw,
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good Queen, it will not be,
 She hath assay'd, as much as may be prov'd,
 Her pleading hath deserved a greater foe,
 She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd!
 Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, e'er this,
 But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the bear.

O! be advis'd, thou know'st not what it
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to
 Whose tusks never sheath'd, he whom
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his face
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when
 fret,
 His snout digs sepulchres where e'er it
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er it
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tail

His brawny side with hairy bristles arm'd
 Are better proof, that thy spears point
 His short thick neck cannot be easily har
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture,
 The thorny brambles and embracing
 As fearful of him part, through v
 rufics.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine
 To which love's eye pays tributary gazes
 Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and crystal
 Whose full perfection all the world amaz
 But having thee at vantage (wondrous de
 Would root these beauties, as he
 mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
 Beauty hath nought to do with such fell
 Come not within his danger by thy will.
 They, that thrive well, take counsel of
 friends.

When thou didst name the bear, not
 fumble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did t

Didst thou not mark my face? was it not
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine
 Grew I not faint? and fell I not down
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and toles
 But like an earthquake shakes thee
 breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 Doth call himself affection's centinel;
 Give false alarms, suggesteth murther,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill.
 Distempering gentle love with his disdain,
 As air and water doth abate the fire.

This four informer, this bate-d reading
 This canker, that eats up love's tender
 This carry-zale, dissentious jealousy,
 That sometimes true news, sometimes fa
 bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in
 That if I love thee, I thy dear th

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry chafing bear,
 Under whose sharp fangs, on his back
 An image like thyself, all rain'd with

ofe blood upon the fresh flowers being shad,
h make 'em drop with grief, and hang the
head.

ould I do? seeing thee so indeed?
rembling at th' imagination, [bleed,
hought of it doth make my faint heart
ar doth teach it divination.
rophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
ou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
ple at the timorous flying hare;
he fox, which lives by subtilty;
he roe, which no encounter dare,
e these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

hen thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
e outruns the wind, and with what care
inks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
many mists through the which he goes,
like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

me he runs among the flocks of sheep,
ke the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
metime, where earth-delving conies keep,
o the loud pursuers in their yell;
sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
ger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

ere his smell with others being mingled,
st-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
; their clamorous cry, till they have singled,
uch ado, the cold fault cleanly cut:
n do they spend their mouths; echo replies,
f another chase were in the skies.

poor Watt far off, upon a hill,
on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
rken if his foes pursue him still;
their loud alarms he doth hear;
now his grief may be compared well
me fore sick, that hears the passing bell.

halt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
nd return, indenting with the way.
vious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
adow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
nifery is trodden on by many;
being low, never reliev'd by any.

etly and hear a little more,
o not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
e thee hate the hunting of the boar,
myself, thou hear'st me moralize,
ying this to that, and so to so;
Love can comment upon every woe.

did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
ne, and then the story aptly ends: [she)
rht is spent. Why, what of that? (quoth
uth he) expected of my friends.

And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall. Oh, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy
lips
Make modest *Dian* cloudy and forlorn,
Left she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven, that were di-
vine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's de-
spite,
To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies
To cros the curious workmanship of Nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defecature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances, and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd de-
spair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, favour, hue and qualities,
Wherewith the imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day
sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking virgins, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity,
Which by the rights of Time thou needs must
have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thy self, thy self art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do
slay.
Or butcher-fire, that raves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

thou, you will fall again
 indeed theme;
 bestow'd in vain,
 give against the stream.
 c'd night, desires foul nurse,
 as me like you worfe and

worfe,

If Love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaids songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
 For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet clofure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, Lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
 The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase. O strange excuse !
 When Reason is the bawd to Lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurps his name ;
 Upon whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame :
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after rain ;
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun :
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain ;
 Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not ; Lust like a glutton dies :
 Love is all truth ; Lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green :
 Therefore in sadness now I will away,
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms, which bound him to her
 breast:
 And homeward through the dark lawns runs a-
 pace,
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend :
 So did the merciless and pitchy night,
 Fold in the object, that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropt a precious jewel in the sea
 Or stonish'd, as night-wanderers often
 Their light blown out in some midland
 Even so confounded in the dark he
 Having lost the fair discovery of her

And now she beats her heart, whereat
 That all the neighbour caves, as seemi
 Make verbal repetition of her moans :
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled
 Ay me ! she cries, and twenty times
 Woe !
 And twenty echo's twenty times

She marking them, begins a wailing
 And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty :
 How love makes young men thrall,
 dote ;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish witt
 Her heave anthem still concludes in
 And still the choir of echo's answer

Her song was tedious and out-wore th
 For lovers hours are long though seem
 If pleas'd themselves, others they thin
 In such-like circumstance, with such-li
 Their copious stories, oftentimes beg
 End without audience, and are new

For who hath she to spend the night
 But idle sounds, resembling parasites ?
 Like shrill tongu'd tapsters answering
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.
 She said, 'tis so : They answer all,
 And would say after her, if she said

Lo ! hear the gentle lark, weary of rest
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on b
 And wakes the morning, from whose b
 The sun ariseth in his majesty :
 Who doth the world so gloriously bel
 The cedar tops and hills seem burnish

Venus salutes him with this fair good-m
 O ! thou clear god, and Patron of all Lig
 From whom each lamp, and shining
 borrow
 The beauteous influence, that makes hi
 There lives a son, that suck'd an eu
 ther,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost
 other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erwe
 And yet she hears no tidings of her Lov
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cr

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss !
 Some twine about her thigh to make h
 She wildly breaketh from their strict c

Ich doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

Hears the hounds are at a bay,
Starts, like one that spies an adder,
In fatal folds, just in his way,
Creep doth make him shake and shud-

de timorous yelping of the hounds,
Or senses, and her spirit confounds.

Knows it is no gentle chase,
A boar, rough bear, or lion proud;
Cry remaineth in one place,
Unlucky the dogs exclaim aloud:
Their enemy to be so curst,
Strain curst'ly, who shall cope him

Try rings sadly in her ear,
Which it enters, to surprize her heart;
Grieve me by doubt, and bloodless fear,
And weaknes numbs each feeling part:
Hinders, when their captain once doth
Fly fly, and dare not stay the field.

She in a trembling ecstasy,
Gave up her senses sore dismay'd,
Whom 'tis a caulless fantasy:
A error, that they are afraid;
I leave quaking, wills them fear no
Care:
I that word, she spy'd the hunted boar.

By mouth bepainted all with red,
And blood being mingled both together,
As through all her sinews spread,
She hurries her she knows not whither.
She runs, and now she will no further,
Retires, to rate the boar for murder.

Spleens bear her a thousand ways,
The paths that she untreads again;
Whan haste is marred with delays:
Proceedings of a drunken brain,
Respect, yet not at all respecting;
With all things, nought at all affecting.

I'd in a brake she finds a hound,
A weary catiff for his master;
Another licking of his wound,
Whom'd fores the only sovereign plaister.
She meets another sadly scowling.
Whan she speaks, and he replies with howl-

And ceas'd his ill-responding noise,
A p-mouth'd mourner black and grim,
Whelkin vollics out his voice;
And another, answer him,
Whan their pread tails to the ground be-
Their scrascht ears, bleeding as they

Look! how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies;
Whercon with careful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, mesqre, lean,
Hateful divorce of Love (thus chides the Death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean?

To stiffe beauty, and to steal his breath?
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Glofs on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
O! yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart,
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Had'st thou but beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebony-dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes, that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stop
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom drop'd.
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver-
rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend, and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
forrow:
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry.
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet a-
gain.

Variable passions through her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief:
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow scemeth chief.
But none is best, then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollow;
A surfe's song we'er pleas'd her babe so well,
The dire imagination she did follow,

This sound of hope doth labour to expell :
For now reviving Joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass :
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorn'ing it should pass
To wash the foul face of the fluttish ground,
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing Love ! how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous !

The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlike-
ly.

With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quick-
ly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame :

It was not she that call'd him all to nought,

Now she adds honour to his hateful name :

She 'cloops him King of Graves, and Grave for
Kings,

Imperial Supreme of all Mortal Things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death ! I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe.

Then, gentle Shadow ! (truth I must confess)

I rail'd on thee, fearing my Love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue :
Be wreak'd on him (invisible commander !)

'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.

Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Cou'd rule them both without ten womens
wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;

And that his beauty may the better thrive,

With death she humbly doth insinuate :

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and sto-
ries,

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove ! quoth she, how much a fool was I,

To be of such a weak and silly mind ?

To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,

Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !

For he being dead, with him is Beauty slain,

And Beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fye ! fye ! fond Love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hem'd with thieves :

Trifles (unwitnessed with eye, or ear)

Thy coward heart, with false bethinking grieves.

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,

Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies :

The grafs stoops not, she treads on it fi

And in her haste unfortunately spies

The foul boar's conquest on her fair d

Which sees, her eyes, as murder'

view,

Like stars asham'd of day, themselv

Or as the snail, whose tender horns be

Shrinks back in his shelly cave with g

And there, all smother'd up, in shade

Long after fearing, to creep forth aga

So at his bloody view her eyes are

Into the deep dark cabins of her he

Where they resign'd their office and t

To the disposing of her troubled brai

Who bids them still consort with ugl

And never wound the heart with loo

Who, like a king perplexed in his t

By their suggestions gives a deadly

Whereat each tributary subject quake

As when the wind imprison'd in the y

Struggling for passage, Earth's found

Which with cold terrors doth men's

found,

This mutiny each part doth so surpr

That from their dark beds once mu

eyes.

And, being open through unwilling fi

Upon the wide wound, that the boar

In his soft flank, whose wonted lilly w

With purple tears, that his wound

drench'd.

No flower was nigh, no grafs, he

weed,

But stole his blood, and seem'd w

bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus not

Over one shoulder doth she hang her b

Dumbly she passions, frantically she do

She thinks he could not die, he is not

Her voice is stop'd, her joints forget

Her eyes are mad that they hav

now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,

That her sight dazzling, makes the w

three ;

And then she reprehends her mangling

That makes more gashes where no br

be :

His face seems twain, each feat

doubled,

For oft the eye mistakes, the b

troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for

And yet (quoth she) behold the two A

My sighs are blown away, my salt tear

Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart

My heart's lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
All I die by drops of hot desire.

Our World, what treasure hast thou lost!
Ice remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Tongue is music now? what canst thou
boast
As long since, or any thing ensuing?
Flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
rim,
Rue sweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.

Or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
No fair to lose, you need not fear;
Doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
at you.
When Adonis liv'd, fun and sharp air
did like two thieves, to rob him of his Fair.

Before wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Whose brim the gaudy sun wou'd peep;
And wou'd blow it off, and being gone
To his locks, then wou'd Adonis weep:
Trait in pity of his tender years,
Both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his
ears.

In face the lion walk'd along
Some hedge, because he wou'd not fear
him;
He ate himself when he hath sung,
Or wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
Had spoke, the wolf wou'd leave his prey,
Never fright the silly lamb that day.

Beheld his shadow in a brook,
Whose spread on it their golden gills:
As was by, the birds such pleasure took,
They would sing, some other in their bills
To bring him mulberries, and ripe red
berries;
To flatter them with his sight, they him with ber-
ries.

Soul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Downward eye still looketh for a grave,
In the beauteous livery that he wore;
The entertainment that he gave.
I did see his face, why then I know,
I ought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him
so.

'Tis true, thus was Adonis slain,
Upon the boar with his sharp spear,
I'd not whet his teeth at him again,
I kiss thought to persuade him there:
Kouling in his flank, the loving swine
I'd unaware his tusk in his soft groin.

When tooth'd like him, I must confess,
Killing him, I should have kill'd him first.
Dead, and never did he bless
him with his; the more am I accur'd.

With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness
lie.

Two glasses where her self her self beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is my spight.
That, you being dead, the day shou'd yet be
light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow, on love, hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unfavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally too high, or low:
That all Love's pleasures shall not match his
woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweats, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepid age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-
sures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be mercifull, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just:
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be the cause of war and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustible matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my Love destroy,
They that love best, their Love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath :
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is rest from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to
 tears.

Poor Flower ! (quoth she) this was thy father's
 guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire)
 For every little grief to wet his eyes,
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine ; but know it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here is my brea
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy rig
 Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
 There shall not be one minute of an hour
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet Love's
 er.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift
 Their mistress mounted, through the empty
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
 Holding their course to Paphos, when
 Queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be its

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship, is without end : whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assur'd of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should shew greater : mean time as it is, it is bound to your Lordship : To whom I wish long life, still lengthen'd with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE,

VOL. II.

Rr

1 RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The Argument.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride, surnam'd Superbus) after he had caused his own in-law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and custom requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possess'd himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege principal men of the army, meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the King in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among Collatinus extoll'd the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleasant humour all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that every one had before avouch'd, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night spinning amongst her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in like disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius being inflam'd with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily with himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatinus. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravish'd her; and early the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attir'd in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabb'd herself. Woe done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of vile deed; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King; wherewith the people so mov'd, that with one consent, and a general acclamation; the Tarquins were all exil'd, the State-government changed from Kings to Consuls.

FROM the besieg'd Arden all in post,
Born by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waste
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhaply set,
This bateless edge on his keen appetite:
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white;
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
Where mortal star, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

e night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 the treasure of his happy state :
 celest wealth the heavens had him lent,
 Tillion of his beauteous mate ;
 g his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 ings might be espoused to more fame,
 ig, nor peer to such a peerless dame.

less enjoy'd but of a few !
 sless'd, as soon decay'd and done !
 morning's silver melting dew,
 he golden splendor of the sun :
 d date cancell'd e'er well begun.
 r and beauty in the owner's arms,
 akly fortreit from a world of harms.

self doth of itself persuade
 of men without an orator ;
 deth then apology he made,
 th that which is so singular ?
 s Collatine the publisher
 : rich jewel he should keep unknown
 hievith ears, because it is his own ?

: his boast of Lucrece's sov'reignty
 l this proud issue of a king ;
 ir ears our hearts oft tainted be.
 :, that envy of so rich a thing
 compare, disdainfully did sting
 gh-pitch thoughts, that meaner men
 ould vant
 lden hap, which their superiors want.

untimely thought did infligate
 o timeless speed, if none of those,
 ar, his affions, his friends, his state,
 l all, with swift intent he goes
 h the coal, which in his liver glows.
 h false heat wrapt in repentant cold !
 afty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
 d.

Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
 he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
 hose face beauty and virtue striv'd,
 them both should underprop her fame.
 irtue bragg'd, Beauty would blush for
 ame ;
 Beauty boasted blufhes, in despite
 wou'd stain that o'er with silver white.

ty, in that white intituled,
 nus doves, doth challenge that fair field ;
 tue claims from Beauty beauty's red,
 irtue gave the golden age to guild
 r cheeks, and call'd it then her shield ;
 ng them thus to use it in the fight,
 shame assail'd, the red should fence the
 hite.

ldry in Lucrece's face was seen,
 y Beauty's red and Virtue's white ;
 's colour was the other queen,
 from World's minority their right ;

Yet their ambition makes them still to fight :
 The sov'reignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's feat.

This silent war of lillies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
 Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
 Therefore that praise, which Collatine doth owe,
 In charmed Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspected the false worshipper.
 " For thoughts unfaun'd do seldom dream of evil,
 " Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye :
 Which having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
 That clod'd with much, he pineth still for
 more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks ;
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
 hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton fight
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.
 Her joy with heav'd up hand the doth express,
 And wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there ;
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather,
 Dost yet in his fair welkin once appear,
 Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy sprite ;

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

After supper long he questioned
 The modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
 fight,
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that
 wake.

As one of which, doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-
 ing;
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining:
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death im-
 posed.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
 That what they have not (that which they possess;)
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
 gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age:
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;
 As life for honour, in fell battels rage,
 Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth
 cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious soul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
 Make something, nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust:
 And for himself, himself he must forsake;
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues the wretched hateful
 lays?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls, and wolves death-boding cries:
 Now serves the season, that they may surprize
 The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and
 still
 While lust and murder wakes to stain, and kill.

And new this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,

Is madly tost between desire and dread,
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other fears
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's fire
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire
 Beaten away by brainfick rude desire

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth
 Which must be load-star to his lustful fire
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly
 ' As from this cold flint I enforce'd the fire
 ' So Lucrece must I force to my desire

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise
 And in his inward Mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise
 When looking scornfully he doth despise
 His naked armour of still slaughter's
 And justly thus controuls his thought

" Fair torch burn out thy light, and let
 " To darken her, whose light excelleth
 " And die unhallow'd thoughts, before
 " With your uncleanness, that which is
 " Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine
 " Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
 " That spots and stains love's modest fire
 " weed.

" O shame to knighthood, and to shun
 " O foul dishonour to my household's gun
 " O impious act, including all foul har
 " A martial man to be soft fancy's slave
 " True valour still a true respect should
 " Then my digression is so vile, so ba
 " That it will live engraven in my fa

" Yea, though I die, the scandal will sur
 " And be an eye-sore in my golden cur
 " Some loathsome dash the herald will c
 " To cypher me how fondly I did dote:
 " That any posterity, sham'd with the t
 " Shall curse my bones, and hold it fe
 " To wish that I their father had not

" What win I, if I gain the thing I seek
 " A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting
 " Who buys a minute's mirth, to wait a
 " Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
 " For our sweet grape, who will the
 " froy?
 " Or what fond beggar, but to s
 " crown,
 " Would with the sceptre firait be
 " down?

" If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 " Will he not wake, and in a desperate
 " Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent
 " This siege that hath ingirt his marriage
 " This blur to youth, this sorrow to the
 " This dying virtue, this surviving sh
 " Whose crime will bear an ever-dur

What excuse can my invention make,
 In thou shalt charge me with so black a
 deed!
 Not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
 "shake?
 Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart
 "bleed?
 My guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But at coward-like with trembling terror die.

Collatinus kill'd my son or fire,
 I am in ambush to betray my life;
 Where he not my dear friend, this desire
 hath excuse to work upon his wife,
 In revenge or quital of such strife;
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 He shame and fault finds no excuse, nor
 "end.

Useless it is, if the fact he knows;
 Useless it is; there is no hate in loving.
 Beg her love; but she is not her own:
 Her worst is but denial, and reproving.
 My will is strong, past reason's weak remov-
 "ing.
 Who fears a sentence, or an old man's faw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

(graceless) holds he disputation,
 In frozen conscience and hot-burning will;
 With good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Giving the worse sense for vantage still:
 But in a moment doth confound and kill
 Pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

When she, she took me kindly by the hand,
 As if for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Gave some hard news from the warlike band,
 Of her beloved Collatinus lies,
 My fear did make her colour rise!
 Like red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
 Turn'd white as lawn, the roses took away.

How her hand in my hand being lock'd,
 I tremble with her loyal fear:
 I struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Her husband's welfare she did hear
 As she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 As had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 In love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Whom I hunt then for colour or excuses?
 My captors are dumb, when beauty pleadeth
 Wretches have remorse in poor abuse;
 My mistress craves not in the heart that shadows dreadeth.
 My captain is my captain, and he leads;
 I follow when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 At coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Childish fear avant! debating die!
 Let us debate and reason wait on wrinkled age!
 My cart shall never countermand mine eye,

Sad pause, and deep regard becomes the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure
 lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost choak'd by unresist'd lust.
 A way he steals with open list'ning ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now its
 violation.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wit;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline:
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worse part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
 And as their captain so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping Thief to some regard;
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
 Night-wand'ring wazels shriek to see him
 there,
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place,
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case,
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light, he spies
 Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle flicks;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks:
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental things of trial,
 Or as those bars, which stop the hourly dial;
 Who with a lingring stay his course doth
 let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts, that sometime threat the Spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the inaped birds more cause to sing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
and sands.

The merchant fears, e'er rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he fought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought;
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayers,
Having solicited th' eternal power,
That his soul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour;
Even there he starts, quoth he, I must desist!
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
try'd,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the frame, that follows sweet delight.

This said, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove sleeps fast, that this night-owl will
catch;
Thus treason works e'er traitors be espy'd,
Who sees the lurking serpent, leaps aside;
But the sound-sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treason in his heart misdeed;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full
soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even to the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that he reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some flame sup-
posed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves in-
closed.

O had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;

Then Collatine again by Lucrece's side,
In his clear bed might have rested still;
But they must open, this blessed league to lift,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece, to their light
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delig-

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in funder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss:
Between whose hills, her head intomb'd is;
Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
To be admir'd of leud unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
'd like an April daisy on the grass,
A pearly sweat, resembling dew of night,
Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light,
And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with
breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no life
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin, new ambition bred,
Who like a foul usurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner of

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly detest'd,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dumpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd:
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stray,
His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd,
Sack'd, not supprest; for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restrain'd,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fight
Oldurate vassals, sell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans
ing,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting,
Anon his beating heart alarm in striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them court
liking.

drumming heart cheers up his burning eye;
 eye commends the leading to his hand;
 hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 aking with pride, march'd on to make his
 stand
 her bare breasts, the heart of all her land;
 those ranks of blue veins, as his hand did
 scale,
 oft their round turrets deslitute and pale.

ny must'ring to the quiet cabinet,
 ere their dear governess and lady lies,
 ell her she is dreadfully beset,
 fright her with confusion of their cries.
 much amaz'd, breaks up her lock'd-up eyes;
 'ho peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
 re by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

gine her as one in dead of night,
 n forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 t thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 se grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,
 at terror 'tis? but she in worse taking,
 rom sleep disturb'd, heedfully doth view
 he fight, which makes supposed terror true.

pt and confounded in a thousand fears,
 to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies:
 dares not look, yet winking their appears
 k-shifting antics ugly in her eyes,
 shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
 'ho angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 darkness daunts them with more dreadful
 fights.

hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
 le ram! to batter such an ivory wall)
 feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress,
 ending it self to death, rise up, and fall,
 ing her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 his moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 o make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
 ound a parley to his heartless foe,
 o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 reason of this rash alarm to know,
 ch he by dumb demeanor seeks to shew;
 ut she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 nder what colour he commits this ill.

he replies: The colour in thy face,
 ev'n for anger makes the lilly pale,
 the red-rose blush at her own disgrace,
 plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
 er that colour am I come to scale
 hy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
 or those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide:
 beauty hath insur'd thee to this night,
 ere thou with patience must my will abide;
 will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 ch I to conquer fought with all my might.

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting.
 All this before-hand counsel comprehends;
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
 duty.

I have debated even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 breed;
 But nothing can affection's course controul,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears insue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl with his wings shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies:
 So under the insulting Falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
 If thou deny, then force must work my way;
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I flew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blur'd with nameless bastardy;
 And thou the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault unknown is, as a thought unacted;
 A little harm done to a great good end
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so apply'd,
 His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame, that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot,
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
 For marks describ'd in mens nativity,
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice, dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
 While she, the picture of pure piety,

Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast, that knows no gentle right,
 Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,
 Hindring their present fall by this dividing.
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fac'd foot the weak mouse pant-
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture mofe, [eth
 A swallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth.
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining; [ing.
 Tears harden lust, tho' marble wear with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place,
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That 'twice she doth begin e'er once she speaks.

She conjures him, by high almighty Jove;
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath;
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love;
 By holy human law, and common troth;
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both:
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
 End thy ill aim, before thy fute be ended.
 He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
 Myself a weakling do not then insnare me;
 Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me,
 My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave
 thee.

If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
 O! if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee,
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me;

Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his
 name:

Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if thou
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god,
 For kings, like gods, should govern even

How will thy shame be seed'd in thine age
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not, when once thou art
 O! be remembered, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away,
 Then kings misdeeds cannot be hid in

This deed will make thee only lov'd for
 But happy monarch's still are fear'd for
 With foul offenders thou performe must be
 When they in thee the like offences prove
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove.
 For princes are the glass, the school, the
 Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do

And wilt thou be the school where
 learn?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame?

To privilege dishonour in thy name,
 Thou back'st reproach against long-liv'd
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bribe.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
 When pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
 To view thy present trespass in another:
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appe
 Their own transgressions partially they see
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in t
 ther.

O! how are they wrapt in with infamy
 That from their own misdeeds ask aunc
 eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appe
 Not to seducing lust thy rash reliev;
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal,
 Let him return and flattering thoughts re
 His true respect will prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity m

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled
 Turn not, but swells the higher by this le
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
 And with the wind in greater fury fret:
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign with their fee
 haste,

Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,
 O! there falls into thy boundless flood
 Lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 These petty ills should change thy good,
 A sea within a puddle's womb is her'd
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

All these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
 Nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Their fair life, and they their fouler grave;
 Loathed in thy shame, they in thy pride:
 A better thing should not the greater hide.
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 And low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.—
 More, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear
 To my love; if not, enforced hate, [thee:
 A drop of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
 Done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 To the base bed of some rascall groom,
 Be thy partner in this shameful doom.

He said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 Lust and love are deadly enemies:
 A face folded up in blind concealing night,
 A most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 A wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 I with her own white fleece her voice con-
 ceal'd,
 A womb her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

With the nightly linen that she wears,
 She hears her piteous clamours in her head,
 On his hot face in the chastest tears,
 Ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 A prone lust should stain so pure a bed:
 A few spots whereof, could weeping purify,
 A few tears should drop on them perpetually.

He hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 He hath won what he would lose again;
 A forced league doth force a further strife,
 A momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 A hot desire converts to cold disdain.
 A chastity is rifled of her store,
 A lust the thief far poorer than before.

As the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
 Not for tender smell, or speedy flight,
 A slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 A prey wherein by nature they delight:
 A feast-taking Tarquin fears this night;
 A taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 A will his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

Deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination:
 A keen Desire must vomit his receipt,
 He can see his own abomination.
 A Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or reign his rash desire,
 He, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire all recreant, poor and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
 grace.

For there it revels, and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chaf'd;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 Beside, his soul's fair temple is defac'd; [grac'd:
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual:
 Which in her presence she controul'd still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will

E'en in this thought through the dark night he
 stealeth,

A captive victor, that hath lost in gain:
 Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain:
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
 She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there:
 He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
 She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear:
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear:
 She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
 He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
 She there remains a hopeless cast away:
 He in his speed looks for the morning-light;
 She prays she never may behold the day:
 For day (quoth she) night-scapes doth open lay;
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace, which they themselves be-
 hold;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold.
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:
 She wakes her heart, by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest to clove so pure a mind.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Of his breaths she forth her
 speech secrecy of night.
 --- killing night! image of hell!
 --- and notary of shame!
 --- or tragedies and murders fell!
 --- calling Chaos! nurse of Blame!
 --- and bawd! dark harbour of defame!
 --- of death! whispering conspirator
 --- tongue'd treason, and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time:
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun
 His wonted height, yet e'er
 Knit poisonous clouds ab

With rotten damps ravish the morning
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breath
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 E'er he arrive his weary noon-tide prick:
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd
 light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
 The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
 Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
 Through night's black bosom should not peep
 again.

So should I have copartners in my pain:
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
 As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to blush with me?
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
 mine;

To mask their brows, and hide their infamy.
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine;
 Scafoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
 groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke!
 Let not the jealous day behold that face,
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults, which in thy reign are
 made,
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
 The light will shew character'd in my brow,
 The story of sweet Chastity's decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To cypher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote my leathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell me
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defile
 Will tye the bearers to attend each
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatin

Let my good name, that senseless reput
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unsp
 If that be made a theme for disputation
 The branches of another root are rotte
 And undeferv'd reproach to him allot
 That is as clear from this attain of
 As I, e'er this, was pure to Collatin

) unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
) unfelt fore! cruel-wounding private
 reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot
 How he in peace is wounded, not in w
 Alas! how many hearts uch shamefu
 Which not themselves, but he that
 knows?

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me, by strong assault, it is bereft
 My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ranfack'd by injurious
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaf

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wro
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him
 Coming from thee, I could not put him
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him
 Besides, of weariness he did complain
 And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd fo
 When virtue is profan'd in such a de

Why should the worm intrude the ma
 Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrow's
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
 Or kings be breakers of their own beh
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute

The aged man, that coffers up his gold
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to bed
 But still like pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless bans the harvest of his wit
 Having no other pleasure of his gain
 But torment, that it cannot cure him

So then he hath it, when he cannot use
 And leaves it to be master'd by his yoo
 Who in their pride do presently abuse
 Their father was too weak, and they to
 To hold their cursed blessed fortune les
 The sweets we wish for, turn to loath
 Even in the moment that we call the

blasts wait on the tender spring;
 Some weeds take root with precious
 flowers;
 Under hiseth where the sweet birds sing;
 virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
 we no good, that we can say is ours;
 ill-annexed opportunity,
 kills his life, or else his quality.

portunity! thy guilt is great;
 thou, that execut'st the traitor's treason:
 set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
 ever plots the sin, thou point'st the season:
 thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
 in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,
 in to seize the souls, that wander by her.

mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
 slow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd:
 another'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
 soul abettor, thou notorious bawd!
 wantest scandal, and displacest laud:
 a ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief!
 honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

ret pleasure turns to open shame;
 private feasting to a public fast;
 soothing titles to a ragged name;
 gar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
 silent vanities can never last.
 comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 bringing him where his suit may be obtain'd?
 wilt thou fort an hour great strifes to end?
 that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd?
 sylic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
 poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
 thee?
 they ne'er met with Opportunity.

tient dies while the physician sleeps;
 orphan pines while the oppressor feeds:
 is feasting while the widow weeps;
 is sporting while infection breeds:
 rant'st no time for charitable deeds.
 Oh, envy, treason, rape, and murders rages;
 heinous hours wait on them, as their
 pages.

ruth and vertue have to do with thee,
 and crosses keep them from thy aid;
 say thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee;
 as comes, and thou art well apaid,
 to hear, as grant what he hath said:
 Collatine would else have come to me,
 a Tarquin did; but he was staid by thee,

thou art of murder, and of theft;
 of perjury, and subornation;
 of treason, forgery and shift;
 of incest, that abomination;
 of flattery by thine inclination.

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night;
 Swift subtle Post, carrier of grisly Care;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false Delight, [share;
 Base watch of woes, Sin's pack-horse, Vertue's
 Thou murdest all, and murderest all that are.
 O! hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant Opportunity
 Betray'd the Hours, thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
 To eat up Error by Opinion bred;
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory, is to calm contending kings;
 To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light;
 To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
 To wake the morn, and centinel the night;
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden
 towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
 To feed oblivion with decay of things;
 To blot old books, and alter their contents;
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter;
 To make the child a man, the man a child;
 To slay the tyger, that doth live by slaughter;
 To tame the unicorn, and lion wild;
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
 To cheer the plowman with increasful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
 One poor retiring minute in an age,
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.
 O! this dread night! would'st thou one hour
 come back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack.

Thou ceaseless lacky to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans:
 Let there be chance him pitiful mischances,

THE RAPE OF LUCRICE.

in; but pity not his means:
harden'd hearts harder than

The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

ould women to him lose their mild-

him than tygers in their wildness.

re time to tear his curled hair;
re time against himself to rave;
time of time's help to despair;
time to live a loathed slave;
ave time a beggar's ords to crave,
ime to see one, that by alms doth live,
n to him disdain'd scraps to give.

his time to see his friends his foes,
ls, to mock at him re...
ime to mark how fle...
and how swift a...
nd his time of spu...
unrecalling crime...
will th' abusing of his time.

Time! thou tutor both to good and ill;
sh me to curse him, that thou taug... his
ill;

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
spill!

For who so base would such an office have,
As slanderous deaths-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is mist;
But little stars may hide them, when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire,

And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless Night, kings glorious
day.

Gnats are unnoted wherefoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Bury your selves in skill-contending schools;
Debate, where leisure serves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be you mediators:

For me I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and unsearchful Night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

Poor hand! why quiver'st thou at this decree!
Honour thy self to rid me of this shame:
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thy self, and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from *Aetna*, that in air consumes,
That which from discharged cannon fumes

in (quoth she), I live, and seek in vain
A happy mean to end a hapless life:
'd by Tarquin's sauchion to be slain;
Or the self-same purpose seek a knife:
When I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
I am I now! Oh no! that cannot be;
That true type hath Tarquin ris'd me.

Oh! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
Therefore now I need not fear to die;
Scar this spot by death (at least) I give
Edge of fame to Slander's livery,
As living life to living infamy.
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine! thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graft shall never come to growth.
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state:
But thou shalt know thy interest was
bought,
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my attainr,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;
My fable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like fountains
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impu-
tate.

By this lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow;
And solemn Night with slow sad gate descended

hell; when lo! the blushing morrow
light to all fair eyes, that light will
morrow:
loudy Lucrece flames her self to see,
therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

ig day through every cranny spics,
ms to point her out where she sits weep-
ng;
m she sobbing speaks, O! eye of eyes!
y'ft thou through my window? Leave thy
weeping; [sleeping.
with thy tickling beams eyes that are
l not my forehead with thy piercing light;
day hath nought to do what's done by
light.

vils she with every thing she sees.
ief is fond, and teffy as a child,
ay-ward once, his mood with nought
agrees.
a, not infant sorrows bear them mild;
ance tames the one, the other wild
an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
too much labour drowns for want of
kill.

ecp-drenched in a sea of care,
ifutation with each thing she views;
her self all sorrow doth compare,
& but her passions strength renews,
one shifts, another straight ensues.
time her grief is dumb, and hath no
words;
time 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

le birds, that tune their mornings joy,
er moans mad with their sweet melody.
th doth searh the bottom of annoy?
s are slain in merry company;
:ft is pleas'd with grief's society.
sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
a with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

ible death to drown in ken of shore;
times pines, that pines beholding food:
the salve doth make the wound ake more;
rief grieves most at that will do it good;
woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
h, being stopt, the bounding banks o'er-
flows:
dallied with, nor law, nor limit knows.

eking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb
your hollow swelling feather'd breasts;
my hearing be you mute and dumb;
bles discord loves no stops nor rests:
ul hostess brooks not merry guests.
h your numble notes to pleasing ears,
els likes dumps, when time is kept with
tears.

Philomel, that sing'ft of ravishment,
thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair:
dank earth weeps at thy languishment,

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the Diapason bear.
For burden-wife I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'ft better skill.

And while against a thorn thou bear'ft thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking; wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-firings to true languish-
ment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'ft not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold;
Some dark deep desert feated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold;
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their
kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly;
Or one incompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her self is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches
debtor.

To kill my self, quoth she, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body, or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to my self was nearer,
When both were kept from heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted;
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fert I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him, that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

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into the knife,
dishonour'd :
dishonour'd life ;
the other being dead :
shall my fame be bred.
death I murder shameful scorn ;
shame so dead, mine Honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear Jewel I have lost !
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be :
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me.
My self thy friend, will kill my self thy foe ;
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I m
My soul and body to the skies, and g-
My resolution (Husband) do you take
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes ;
My shame be his, that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, dishurb'd be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou Collatine shall oversee this will,
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it ?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it ;
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinist pearl from her bright eyes ;
With uncut'd tongue she hoarsly call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies,

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty ;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why, her face wore sorrow's livery)
But durst not ask of her audaciously,

Why her two suns were cloud-eclips'd so ;
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye :
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky ;

Who in a salt-wav'd ocean queuch'd their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling ;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;

Grieving themselves to guess at other's
And then they drown their eyes, or be
hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen min
And therefore they are form'd as marble w
The weak oppress, th' impression of strang
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or f
Then call them not the authors of their ill
No more than wax shall be accounted
Wherewith is stamp'd the semblance of a d

Their smoothness, like a goodly champain
Lays open all the little worms that creep
In men, as in a rough-grown grove remain
Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep ;
ough chrystal walls each little mote w
ho men can cover crimes with bo
looks,
Poor womens faces are their own faults

No man inveigh against the wither'd flow
But chides rough winter, that the flower ha
Not that's devour'd, but that which doth
Is worthy blame : O let it not be hid
Poor womens faults, that they are so fulfill
With mens abuses ; those proud lords to
Make weak-made women tenants t
shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view.
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death and shame that might est
By that her death to do her husband wrong
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body sp
And who cannot abate a body dead ?

By this mild patience bid fair Lucrece spea
To the poor Counterfeit of her complaining
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy che
raining ?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my
If tears could help, mine own would
good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and th
staid
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from ben
Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the maid)
The more to blame my sluggard negligenc
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
My self was stirring e'er the break of d
And e'er I rose was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness
O peace ! (quoth Lucrece if it should be to
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well expres :
And that deep torture may be call'd a h
When more is felt, than one hath powe

ither paper, ink, and pen;
labour, for I have them here :
I say ?) one of my husband's men
eady by and by, to bear
y lord, my love, my dear ;
ith speed prepare to carry it,
r craves haste, and it will soon be

gone, and she prepares to write,
; o'er the paper with her quill ;
grief an eager combat fight,
; down is blotted straight with will ;
rious good, this blunt and ill :
a prefs of people at a door,
r inventions, which shall go before.

us begins : Thou, worthy lord
rthy wife, that greeteth thee ;
; person, next vouchsafe t' afford
, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
speed to come, and visit me.
end me from our house in grief ;
ure tedious, tho' my words are brief.

o' up the tenor of her woe,
orrow writ uncertainly :
chedule Colatine may know
t not her grief's true quality ;
t thereof make discovery.
ould hold it her own gross abuse,
with blood had stain'd her strain'd

ife and feeling of her passion
o spend when he is by to hear her ;
and groans, and tears may grace the
n
ice, the better so to clear her
spicion, which the world might bear

his blot she would not blot the letter
ds, till action might become them

lights moves more, than hear them

eye interprets to the ear
otion, that it doth behold :
part a part of woe doth bear,
rt of sorrow that we hear.
nds make lesser noise, than shallow
;
ow cbbes being blown with wind of

ow is seal'd, and on it writ,
my lord with more than haste ;
ends, and she delivers it,
e four-fac'd groom to hic as fast,
ouls before the northern blast.
re than speed, but dull and slow she
is ;
still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
Receives the scroll without or yea, or no,
And forthwith bashful innocence doth hie.
But they, whose guilt within their bosom lies,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
shame.

When, silly groom (God wot) it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity ;
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others faucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
gauge.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's
lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :
The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
plenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone ;
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan ;
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy ;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :
Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.
The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife,
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty,
You might behold triumphing in their faces :
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity :

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re and there the painter interlaces
 towards marching on with trembling paces;
 each heartless peasant did so well resemble
 that one would swear he saw them quake and
 tremble.

In Ajax, and Ulysses, O! what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold!
 The face of either cypher'd either's heart;
 Their face, their manners most exprestly told.
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd.
 But the mild glance that fly Ulysses lent,
 Shew'd deep regard, and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
 Making such sober action with his lip,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight.
 In speech it seem'd, his beak
 Wag'd up and down, his
 Thin winding breath, whistled pass
 sky.

About him were a press of gaping
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
 The scalps of many almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
 Here one being throng'd bears back all blown and
 red;
 Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
 And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear),
 As but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact so kind,
 That for Achilles' image flood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand, himself behind
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind;
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
 When their brave hope, bold Hector march'd to
 field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That thro' their light joy seem'd to appear,
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy
 fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they
 fought,
 'To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran;
 Whose waves to imitate the battel fought
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than

Retire again, till meeting greater
 They join, and shoot their foam
 banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece
 To find a face where all distress is set
 Many she sees, where cares have cut
 But none where all distress and dolour
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her
 Which bleeding under Pirrhus' pro

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles
 guil'd;

Of what she was, no semblance did see
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in eve
 Wanting the spring, that those shriv
 led,
 Shew'd life imprison'd in a body de

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's
 Who nothing wants to answer her but
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes
 The painter was no god to lend her th
 And therefore Lucrece swears t
 wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a

Poor instrument (quoth she) without a
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting
 And drop sweet bals in Priam's pain
 And rail on Pyrrhus, that hath done his
 And with my tears quench Troy, tha
 long;
 And with my knife scratch out the
 Of all the Greeks, that are thine ene

Shew me the strumpet, that began this
 That with my nails her beauty I may te
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris did incur
 This load of wrath, that burning Troy d
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth h
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thin
 The fire, the son, the dame, and daug

Why should the private pleasure of some
 Become the public plague of many moe
 Let sin alone committed, light alone
 Upon his head, that hath transgressed so
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty
 For one's offence why should so many
 To plague a private sin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam die
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel
 And friend to friend gives unadvised w
 And one man's lust these many lives ca
 Had dotting Priam check'd his son's
 Troy had been bright with fame, and
 fire.

gly she weeps Troys painted woes :
 like a heavy hanging bell,
 ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 strength rings out the doleful knell.
 set a work, sad tales doth tell
 I'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow ;
 them words, and she their looks doth
 row.

her eyes about the painting round,
 she finds forlorn the doth lament.
 sees a wretched image bound,
 looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
 o' full of cares, yet shew'd content.
 to Troy with these blunt swains he
 that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

painter labour'd with his skill,
 coit, and give the harmless show,
 gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 bent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 ther red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 shing red no guilty instance gave,
 pale, the fair that false hearts have.

constant and confid'd devil,
 n'd a show so seeming just ;
 so insouciant his secret evil,
 sy itself could not mistrust,
 ng craft and perjury should thrust
 right a day such black-fac'd storms,
 with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

till'd workman this mild image drew
 l Sinon, whose enchanting story
 us old Priam after flew ; [glory
 ds like wild-fire burnt the shining
 t lion, that the skies were sorry.
 stars shot from their fixed places,
 cir glafs fell wherein they view'd their

she advis'dly perus'd,
 ie painter for his wondrous skill :
 e shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
 m lodg'd not a mind so ill.
 him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 s of truth in his plain face she spied,
 conclude, the picture was believ'd.

(quoth she) that so much guile,
 ave hid, can lurk in such a look ;
 b's shape came in her mind the while,
 her tongue, can lurk, from cannot
 ; she in that sense forsook, [took
 'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
 a face should bear a wicked mind.

subtle Sinon here is painted,
 l, so weary and so mild,
 grief or travel he had faint'd)
 e Tarquin armed, so beguil'd
 rd honesty, but yet duil'd

With inward vice ; as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish.

Look, look how lifting Priam wets his eyes
 To see those borrow'd tears, that Sinon sheds !
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wife ?
 For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds :
 His eye drop fire, no water thence proceeds. [pity,
 Those round clear pearls of his that move thy
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
 These contraries such unity do hold,
 Only to flatter Fools and make them hold :
 So Priam's trust false Sinons tears doth flatter,
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with
 water.

Here all enrag'd such passion her affails,
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast ;
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
 Whose deed hath made herself, herself detest.
 At last the smilingly with this gives o'er,
 Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be
 sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
 And time doth weary time with her complaining
 She looks for night, and then she longs for mor-
 row,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining ;
 Short time seems long, in sorrows sharp sustain-
 ing.
 Tho' woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
 And they that watch, see time how slow it
 creeps.

Which all this time hath over-slept her thought,
 That she with pain'd images hath spent,
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
 By deep surmise of others detriment,
 Losing her woes in shews of discontent.
 It causeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,
 To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger comes, back,
 Brings home his lord, and other company ;
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
 And round about her tear-dim'd eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
 These waterfalls in her dim element,
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
 Her eyes though sod in tears, look red, and raw,
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares :
 But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each other's
 chance.

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...ses her by the bloodless hand,
 ...begins: What uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet love! what spite hath thy fair colour
 spent?

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
 Unmask, dear Dear! this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
 E'er once she can discharge one word of woe:
 At length address'd to answer his desire,
 She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
 While Collatine and his comforted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan, in her wat'ry nest,
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
 Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
 In me more woes than words are now depending:
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
 And what wrong else may be imagined
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining faultchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature with a flaming light,
 And softly cry'd, awake thou Roman dame!
 And entertain my love else-lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
 Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
 I'll murder fireight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust; and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed: this act will be
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word:
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
 Th' adult'rate death of Lucrece, and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
 (And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
 My bloody judge forbid my tongue to speak;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear,
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
 And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner
 dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own;
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind:
 That was not forc'd, that never was in
 To accessory yieldings; but still poor
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this
 With head declin'd, and voice damn'd
 woe,
 With sad set eyes and wretched arms
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to bid
 The grief away, that stops his answer:
 But wretched as he is, he strives in
 What he breathes out, his breath
 again.

As through an arch the violent roaring
 Out-runs the eye, that dorth behold his
 Yet in the eddic boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait, that forc'd him on
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows make
 To push grief on, and back the
 draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh
 Dear Lord! thy sorrow to my sorrow
 Another power, no flood by raining fl
 My woe too sensible, thy passion mak
 More feeling painful; let it then sul
 To drown one woe, one pair of wee

And for my sake, when I might charm
 For she, that was thy Lucrece—now a
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou
 me
 From what is past, the help that thou
 me
 Comes all too late; yet let the traito
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But e'er I name him, you fair Lords, qu
 (Speaking to those, that came with Co
 Shall plight your honourable faiths to
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
 To chase injustice with revengeful a
 Knights by their oaths should right;
 harms.

At this request, with noble disposition,
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposi
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewra
 But she that yet her sad task hath not fi
 The protestation stops. O speak! q
 How may this forced stain be wip'd

What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circum

mind with the foul and dispence,
 led honour to advance ?
 is acquit me from this chance ?
 d fountain clears itself again ;
 ot I from this compelled stain ?

all at once began to say,
 in her mind untainted clears ;
 joyless smile she turns away
 map, which deep impression bears
 tune carv'd in with tears.
 th she, no dame hereafter living,
 fe shall claim excus'd giving.

gh, as if her heart would break,
 th Tarquin's name. He, he, she

a he, her poor tongue could not

r accents and delays,
 things, sick and short affairs,
 ia, He, he, fair Lord, 'tis he
 this hand to give this wound to me.

sheathed in her harmless breast
 fe, that hence her soul unsheathed ;
 bail it from the deep unrest
 d prison where it breathed :
 ghs unto the clouds bequeathed
 pright, and through her wounds

date from cancel'd destiny.

nish'd with this deadly deed,
 and all his lordly crew,
 ather, that beholds her bleed,
 self-slaughter'd body threw :
 purple fountain Brutus drew
 us knife, and as it left the place,
 a poor revenge held it in chafe.

rom her breast, it doth divide
 ers, that the crimson blood
 y in on every side,
 te sack'd island vastly flood
 ppled in this fearful flood,
 blood still pure and red remain'd,
 ok'd black, and that false Tarquin

rning and congeal'd face
 blood, a watry rigol goes,
 weep upon the tainted place ;
 as pining Lucrece' woes,
 d some wat'ry token flows,
 tainted still doth red abide,
 hat which is so putrify'd.

r daughter ! old Lucretius cries,
 mine, which thou hast here de-
 re father's image lies, [priv'd ;
 ve, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
 to this end from me deriv'd.
 redecease progenitors,
 offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass ! I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born ;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
 Shews me a bare-bor'd death by time out-worn.
 O ! from my cheeks my image thou hast torn !
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see, what once I was.

O ! Time, cease thou thy course, and last no
 longer,
 If they surcease to be, that should survive ;
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltring feeble souls alive ?
 The old bees die, the young possess the hive :
 Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space ;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue :
 Who mad that sorrow should his use controul,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's
 aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more.
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter, or for
 wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his ;
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, she's mine ; O mine she is,
 Replies her husband ; do not take away
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say,
 He weeps for her ; for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O ! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
 Woe ! woe ! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
 I owned her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
 My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, my daughter, and my
 wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's shew :
 He with the Romans was esteem'd so,

As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unfounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow [deeds?
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds.
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman! do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-
grac'd) [chas'd.
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets

Now by the capital, that we adore!
And by this chaste blood so unjustly
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds t
store!

By all our country's rites in Rome
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that la
Her wrongs to us, and by this bl
We will revenge the death of thi

This said, he struck his hand upon h
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his
And to his protestation urg'd the re
Who wondring at him did him wor
Then jointly to the ground thei
bow,

And that deep vow which Bru
fore,

He doth again repeat, and that th

When they had sworn to this advise
They did conclude to bear dead Lu
To shew the bleeding body through
And so to publish Tarquin's foul of
Which being done, with speedy dilig
The Roman's plausibly did give c
To Tarquin's everlasting banishm



S O N N E T S.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS;

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,

WISHETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH,

T T.

I.
rest creatures we desire increase,
why beauty's rose might never die,
the riper should by time decease,
for heir might bear his memory :
contracted to thine own bright eyes,
thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
in famine where abundance lies,
thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.

Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buried thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

* I. e. Thomas Thorpe, in whose name the sonnets
were first entered in Stationers' Hall.
S f ii]

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
To say, within thine own deep-sunk'n eyes,
Were an all-eating flame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—" *This fair child of mine*
" *Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—*"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another ;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-card womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then,auteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of fums, yet canst not live ?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

Thy unu'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame,
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell ;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
Sap check'd with frost, and lully leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where :
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet, [sweet.

Leese but their shew ; their substance still lives

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand
In thee thy summer, e'er thou be
Make sweet some phial, treasure thine
With beauty's treasure, e'er it be
That use it not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the
That's for thyself to breed another
Or ten times happier, be it ten for
Ten times thyself were happier than
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd
Then, what could death do if thou
Leaving thee living in posterity ?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art
To be death's conquest, and ma
heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious
Lifts up his burning head, each un
Doth homage to his new-appearing
Serving with looks his sacred maje
And having climb'd the steep-up
Resembling strong youth in his ma
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty
Attending on his golden pilgrimag
But when from high-moist pitch,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from th
The eyes, fore-duteous, now conve
From his low tract, and look anoth
So thou, thyself out-going in thy
Unlook'd on die'st, unless thou ge

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou mus
Sweets with sweets war not, joy deli
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine
If the true concord of well-tuned so
By unions married, do offend thine
They do but sweetly chide thee, wh
In singleness the parts that thou sho
Mark how one firing, sweet husban
Strikes each in each by mutual orde
Resembling fire and child and happy
Who all in one, one pleasing note de
Who speechless song, being many
Sings this to thee, " thou single wil

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single
Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a mad
The world will be thy widow and
That thou no form of thee hast left
When every private widow well may
By children's eyes, her husband's shaw
Look, what an unthrifit in the world
Shifts but his place, for still the work
But beauty's waste hath in the world
And keep unus'd, the user so destroy
No love toward others in that hole
That on himself such murderous
mits.

X.

Why that thou bear'st love to any,
If art so unprovident,
Wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
None lov'st, is most evident;
O possess'd with murderous hate,
Yself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Cauteous roof to ruinate,
It should be thy chief desire.
Y thought, that I may change my
Fairer lodg'd than gentle love;
Fence is, gracious and kind,
At least, kind-hearted prove:
Another self, for love of me,
Still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

Thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
From that which thou departest;
Blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Call thine, when thou from youth
test.
Wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Folly, age, and cold decay:
Ended so, the times should cease,
Five years would make the world away.
Nature hath not made for store,
Less, and rude, barrenly perish:
The best endow'd, she gave thee more;
Thy gift thou should'st in bounty
see for her seal, and meant thereby,
It print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

Went the clock that tells the time,
To rave day sunk in hideous night;
And the violet past prime,
And all silver'd o'er with white;
And sees I see barren of leaves,
And heat did canopy the herd,
And green all girded up in sheaves,
And pier with white and brittle beard;
And caution do I question make,
Among the wastes of time must go,
And beauties do themselves forsake,
As they see others grow; [defence,
To 'gainst time's icythe can make
To brave him, when he takes thee

XIII.

Be thyself: but, love, you are
More than you yourself here live:
Tooming end you should prepare,
And resemblance to some other give.
The beauty which you hold in lease,
The nation: then you were
After yourself's decease, [bear.
Sweet issue your sweet form should
In a house fall to decay,
Dry in honour might uphold
The army gusts of winter's day,

And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you
know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of deaths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but shews
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet
skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shews not half your
parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretch'd metre of an antique song:

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XXVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XXIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling, [eth.
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amaz-
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure, [sure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their trea-

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a complement of proud compare, [gems,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-ly will,
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
— I'll not for myself but for thee will;
Keep thy heart, which I will keep for thee,
Lest I should nurse her babe from faring ill:
Refuse not on thy heart when mine's shut out,
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
That perfect ceremony of love's rite,
In mine own love's strength seem to decay,
And charge'd with burthen of mine own hard fate,
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath said
pres'd.

O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath lov'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis hold,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image picture'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine last
Are windows to my breast, where-through
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

ful warrior famouſed for fight,
 Thouſand victories once foil'd,
 The book of honour razed quite,
 He reſt forgot for which he toil'd :
 Happy I, that love and am beloved,
 I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

My love, to whom in vaſſalage
 It hath my duty ſtrongly knit,
 I ſend this written embaſſage,
 As duty, not to ſhew my wit.
 Great, which wit ſo poor as mine
 Do ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhew it ;
 I hope ſome good conceit of thine
 Shall's thought, all naked, will beſtow it :
 I ſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
 I ſee thee graciously with fair aſpect,
 I ſeem apparel on my tattered loving,
 I ſeem me worthy of thy ſweet reſpect :
 Nay I dare to boaſt how I do love thee,
 I can, not ſhew my head where thou may'ſt
 Have rove me.

XXVII.

With toil, I haſte me to my bed,
 To reſt for limbs with travel tired ;
 My journey begins in my head,
 My mind, when body's work's expired :
 My thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 Open wide my drooping eye-lids
 On darkneſs which the blind do ſee.
 My ſoul's imaginary fight
 Thy ſhadow to my fightleſs view,
 Like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Lack night beauteous, and her old face
 Is ſw. :
 By day my limbs, by night my mind,
 Do ſeek, and for myſelf, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

I then return in happy plight,
 Debar'd the benefit of reſt ?
 Thy's oppreſſion is not eaſ'd by night,
 By night and night by day oppreſs'd ?
 I, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do ſent ſhake hands to torture me,
 By toil, the other to complain
 I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
 I pray, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
 I ſeem him grace when clouds do blot the hea-
 ven :
 I ſeem the ſwart-complexion'd night ;
 I ſeem ſtarkling ſtars twine not, thou gild'ſt the
 ven.
 My eye doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,
 My night doth nightly make grief's length
 My ſeem ſtronger.

XXIX.

I diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I ſeem to bewep my out-caſt ſtate,
 I ſeem able deſert heaven with my bootleſs cries,
 I ſeem to ſpeak upon myſelf, and curſe my fate,

Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſs'd,
 Deſiring this man's art, and that man's ſcope,
 With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt ;
 Yet in theſe thoughts myſelf almoſt deſpising,
 Happly I think on thee,—and then my ſtate
 (Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
 From ſullen earth) ſings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy ſweet love remember'd, ſuch wealth
 Brings, [king-
 That then I ſcorn to change my ſtate with

XXX.

When to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought
 I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt,
 I ſigh the lack of many a thing I fought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte :
 Then can I drown an eye, unuſ'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night,
 And weep aſreſh love's long-ſince-cancell'd woe ;
 And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd fight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The ſad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead ;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obſequious tear
 Hath dear religious love ſtole from mine eye,
 As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
 'Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone :
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all the) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou ſurvive my well-contented day, [cover,
 When that churl death my bones with duſt ſhall
 And ſhak by fortune once more re-ſurvey
 Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time ;
 And though they be out-ſtripp'd by every pen,
 Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchſafe me but this loving thought !
 Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But ſince he died, and poeſts better prove,
 Theirs for their ſtyle I'll read, but for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
 Flatter the mountain tops with ſovereign eye,
 Kiffing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale ſtreame with heavenly alchymy ;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now,
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's fun
 staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promit such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a falve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the lofs;
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross. [sheds,
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorising thy trespasss with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which foully robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone,
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, of all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
 This wish I have, then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O! thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy fight,
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine, which rhimers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring,
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy four leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love
 call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this man;
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou ushest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.

thou art, and therefore to be won,
 alous thou art, therefore to be assai'd;
 hen a woman wooes, what woman's fon
 ourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 e! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
 hide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 ead thee in their riot even there
 : thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
 's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 ne, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

hou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 et it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 he hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 in love that touches me more nearly.
 g offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 or my fake even so doth she abuse me,
 ng my friend for my fake to approve her.
 se thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 sing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 ind each other, and I lose both twain,
 oth for my fake lay on me this cross:
 here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 set flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 l the day they view things unrespect'd;
 hen I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 arkly bright, are bright in dark direct'd,
 thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
 would thy shadow's form form happy shew
 : clear day with thy much clearer light,
 to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 king on thee in the living day,
 in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 gh heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 days are nights to see, till I see thee, [thee me.
 i nights, bright days, when dreams do shew

XLIV.

dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 us distance should not stop my way;
 en, despite of space, I would be brought
 limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 after then, although my foot did stand
 the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
 imble thought can jump both sea and land,
 n as think the place where he would be.
 ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 p large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 at, so much of earth and water wrought,
 attend time's leisure with my moan;
 iving nought by elements so slow
 heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

ther two, slight air and purging fire,
 oth with thee, wherever I abide;
 rst my thought, the other my desire,
 present-absent with swift motion slide.

For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life being made of four, with two alone,
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's fight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes),
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my fight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
 part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whens thy love hath cast his utmost sum
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,

S O N N E T S.

At that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
 scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 I we, converted from the thing it was,
 a kind of settled gravity,
 At that time do I enconce me here
 knowledge of mine own desert,
 I hand against myself uprear,
 and lawful reasons on thy part :
 O poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 " Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know ;
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to
 go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are scants so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new ;
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds disclose :
 But, for their virtue only is their shew,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with fluxus time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted hearts
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view :
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.

are I hide the world-without-end hour,
 I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Sink the bitterness of absence four,
 you have bid your servant once adieu;
 are I question with my jealous thought,
 e you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 ke a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 where you are how happy you make those:
 rue a fool is love, that in your will
 ough you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 ld in thought control your times of pleasure,
 your hand the account of hours to crave,
 your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 me suffer (being at your beck)
 nprison'd absence of your liberty,
 atience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 ut accusing you of injury.
 ere you list; your charter is so strong,
 ou yourself may privilege your time:
 at you will, to you it doth belong
 elf to pardon of self-doing crime,
 n to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 : blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

ere be nothing new, but that, which is,
 been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 h labouring for invention bear amidst
 econd burthen of a former child?
 t record could with a backward look,
 of five hundred courses of the sun,
 me your image in some antique book,
 mind at first in character was done!
 I might see what the old world could say
 is compos'd wonder of your frame;
 her we are mended, or wh'er better they,
 hether revolution be the same.
 sure I am, the wits of former days
 subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 our minutes hasten to their end;
 changing place with that which goes before,
 uent toil all forwards do contend.
 ity once in the main of light,
 ls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 ed eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 : doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
 on the rarities of nature's truth,
 nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 id yet, to times in hope, my verse shall
 stand,
 aising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

thy will, thy image should keep open
 heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 le shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
 To find out flames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake: [where,
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake else-
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shews me myself indeed,
 'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now;
 With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
 brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud coast of out-worn bury'd age;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watry main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choofe
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'erthrows their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's best jewels from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

I.XVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry,—
As, to behold desert, a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all these, from hence would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

I.XVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For the hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to shew what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

I.XVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
E'er beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To shew false art what beauty was of yore.

I.XIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues, (the voice of souls) gave thee that
due,

Uttering bare truth, even so as faces comment,
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee this, do this
In other accents do this praise confound, (sw,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shew'd,
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy shew,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common
grow.

I.XX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
Er's mark was ever yet the fair;
—ment of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present't a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy shew,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
owc.

I.XXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wife world should look into your
moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

I.XXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing
worth.

LXXIII.

year you may'ft in me behold
 leaves, or none, or few do hang
 boughs which shake againſt the cold,
 choirs, where late the ſweet birds
 eſt the twilight of ſuch day, [ſang.
 et fadeth in the weſt,
 d by black night doth take away,
 i ſelf, that ſeals up all in reſt.
 eſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
 ſhes of his youth doth lie,
 bed whereon it muſt expire,
 h that which it was nurſi'd by.
 erceiv'ſt, which makes thy lovemore
 [long.
 at well which thou muſt leave e'er

LXXIV.

sted : when that fell arreſt
 ail ſhall carry me away,
 in this line ſome intereſt,
 emorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
 evieweſt this, thou doſt review
 t was conſecrate to thee.
 I have but earth, which is his due;
 hine, the better part of me :
 halt but loſt the dregs of life,
 worms, my body being dead ;
 onqueſt of a wretch's knife,
 thee to be remembered.
 of that, is that which it contains,
 ; this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

my thoughts, as food to life,
 eaſon'd ſhowers are to the ground ;
 peace of you I hold ſuch ſtriſe
 riſer and his wealth is found ;
 s an enjoyer, and anon
 filching age will ſteal his treaſure ;
 z beſt to be with you alone,
 l that the world may ſee my pleaſure :
 l full with feaſting on your ſight,
 oy clean ſtarved for a look ;
 purſuing no delight,
 had or muſt from you be took,
 pine and ſurfeit day by day,
 ing on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

erſe ſo barren of new pride ?
 ariation or quick change ?
 e time, do I not glance aſide
 d methods and to compounds ſtrange ?
 ſtill all one, ever the ſame,
 ention in a noted weed,
 ord doth almoſt tell my name,
 r birth, and where they did proceed ?
 et love, I always write of you,
 love are ſtill my argument ;
 t is dreſſing old words new,
 in what is already ſpent :
 ſun is daily new and old,
 ove ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glaſs will ſhew thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte ;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.
 The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhew,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
 Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to theſe waſte blanks, and thou ſhalt find
 Thoſe children nurſ'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 Theſe offices, ſo ſoft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and muſh enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
 And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
 As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
 And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majeſty.
 Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
 Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee.
 In others' works thou doſt but mend the ſtile,
 And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whiſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace ;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
 I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen ;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robes thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
 No praife to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth
 ſay,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better ſp' doth uſe your name,
 And in the praife thereof ſpends all his might,
 To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame !
 But ſince your worth (wide, as the ocean is),
 The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,
 My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
 Whiſt he upon your ſoundneſs deep doth ride ;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a wortheleſs boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
 Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
 The worſt was this ;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the
mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attain't o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforce'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt :
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might shew
How far a modern quill doth come t-o short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immur'd is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made to clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his stile admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Leng'ning fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her
While comments of your praise, richly comp
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst others write
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, *'tis so, 'tis true,*
And to the most of praise add something more
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
Though words come hind-me first, holds his
before.
Then others for the breath of words resp
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in d

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhe
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compasser-by night
Giving him aid, my verse affection'd.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;
I was not sick of any fear from thence
But when your countenance fill'd up his face
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled man.

LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy climac
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is tw
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then
knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment made.
Thus have I had thee as a dream at night,
In sleep a king, but waking, no re

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am acquainted
That thou, in loving me, shall want much good ;
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I to be true,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 I'll comment upon that offence:
 my lameness, and I straight will halt;
 thy reasons making no defence.
 If not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 to form upon desired change,
 myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 to uaintance strangle, and look strange;
 from thy walks; and in my tongue
 thy beloved name no more shall dwell;
 so much profane) should do it wrong,
 of our old acquaintance tell.
 I, against myself I'll vow debate,
 I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

to me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 in the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 do not drop in for an after-lost: [row,
 not, when my heart hath scap'd this for-
 the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
 on a windy night a rainy morrow,
 to overturn out a purpos'd overthrow.
 I'll leave me, do not leave me last,
 to see petty griefs have done their spite,
 to the onset come; so shall I taste
 the very worst of Fortune's might;
 her strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 I shall find red with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

to cry in their birth, some in their skill,
 to their wealth, some in their body's force;
 to their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 to their hawks and hounds, some in their
 to their use;
 to my humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 that it finds a joy above the rest;
 to particulars are not my measure,
 I better in one general best.
 to be is better than high birth to me,
 to an wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 to delight than hawks or horses be;
 to bring thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 to be led in this alone, that thou may'st take
 to be as away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

to my worst to steal thyself away,
 to of life thou art assured mine;
 to no longer than thy love will stay,
 to depends upon that love of thine.
 to I should not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 to the least of them my life hath end.
 to rather state to me belongs
 to that which on thy humour doth depend.
 to I should not vex me with inconstant mind,
 to I should not let my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 to I should not have my happy title do I find,
 to I should not have thy love, happy to die!
 to I should not have that blessed fair that fears no blot?—
 to I should not have may't be false, and yet I know it not:
 to I.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
 tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that feister, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee!
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

T t

S O N N E T S.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, drefs'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell, [grew:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, raptive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy
For thy neglect of truth in beauty
Both truth and beauty on my love.
So dost thou too, and therein dignify
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou no
Truth needs no colour, with his colour /
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay /
But best is best, if never intermix'd /
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in
To make him much out-live a gild
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach
To make him seem long hence as

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though
seeming;
I love not less, though less the show
That love is merchandis'd, whose
The owner's tongue doth publish
Our love was new, and then but in
When I was wont to greet it with
As Philomel in summer's front doth
And stops his pipe in growth of ripe
Not that the summer is less pleasant
Than when her mournful hymns
night,
But that wild music burdens every
And sweets grown common lose their
Therefore, like her, I sometime ho
Because I would not dull you with

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse bring
That having such a scope to show her
The argument, all bare, is of more
Than when it hath my added praise
O blame me not if I no more can write
Look in your glass, and there appears
That over-goes my blunt invention
Dulling my lines, and doing me
Were it not sinful then, striving to
To mar the subject that before was
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to
And more, much more, than in my
Your own glass shows you, when you

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be
For as you were, when first your eye
Such seems your beauty still. Three
Have from the forests shook three
Three beauteous springs to yellow
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot
Since first I saw you fresh which yet
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace
So your sweet hue, which methinks still
Hath motion, and mine eye may be
For fear of which, hear this, thou
Ere you were born was beauty's

CV.

ve be call'd idolatry,
 ed as an idol show,
 my songs and praises be,
 , still such, and ever so.
 ve to-day, to-morrow kind,
 n a wondrous excellence;
 verse to constancy confin'd,
 relling, leaves out difference.
 d true, is all my argument,
 i true, varying to other words;
 ange is my invention spent,
 in one, which wondrous scope affords,
 and true, have often liv'd alone,
 e, till now, never kept feat in one.

CVI.

hronicle of wasted time
 ons of the fairest wights,
 aking beautiful old rhyme,
 lies dead, and lovely knights,
 lazons of sweet beauty's best,
 ot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 que pen would have express'd
 sauty as you master new.
 aises are but prophecies
 ne, all you prefiguring;
 look'd but with divining eyes,
 skill enough your worth to sing:
 ich now behold these present days,
 o wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

i fears, nor the prophetic soul
 orld dreaming on things to come,
 ase of my true love controul,
 rfeit to a confin'd doom.
 oon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 ugurs mock their own preface;
 ow crown themselves assur'd,
 eclaims olives of endless age.
 drops of this most balmy time
 s fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 Its o'er dull and speechless tribes,
 i this shalt find thy monument,
 ints' crests and tombs of brass are

CVIII.

brain that ink may character,
 ot figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 o speak, what new to register,
 recis my love, or thy dear merit?
 it boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 y say o'er the very fame;
 old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 i first I hallowed thy fair name.
 d love in love's fresh case
 ne dust and injury of age,
 necessary wrinkles place,
 tiquity for aye his page;
 : first conceit of love there bred,
 e and outward form would show it

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanging,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art thy all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd. [best,
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do thou with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then, and with I were renew'd;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of myself, 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your
 tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'ft or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'ft creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with
 you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I fay mine eye faith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gulf is greening,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'ft intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain, o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth
 grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 Love's not Time's fool, though rose lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd,

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scantied all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown men
 And given to time your own dear purchas'd
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from
 sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, fairness accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweet
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of need
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true need:
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Dilid'd from linbeck's foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committ'd
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres
 fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far purer.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have lost.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And fond to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a feat,
 Mine ransoms yours, and your's must needs be great.

CXXI.

er to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 it to be receives reproach of being,
 just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 our feeling, but by others' seeming.
 should others' false adulterate eyes
 station to my sportive blood?
 y frailties why are frailer spies,
 i their wills count bad what I think good?
 m that I am; and they that level
 abuses, reckon up their own:
 straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 ank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 this general evil they maintain,
 in are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

, thy tables, are within my brain
 after'd with lasting memory,
 all above that idle rank remain,
 all date, even to eternity:
 : least so long as brain and heart
 alty by nature to subsist;
 to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 thy record never can be mis'd.
 r retention could not so much hold,
 l I tallies, thy dear love to soere;
 e to give them from me was I bold,
 those tables that receive thee more:
 :p an adjunct to remember thee,
 to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

ic, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 imids built up with newer might
 re nothing novel, nothing strange;
 : but dressings of a former sight.
 s are brief, and therefore we admire
 ou dost foist upon us that is old,
 er make them born to our desire,
 nk that we before have heard them told.
 fters and thee I both defy,
 dering at the present nor the past;
 eords and what we see doth lie,
 ore or less by thy continual haste:
 do vow, and this shall ever be,
 be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

ir love were but the child of state,
 for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 2 to time's love, or to time's hate,
 nong weeds, or flowers with flowers ga-
 ier'd.
 as builded far from accident;
 not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 e blow of thrall'd discontent,
 the inviting time our fashion calls:
 ot policy, that heretic,
 orks on leaves of short-number'd hours,
 lone stands hugely politic,
 not grows with heat, nor drowns with
 towers.
 is I witness call the fools of time,
 die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple favour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy
 controul.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold time's sickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
 back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
 At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
 reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more blest'd than living
 lips.
 Since faucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
 well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
 ground;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that others in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well bescem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack,

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to grieve
For that deep wound it gives my friend and I
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery, my sweetest friend must
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
And torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor
 bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard
Thou canst not then use rigour in my goal
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in ill,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd in thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I loose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me,
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And wilt to boot, and will in overplus:
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think of all but one, and me in that one will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear by thy blind soul that I was thy will
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far far for love, my love-suit, sweet, full
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name
 will.

CXXXVII.

A blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 : they behold, and see not what they see?
 : know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 what the best is, take the worst to be.
 es, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 nchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 reto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
 should my heart think that a several plot,
 :h my heart knows the wide world's com-
 mon place?
 mine eyes seeing this, say this is not?
 ut fair truth upon so fool a face? [err'd,
 things right true my heart and eyes have
 id to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

A my love swears that she is made of truth,
 believe her, though I know she lies;
 she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 am'd in the world's false subtilties.
 : vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 ough she knows my days are past the best,
 ly I credit her false-speaking tongue;
 oth sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
 wherefore say not I, that I am old?
 e's best habit is in seeming trust,
 age in love loves not to have years told.
 erefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 id in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

I not me to justify the wrong,
 thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 ad me not with thine eye, but with thy
 tongue;
 ower with power, and slay me not by art.
 me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 : need'st thou wound with cunning, when
 thy might
 re than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
 ne excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 pretty looks have been mine enemies;
 therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 t do not so; but since I am near slain,
 ll me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

ife as thou art cruel; do not press
 ongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
 sorrow lend me words, and words express
 nanner of my pity-wanting pain.
 ight teach thee wit, better it were,
 gh not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 esty sick men, when their deaths are near,
 :ws but health from their physicians know;))
 f I should despair, I should grow mad,
 in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
 landers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
 heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tunedelighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and my dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eye woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in' chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part; kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my faint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her fool pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel is another's hell.

S O N N E T S.

his shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
sad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And fav'd my life, saying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting the outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears,

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind;
Left eyes well seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake!
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spread
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantife of ill,
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing:
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;

For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep :
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly sleep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a scething bath which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure ; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire ; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
keep,
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

1 - PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I foreswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I foreswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wife
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She shew'd him favours to allure his eye:
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and to-ward;

He rose and ran away; ah fool too forward!

III.

If love make me foresworn, how shall I swear to love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;

Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like oaks bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

Allignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fit
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brink;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, bound'd in, whereas he stood,
Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood!

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor one falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all her jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flames,
She burnt with love, as soon as straw out burns:
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the fram-
ing,

She had love last, and yet she fell a turning-
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

Music and sweet poetry agree,
 Thy must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 For thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 My hand to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 The lute doth ravish human sense;
 For ever to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 Fling all conceit, needs no defence.
 Lov'st thou to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 As himself to singing he betakes.
 For god is god of both, as poets feign;
 For each knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

It was the morn, when the fair queen of love.

For sorrow than her milk white dove,
 Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Whom she takes upon a steep-up hill:
 Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 My queen, with more than love's good will,
 For she the boy he should not pass those grounds;
 For quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 In these brakes deep wounded with a boar,
 In the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 For my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
 For she shewed her's; he saw more wounds than
 One,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

For a rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
 Faded,
 'Twas in the bud, and faded in the spring!
 For orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
 For creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
 Sting!

For a green plum that hangs upon a tree, [be-
 d falls, through wind, before the fall should

For a p for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 Why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
 For yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
 Why? I craved nothing of thee still:
 For yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
 For y discontent thou didst bequeath to me,

IX.

For Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
 For a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
 For should the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 For as he fell to her, she fell to him. [me;
 For thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd
 When she the clipt Adonis in her arms:
 For thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
 For the boy should use like loving charms,
 For thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 For with her lips on his did act the seizure;
 For as he fetched breath, away he skips, [sure.
 For would not take her meaning nor her plea-
 For! that I had my lady at this bay,
 For kisses and clip me till I run away!

X.

For aged age and youth,
 For and not live together;

Youth is full of pleasure,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young:
 Age, I do defy thee;
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
 A doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost are felt or never found,
 As faded glass no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
 And dast me to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
 Farewell, I could not, for I supp'd with sor-
 row.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
 May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 May be, again to make me wander thither;
 Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the self.

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes threw gazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest. [rise
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal dreaming night:
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wish'd sight;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
 sorrow;

For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-
 morrow.

Were I with her, the night would pass too soon;
 But now are minutes added to the hours;

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Time now, each minute seems an hour;
 Rest for me, thine fun to succour flowers!
 Dark night, peep day; good day, of night now
 borrow;

Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-
 morrow.

XIV.

It was a lord's daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
 could see,

Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with
 love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
 knight:

To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused more mickle was the pain,
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
 gain,

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
 with disdain;

Alas she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
 away;

Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
 For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spyd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air,
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 With'd himself to heaven's breath:

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
 Air, would I might triumph so!

But alas! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom even Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss
 Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's denying,
 Cause of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross
 Brought all my loss;

O frowning fortune, curfed, fickle dame!

For now I see,
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall:
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,

(O cruel speeding!)
 Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
 My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;

My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

With sighs so deep,
 Procures to weep,

In howling wife, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,

Green plants bring not
 Forth; they die:

Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,

All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet love,
 Thy like ne'er was

For sweet content, the cause of all my woes.
 Poor Coridon

Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye has clost the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou should'st stalk,

Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy, partial might:

Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwead.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,

Lest she some subtle practice smell;
 (A cripple soon can find a halt:)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sale,

What though her frowning brows be best,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;

And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight;

And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,

Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say: ||

Women been so strong as men,
You had not had it then."

Will frame all thy ways;
O spend,—and chiefly there
Desert may merit praise,
In thy lady's ear:
Next castle, tower, and town,
Ten bullet beats it down.

Ways with assured trust,
Suit be humble, true;
Lady prove unjust,
Never to choose anew:
Me shall serve, be thou not slack
Er, though she put thee back.

And guiles that women work,
With an outward show,
And toys that in them lurk,
That treats them shall not know.
You not heard it said full oft,
Men's nay doth stand for nought?

Men still to strive with men,
I never for to fight:
O heaven, by holy then,
With age shall them attain.
Gives all the joys in bed,
Woman would another wed.

Enough,—too much I fear,
My mistress hear my song;
Tick to round me i' th' ear,
My tongue to be so long:
The blush, here be it said,
Her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

Upon a day,
Every month of May,
Pleasant shade
Of myrtles made,
Eap, and birds did sing,
Grow, and plants did spring:
I did banish moan,
Sighing alone:
Bird, as all forlorn,
Breast up-till a thorn,
Sung the dolefull'st ditty,
Or it was great pity:
Now would the cry,
By and by:

Or her so complain,
Old from tears refrain;
Eyes, so lively shewn,
Sink upon mine own.
Ought I thou mourn'st in vain;
Pity on thy pain:
Eyes, they cannot hear thee;
Aids, they will not cheer thee;
O, he is dead;
Nests are lapp'd in lead:
Low birds do sing,
Thy forrowing.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but be were a king."

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear the part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But by my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Death-divinity an,
requiem laud night.
 You, treble row,
 y fable ge ik'ft
 the breath ... 'ft and tak'ft,
 gft our mourns: alt thou go.

the anthem commence :—
 and constan id ;
 and d
 ...tial ...ence.

y lov'd, as love in twain
 he essence but in one ;
 distincts, division none :
 r there in love was slain.

remote, yet not asunder ;
 e, and no space was seen
 the turtle and his queen ;
 them it were a wonder.

etween them love did shine,
 the turtle saw his right
 ng in the phoenix' fight :
 r was the other's mine.

erty was thus appall'd,
 : the self was not the same ;
 le nature's double name
 her two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;

To themselves yet either-neither,
 Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one ?
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love,
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

T H R E N O S.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair ;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A hill whose concave womb re-worded
 story from a siftering vale,
 to attend this double voice accorded,
 I lay to lift the sad-tun'd tale;
 I py'd a fickle maid full pale,
 papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

I read a platted hive of straw,
 which hid her visage from the sun, [saw
 she thought might think sometime it
 of a beauty spent and done.
 I not scythed all that youth begun,
 all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell
 y peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.

I heave her napkin to her eyne,
 that had conceal'd characters,
 the silken figures in the brine
 ed woe had pelleted in tears,
 reading what contents it bears;
 tickling undistinguish'd woe,
 of all size, both high and low.

her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
 battery to the spheres intend;
 inverted their poor balls are ty'd
 d earth; sometimes they do extend
 right on; anon their gazes lend
 ace at once, and no where fix'd,
 and sight distractedly commix'd.

or loose, nor ty'd in formal plait,
 in her a careless hand of pride;
 ntuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
 r pale and pined cheek beside;
 threaden fillet still did bide,
 to bondage, would not break from
 ce,
 kly braided in loose negligence.

favours from a maund she drew
 rystal, and of bedded jet,
 by one she in a river threw,
 weeping margent she was set,—
 applying wet to wet,

Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries *fame*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
 Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
 With fleided silk feat and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
 Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damnd
 here!

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents;
 Big discontent for breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 (Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours), observed as they flew;
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
 And comely-distant sits he by her side;
 When he again desires her, being fat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
 If that from him there may be aught apply'd
 Which may her suffering ecstacy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old:
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

ver all his face;
and made him her
fair parts she did abide,
and newly deified.

ks did hang in crooked curls;
occasion of the wind
in silken parcels hurls.
do, to do will aptly find:
whom did enchant the mind;
age was in little drawn,
elf thinks in paradise was fawn.

nan was yet upon his chin;
when began but to appear,
velvet on that termless skin,
out-b the web it seem'd to

by that cost most dear;
wavering stood in doubt,
it was, or best without.

were beauteous as his form,
long'd he was, and therefore free;
men mov'd him, was he such a storm
twixt May and April is to see,
breathes sweet, unruly though they be,
with his authoriz'd youth,
elfs in a pride of truth.

well to ride; and often men would say,
"That wags his melle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What bounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case;
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Picc'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by
him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow than
Than the true gouty landlord which doth eat
them:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

did I not, as some my equals did,
of him, nor being desired, yielded;
g myself in honour so forbid,
safest distance I mine honour shielded:
ence for me many bulwarks builded
of new-bleeding, which remain'd the field
his false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behalf.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry it is thy loss.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue,*
And knew the paterus of his soul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,
Thought, characters, and words, merely but true,
And bastards of his foal adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For seals of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with a creature they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They fought their shame that so their shame
find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

many that mine eyes have seen,
whose flame my heart so much as
n'd,
tion put to the smallest teen,
ny leifures ever charm'd :
I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
in liveries, but mine own was free ;
commanding in his monarchy.

what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
arls, and rubies red as blood ;
it they their passions likewise lent me
blushes, aptly understood
white and the encrimson'd mood ;
rror and dear modesty,
hearts, but fighting outwardly.

told these talents of their hair,
d metal amorously impleach'd,
t'd from many a feveral fair,
acceptance weepingly beseech'd),
nexions of fair gems enrich'd,
ain'd sonnets that did amplify
dear nature, worth, and quality.

d ; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
invis'd properties did tend ;
ecru emerald, in whose fresh regard,
their sickly radiance do amend ;
hued saphire and the opal blend
s manifold ; each feveral stone,
vell blazou'd, smil'd, or made some

e trophies of affections hot,
and subdued desires the tender,
charg'd me that I heard them not,
m up where I myself must render,
ou, my origin and ender ;
force, must your oblations be,
altar, you enpatron me.

ace of yours that phraseless hand,
e weighs down the airy scale of

se similies to your own command,
th sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
ur minister, for you obeys,
you ; and to your audit comes
¶ parcels in combined sums.

rice was sent me from a nun,
lified of holiest note,
er noble suit in court did shun,
havings made the blossoms dote ;
sought by spirits of richest coat,
d distance, and did thence remove,
r living in eternal love.

weet, what labour is't to leave
we have not, mattering what not
s ?

place which did no form receive,
ent sports in unconstrain'd gyves :
same so to herself contrives,

The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I post your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impress't, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sighs till then were level'd on my face ;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
O how the channel to the stream gave grace
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue in-
closes.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear ?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extingure hath !

For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I dast,

Shook off my sober guards and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears, [bore,
All melting; though our drops this difference
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of fable matter,
Applied to cauteles, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shews.

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair Nature is both wild and tame;
And veil'd in them did win whom he would
main,
Against the thing he fought, he would exclaim

When he most burnt in heart-with'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold
tity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd
Who young and simple would not be so leav'd
Ah me! I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a fake.

Oh! that infected moisture of his eye!
Oh! that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd
Oh! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly
Oh! that sad breath his spongy lungs below'd
Oh! all that borrow'd motion seeming owed
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Containing his

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, | ORCHESTRA, A POEM ON DANCING, IN A DIALOGUE
NS OF ASTREA, | BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOODERS
G. G. G.

To which is prefixed

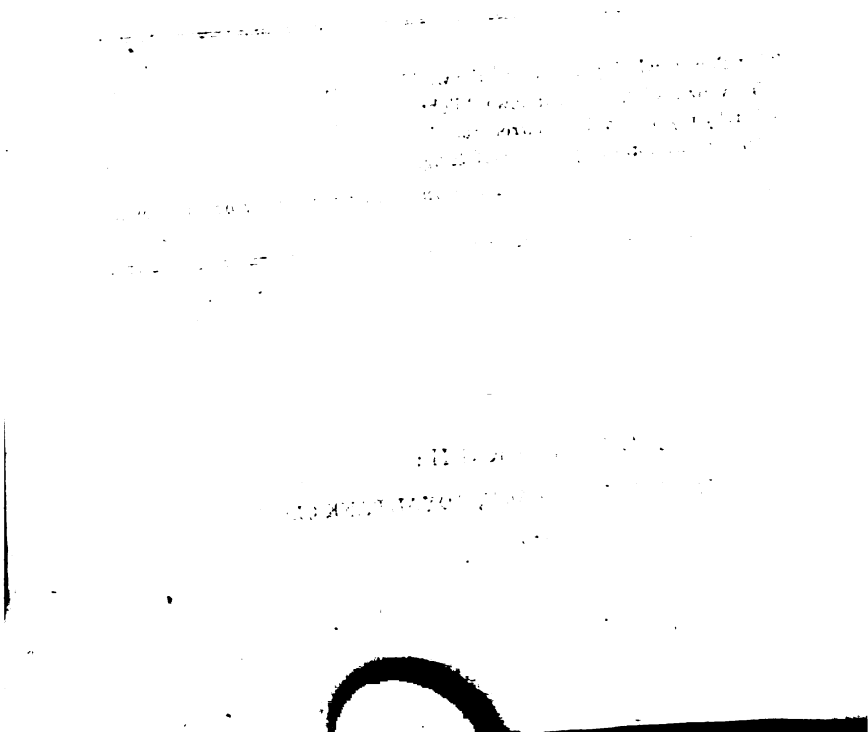
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

That Power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

EDINBURGH:
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Ann 1793.



THE LIFE OF DAVIES.

JOHN DAVIES was born at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tisbury, Wiltshire, in 1570. He was the third son of John Davies, who is said by Wood to have been a wealthy tanner; but in the records which record his admission into the society of the Middle Temple, it is said, that his father was "late of New Inn, gentleman."

In 1585, the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered a commoner of Queen's college, Oxford. At the beginning of the year 1588, he removed to the Middle Temple; but he appears to have read occasionally at Oxford; for in 1590 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

At the Temple he applied himself to the study of the law; but he was more distinguished by his talents, than by the regularity of his manners. He interrupted, it is said, the quiet of the inn, by his disorders, for which he was fined, and by disorders, for which he was removed from Commons. In 1595, he was called to the Bar; but in 1598, he was expelled the society of the Middle Temple for quarrelling with the facetious Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London, and beating him, while they were at dinner in the common-hall.

His misconduct appears to have retarded his progress at the Bar; but he seems never to have been inattentive to literature. Besides the study of the law, he particularly applied himself to poetry, and wrote twenty-six Acrostics, under the title of *Hymns of Atria*, in honour of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1599, he published, in 4to, his *Nescio Tempus*, a Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, which completely established his poetical reputation.

In 1601, by the favour of Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal, he was restored to his chamber in the Temple, and practised the law as a barrister. The same year he was chosen a Member of the House of Commons for Corfe-Castle, in Dorsetshire. He appears to have been an able and useful Member of Parliament, and a supporter of the privileges of the House, particularly in the great debate about monopolies.

At the death of Queen Elizabeth, he accompanied Lord Hunston into Scotland, to congratulate James on his accession to the Throne of England. Being introduced to his Majesty by Hunston, the King immediately inquired if he was *Nescio Tempus*; and being informed he was, most graciously embraced him, and assured him of his favour.

In 1603, he was sent Solicitor General to Ireland; and his appointment to the office of Attorney General took place soon after. During his residence in Ireland, he was very active in the measures concerted for the colonization of Ulster, and the civilization of the kingdom. Besides his official services, which were highly applauded, he published several valuable tracts on the state of the people of the country; which, in 1780, were reprinted, in one volume 8vo, under the title of "Miscellaneous Tracts."

In 1606, he was promoted to the degree of Serjeant at Law; and the year following, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1612, he was made King's Serjeant; and the same year he was chosen Speaker of the first House of Commons of Ireland, formed by a general representation.

In 1615, he published his Reports, with a preface to Lord Ellesmere, which is justly the best that ever was prefixed to a law book. Soon after the publication of this work, he to have quitted Ireland, in consequence of a change in its administration.

After his return to England, he was appointed to act as one of the Justices of Assize, in circuits. He was also elected a Member of the House of Commons for Newcastle under the Parliament which met at the beginning of the year 1621. He seems not often to have been in Parliament at this period; except on the affairs of Ireland.

In 1626, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, in the room of Sir Randolph Crewe; but before he could be sworn in, he was carried off by an apoplexy, on the night of the 7th of October, at his house in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age.

He married Lady Eleanor Touchet, youngest daughter of George Lord Audley, Earl of Avesbury, by whom he had one son, who was an idiot, and died young, and a daughter, name who was married to Ferdinando Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. His was a very singular character, and dealt much in prophecies, which brought on her very rigorous treatment, after his death, from the High Commission Court. An account of her prophecies published in 1649. She died in 1652.

From a few extractions, Davies made his way to eminence by his abilities. Camden, Harrington, Selden, Jonson, Hoskins, Donne, and Corbet, are unquestionable authorities in verse; but he seems not hitherto to have obtained a reputation adequate to his merit.

His "Historical Tracts," which are written with great accuracy and perspicuity, have been reprinted; but his poetical pieces, which have considerable excellence, are now, for the first time, received into an arrangement of classical English poetry.

The second edition of his Poem on the Immortality of the Soul was printed in 4to, 1602, under the following title, "*Nescit Tempus* : This oracle expounded in two elegies; I. Of Human Judgment; II. Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof." A third edition was printed in 8vo, 1688; and a fourth, in 8vo, 1697, by Tate, with an admirable preface, furnished by Dryden, whose name he was not permitted to give the public.

An edition of his "Poetical Works," consisting of the "Poem on the Immortality of the Soul; the Hymns to Astræa; and Orchestra, a Poem on Dancing," was printed, in 8vo, 1773, by T. D. a bookseller, who has laudably employed himself in reviving the noblest monuments of the English language. The Preface to Tate's edition has been reprinted by Mr. Davies; and as it exhibits a just and advantageous character of the *Nescit Tempus*, it is also preserved in the present edition.

The *Nescit Tempus* is the earliest philosophical poem this country has produced, and the best of the age of Elizabeth, except the Faery Queen: The language is pure, demonstrative, and the versification exquisitely polished, and harmonious.

The *Hymns to Astræa* contain much poetry and much flattery, and are greatly superior to the acrostic verses of other writers, who are justly ridiculed and condemned by Dryden, in his *Mac Fleckno*, and by Addison, in his *Essay on Wit*.

The *Orchestra* contains a very ingenious explanation of the antiquity and excellency of Dancing in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers. It is much to be regretted, that it should be left unfinished; or what is more likely, that the imperfect part should be lost; for in all probability he completed it, being written in his youth, as appears from the conclusion. Harrington has an epigram in commendation of it, at the end of his translation of Ariosto.

He is said to have written some epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598, and a number of several of King David's Psalms, which was never published.

The inscription, on a monument erected near his grave in the church of St. Martin in the Fields, gives him the following character:

"He was a man of fine abilities and uncommon eloquence, and a most excellent writer both in prose and verse. He tempered the severity of the lawyer with the politeness and learning of the gentleman: he was a faithful advocate, an impartial judge, and equally remarkable for a heart sincere piety, and a contempt of anxious superstition."

THE PREFACE

TO

SIR JOHN DAVIES'S POEM

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

PUBLISHED IN 1699.

There is a natural love and fondness in Englishmen for whatever was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age, and the great men who lived in it; as our best heroes of virtue, and greatest examples of wisdom, courage, integrity, and learning. Among many others, the author of this Poem has a lasting honour; for, as he was a most eminent lawyer, so, in the composition of this Poem, we admire him for a good poet, and exact Critic. It is not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial representing of virtue and vice, so as to instruct mankind in matters of the greatest importance. And this observation has been made of our countrymen, That Sir John Denham wrote in the most courtly and gentlemanly style; Waller in the most sweet and pleasing numbers; Denham with the most accurate judgment and correctness; Cowley with pleasantry, and plenty of imagination; none entered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert. None more philosophically than Sir John Denham. His thoughts are moulded into easy and

significant words; his rhymes never mislead the sense, but are led and governed by it; so that in reading such useful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its dross, their memories furnished with the best notions, their judgments strengthened, and their conceptions enlarged; by which means the mind will be raised to the most perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate state.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad, it is the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourselves; that he has disclosed to us greater secrets at home, self-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which consists in that rare science of a man's self, which the moral philosopher loses in a crowd of definitions, divisions, and distinctions; the historian cannot find it amongst all his musty records, being far better acquainted with the transactions of a thousand years past, than with the present age, or with himself: the writer of fables

shews well or ill as it has more or less likeness to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himself; and by knowing himself thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well chosen metaphors and similitudes, that cannot be found within the compass of a narrow knowledge. For this reason, the Poem, on account of its intrinsic worth, would be as lasting as the Iliad or the Æneid, if the language it is wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaux of our age, to carry this glass in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dress well. It would be of use also to the wits and virtuosos to carry this antidote about them, against the poison they have sucked in from Lucretius or Hobbs. This would acquaint them with some principles of religion; for, in old times, the poets were their divines, and exercised a kind of spiritual authority amongst the people. Verse in those days was the sacred style, the style of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in songs and hymns. Why may they not retain this privilege? for if prose should contend with verse, it would be upon unequal terms, and (as it were) on foot against the wings of Pegasus. With what delight are we touched in hearing the stories of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas? Because in their characters we have wisdom, honour, fortitude, and justice set before our eyes. It was Plato's opinion, that if a man could see virtue, he would be strangely enamoured on her person. Which is the reason why Horace and Virgil have continued so long in reputation, because they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is so senseless of rational impressions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the pastorals of the ancients, when under the stories of wolves and sheep, they describe the misery of people under hard

which we are as much transfixed with the most excellent scenes of passion. Fletcher: for in this, as in a not flatter) we see how the foot understanding upon the various and all the changes of imagination the will is to her dictates, queen does her king. At the following a subjection, and yet not How the passions move at her well disciplined army; from the posture of the faculties, all open per time and place, there arise upon the whole soul, that infinite other pleasures.

What deep philosophy is the process of God's art in fashioning after his own image; by remarkable moves another, and how those by several positions of each part springs and plummetts, to the view out the visible and last effects, and force of wit, to convey the relations in the easiest language, so vulgarly received, that they the meanest capacities.

For the poet takes care in the understanding of mankind by step the workings of the mind strokes of sense, then of fancy, and ment, into the principles both pernatural motives: hereby the intelligible, which comprehends the boundless tracks of sea and spaces of heaven; that vital principle which has always been busied is now made known to itself; may find out what we ourselves we came, and whither we must receive what noble guests those are in our bosoms, which are

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

✓

To that clear majesty which in the North
Doth, like another sun, in glory rise, [worth;
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.

Like heav'n in all, like earth to this alone,
That tho' great states by her support do stand;
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,
Both by art's purchase, and by nature's dow'r,
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
To shew the utmost of a creature's pow'r :

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms
move; [streams,
The sacred spring, whence right and honour
Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love,
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams :

To offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be;
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them grow to such a highness see.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of such celestial kind,
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower :

As where the sun is present all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
A happy angel to this happy land :
Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to heaven depart,
Who mak'st each place a heaven wherein thou art.

HER MAJESTY'S

Devoted Subject

And Servant,

JOHN DAVIES.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHAT did my parents send me to the schools,
 That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
 Since the desire to know first made men fools,
 And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
 Of the first parents, all the rules of good,
 So that their skill infus'd, and did pass all arts
 That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
 And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
 Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
 As th' intellectual angels could have done:

E'en then to them th' spirit of lies suggests,
 That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
 And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
 A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know;
 Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
 In all God's works the Devil could not show,
 While man their Lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
 Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
 Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
 Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid, [find;
 Where they sought knowledge they did error
 Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
 And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
 Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
 Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty, [know.
 Which then their own experience made them

But then grew reason dark, that she no more,
 Could the fair forms of good and truth discern,
 But they became, that eagles were before;
 And thus they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what
 Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid
 Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
 In books profane we seek for knowledge

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stoln
 For which the thief* still chain'd in ice
 And which the poor rude satyr † did ads
 And needs would kiss, but burnt his lip

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
 Which when Jove's guest ‡ embrac'd, he
 Or the false pails, ¶ which oft being fill'd w
 Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
 Which the youth § fought, and fought h
 wihal?
 Or the boy's † wings, which when he did a
 The sun's hot beams, did melt and let b

And yet alas! when all our lamps are bur
 Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent
 When we have all the learned volumes tur
 Which yield men's wits both help and ord

What can we know? or what can we disc
 When error chokes the windows of the
 The divers forms of things, how can we k
 That have been ever from our birth-day

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun)
 Throughout man's little world her be
 spread,

Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
 Under the ashes, half exting, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye a
 This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
 Can recollect these beams of knowledge de
 Which were infus'd in the first minds by

* Prometheus. † See Aescop's Fables
 ‡ Ixion. § Danaides. ¶ Phaeton. +

he heir, whose father hath in play
A thousand pounds of ancient rent,
Earning of one groat a day,
Restore the patrimony spent.

That div'd most deep, and soar'd most
high, [Such :
man's pow'rs, have found his weaknes
As so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
In so little and forget so much."

Wise of all moral men
Knew nought, but that he nought did
know,
That mocking-master mock'd not then,
Said, Truth was buried deep below.

May we to other things attain,
None of us his own Soul understands?
The Devil mocks our curious brain,
Now thyself, his oracle commands.

Could we the busy Soul believe,
Truly she concludes of that and this,
Herself she can no judgment give, [in
, nor whence, nor where, not what she

Without, which round about we see,
To know, and how therewith to do :
Whereby we reason, live and be,
Ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

Know the moving of each sphere,
Strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of
the
;
clock within our breasts we bear,
The motions we forget the while.

Quaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
Both tropics, and behold each pole,
Some home, are to ourselves unknown,
acquainted still with our own Soul.

Teach, but others we persuade ;
We craft learn but others cure with it ;
The laws, which other men have made,
Not those which in our hearts are

The mind is like the eye,
Which it gathers knowledge by de-
scribing,
Reflect not, but spread outwardly ;
Gather itself, when other things it sees ?

As for the mind can backward cast
Herself, her understanding's light,
How corrupt, and so defac'd,
Her own image doth herself affright.

Image of the Lady fair,
Whose lust was turn'd into a cow,
By to a stream she did repair,
Herself transform'd she wist not how :

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly ;
And loathes the watry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth
die :

E'en so man's Soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own light least endure :

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such anticks, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a fluttish house haunted with sprites ;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things de-
lights.

For this few know themselves : for merchants
broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and
fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire :

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part ;
As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns, when foes the country
burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear ;
Reform'd my will and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air :
So working seas settle and purge the wine :
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair :
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wife,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

1744
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and J. B. R.

1744
1744

UL OF MAN,

ND THE

ALITY THEREOF.

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bring,
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c.
tes the
within,
ray,

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we
learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the Soul is air; another fire;
Another blood, diffus'd about the heart;
Another faith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our Souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomics,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral Soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary;
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of the veins;
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all con-
tains.

Could any pow'r of Sense the Roman move,
To ban his own right-hand with courage stout?
Could Sense make Murina fit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty goat?

Doubleless, in man there is a nature found,
Beside the Senses, and above them far;
" Though most men being in sensual pleasures
" drows'd,
" It seems their Souls but in their Senses are."

If we had nought but Sense, then only they
Should have found minds, which have their
Senses sopp'd:

But Wisdom grows, when Senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest Sense is found.

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than
As having Sense's apprehensive might, [we;
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring Sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outides knows, the soul through all things
sees: [view:
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords
true.

But why do I the Soul and Sense divide,
When Sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth
grow
In th' inward Soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
"The pow'r of Sense, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the Sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

SECTION III.

*That the Soul is more than the Temperature
of the Humours of the Body.*

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the Body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them such high perfection good?

As if most skill in that musician were
Which had the best, and best can'di
As if the pencil neat, and colours due
Had pow'r to make the painter can

Why doth not beauty then refine the
And good complexion rectify the w
Why doth not health bring wisdom in
Why doth not sickness make men in

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water fit
What alchymist can draw, with all his
The quintessence of these out of the

If th' elements which have no life, no
Can breed in us so great a pow'r as
Why give they not themselves like us
Or other things wherein their mix

If she were but the Body's quality,
Then she would be with it sick,
But we perceive where these privations
In healthy, perfect, and sharp-sight

If she the Body's nature did partake,
Her strength would with the Bod
But when the Body's strongest grows
Then is the Soul most active, quick

If she were but the Body's accident,
And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow, she might herself ab
And in the Body's substance not be:

But it on her, not she on it depends;
For she the Body doth sustain and ch
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lend
That when they fail, then doth the I

Since then the Soul works by herself al
Springs not from Sense, nor humours;
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a substance, and a perfect be

SECTION IV.

That the Soul is a Spirit.

BUT though this substance be the root
Sense knows her not, which doth
know:
She is a Spirit, and heav'nly influence,
Which from th' fountain of God's

She is a Spirit, yet not like air, or win
Nor like the spirits about the heart,
Nor like those spirits which alchymist
When they in ev'ry thing seek gold

For she all natures under heaven doth;
Being like those spirits, which God's
Or like Himself, whose image once she
Though now (alas!) she scarce his

OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

forms, she holds the first degree,
 e to gross, material bodies knit;
 rself is bodyless, and free;
 ough confin'd, is almost infinite.

a Body, ¶ how could she remain
 this Body, which is less than she?
 uld she the world's great shape con-
 a,
 our narrow breasts contained be?

are confin'd within some place,
 all place within herself confines:
 have their measure, and their space;
 can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

can at once two forms admit,
 she one the other do deface;
 Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
 ic intrudes into her neighbour's place.

are with other Bodies fill'd,
 receives both heav'n and earth together:
 air forms by rash encounter spill'd,
 ere they stand, and neither toucheth
 er.

er wide embracements filled be;
 that most and greatest things embrace,
 hereby their mind's capacity,
 me enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

receiv'd, do such proportion take,
 things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
 affes little faces make,
 row webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

: vast Body must we make the mind,
 are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and
 ds;

ch thing a proper place doth find,
 h thing in the true proportion stands?

this could not be, but that she turns
 o Spirits, by sublimation strange;
 erts to fire the things it burns;
 ur meats into our nature change.

gross matter she abstracts the forms,
 ws a kind of quintessence from things;
 er proper nature she transforms,
 them light on her celestial wings.

she, when, from things particular,
 abstract the universal kinds,
 ylets and immaterial are,
 be only lodg'd within our minds.

rom divers accidents and acts,
 o within her observation fall,
 es, and pow'rs divine abstracts;
 e, fortune, and the virtues all.

¶ That it cannot be a Body.

Again; how can the sev'ral Bodies know,
 If in herself a body's form she bear?
 How can a mirror sundry faces show,
 If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
 Except our eyes were of all colours void;
 Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
 Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
 Except his mind be from all passions free:
 Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
 If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
 Were it as swift as in the wind or fire,
 (Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
 And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time must move,
 And not in instants thro' all places slide:
 But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
 In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's sent as soon to China, as to Spain;
 And thence returns, as soon as she is sent:
 She measures with one time, and with one pain,
 An ell of silk, and heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the Soul a substance hath alone,
 Besides the Body in which she's confin'd;
 So hath she not a Body of her own,
 But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since Body and Soul have such diversities, [gan;
 Well might we muse, how first their match be-
 But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
 And fix'd the earth, first form'd the soul in man.

This true, Prometheus first made man of earth,
 And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
 Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,
 Doth in all sons of men their Souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
 From Jove, without a mother, to proceed;
 So our true Jove, without a mother's aid;
 Doth daily millions of Minervas breed.

SECTION V.

Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of Souls.

THEM neither from eternity before, begun,
 Nor from the time, when time's first point
 Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
 Some in the moon, and others in the sun:

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
 These virgin spirits, 'till their marriage-day;
 Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
 Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
 Infusing part in beasts and part in men;
 And, as unwilling further pains to take,
 Would make no more than those he fram'd
 then.

So that the widow Soul, her Body dying,
 Unto the next born Body married was;
 And to by often changing, and supplying, [pass.
 Men's Souls to beasts, and beasts to men did

(These thoughts are fond; for since the Bodies born
 Be more in number far, than those that die,
 Thousands must be abortive and forlorn,
 Ere others deaths to them their Souls supply:)

But as God's handmaid, Nature, doth create
 Bodies in time distinct, and order due;
 So God gives Souls the like successive share,
 Which himself makes, in Bodies formed new:

Which himself makes of no material thing;
 For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
 Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
 From air or fire, or substance of the heav'n,

Nor herein doth he Nature's service use;
 For tho' from Bodies, the rest Bodies bring,
 Yet could she never Souls from Souls traduce,
 As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

SECTION VI.

That the Soul is not ex traduce.

ALAS! that some who were great lights of old,
 And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
 Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
 Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
 That ev'ry soul unto her Body knit,
 Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
 The root of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say that God the Soul doth make,
 But we must make him author of her sin?
 Then from man's Soul she doth beginning take,
 Since in man's Soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
 (Which God forbid our thoughts should yield
 unto:)
 Or makes the Body her fair form to spill,
 Which, of itself, it had not power to do.

Not Adam's Body, but his Soul did sin,
 And so herself unto corruption brought;
 But our poor Sins corrupted is within,
 Ere she had sinn'd, either in act, or thought:

And yet we see in her such pow'rs
 As we could gladly think, from God
 Eain would we make him author of
 If for the dregs we could some oil

ANSWER.

Thus these good men with holy zeal
 When on the other part the truth
 Whereof we do clear demonstration
 By light of nature, and by light di-

None are so gross as to contend for
 That Souls from Bodies may trade
 Between, whose natures no proportion
 When root and branch in nature li-

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
 That souls from souls spiritually
 Which (if the nature of the Soul be
 Will e'en in nature prove as gross.

SECTION VII.

Reasons drawn from Nature.

For all things made, are either made
 Or made of stuff that ready made
 Of nought no creature ever form'd or
 For that is proper to th' Almighty

If then the Soul another Soul do make
 Because her pow'r is kept within
 She must some former stuff, or matter
 But in the Soul there is no matter

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
 With any matter which the world
 Then she of nothing must created be;
 And to create, to God alone pertain

Again, if Souls do other Souls beget,
 'Tis by themselves, or by the Body's
 If by themselves, what doth their work
 But they might Souls engender ev'ry

If by the Body, how can wit and will
 Join with the Body only in this act,
 Since when they do their other works
 They from the Body do themselves act

Again, if Souls of Souls begotten were,
 Into each other they should change in
 And change and motion still corruption
 How shall we then the Soul immortal

If, lastly, Souls do generation use,
 Then should they spread incorruptible
 What then becomes of that which they:
 When th' act of generation do not use

And tho' the Soul could cast spiritual fit
 Yet would she not, because she never
 For mortal things desire their like to be:
 That so they may their kind inherit.

angels, sons of God are nam'd,
 Not, nor are in marriage giv'n :
 Yours are of one substance fram'd,
 Father, e'en the Lord of heaven ;

First, that in each other thing,
 In water living Souls should breed,
 Soul, whom he would make their

himself immediately proceed.

Look the woman from man's side,
 Herself inspir'd her Soul alone :
 He did man's Soul divide,
 Of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Being made man for man's own

Use man in all, except in sin,
 The virgin's womb did take ;
 God form'd his Soul within.

Form'd from God ; so Pagans say,
 Nature's light her heav'nly kind ;
 To God, and God's bright ray,
 Heav'n, to earth confin'd.

They pluck me by the ear,
 Sing mufe to boldly termed blind !
 The heav'nly light, that cloud to

Them think, God doth not make

SECTION VIII.

Of sins from Divinity.

Makes her, and doth make her

Part in the Body, there to spring ;
 It be corrupted flesh and blood,
 Of the Soul corruption bring :

He author of her ill,
 Or of her being, and being there :
 To judge our Maker's will,
 Not us, and himself can clear.

Infinite eternity
 It hath been, is, or shall be done ;
 I, that ev'ry man should be,
 In, his race of life should run :

Use all the Souls to make,
 It been made, or ever shall ;
 Being they should only take
 Lies, or not be at all.

That such a weak event
 Itself, the sin and fall of man)
 Prevention should prevent,
 Itself before the world began ?

Or that one penal law by Adam broke,
 Should make God break his own eternal law ;
 The settled order of the world revoke,
 And change all forms of things which he
 foresaw ?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
 In sunder rent that adamant chain,
 Whose golden links, effects and causes be ; [main ?
 And which to God's own chair doth fix'd re-

Could we see how cause from cause doth spring :
 How mutually they link'd and folded are !
 And hear how oft one disagreeing string
 The harmony doth rather make than mar !

And view at once, how death by sin is brought ;
 And how from death, a better life doth rise !
 How this God's justice, and his mercy taught !
 We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
 The sight of things successively do take ;
 When God on all at once his view doth cast ;
 And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in Himself, as in a glass, he sees ; [be :
 For from Him, by Him, thro' Him, all things
 His sight is not discourfiv'e, by degrees ;
 But seeing th' whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on Adam, as a root, or well ;
 And on his heirs, as branches, and as streams :
 He sees all men, as one man, though they dwell
 In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
 And well and stream do but one river make ;
 So, if the root and well corrupted be,
 The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
 Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin ;
 This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
 And all his off-spring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends,
 (For part from whole, law severs not in this)
 So Adam's sin to the whole kind extends ;
 For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this sin of kind, not personal,
 But real, and hereditary was ;
 The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,
 By course of nature, and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,
 To ancestor and heir, to first and last ;
 So was the first transgression general :
 And all did pluck the fruit and all did taste.

Of this we find some footsteps in our law,
 Which doth her root from God and nature take ;
 Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
 And of them all, one corporation make :

ute, unreasonable wights,
 i visible king, o'er them to reign;
 self thus to the world unites,
 : world might endless bliss obtain.

SECTION X.

anner the Soul is united to the Body.

ll we this union well exprefs?
 s the Soul, her subtlety is such;
 e Body, which she doth possess;
 : toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

he not therein, as in a tent;
 lot in his ship doth sit;
 der in his web is pent;
 wax retains the print in it;

l water doth contain;
 liquor in another shed;
 at doth in the fire remain;
 ice throughout the air is spread:

: and cheerful morning light
 und there her silver beams impart,
 : ant doth herself unite
 i sparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

hole, when blows the air divide;
 re, when th' air is most corrupted;
 he air, her beams dispersing wide;
 the air is tofs'd, not interrupted:

ercing Soul the Body fill,
 all, and all in part diffus'd;
 : orruptible still;
 encounter'd, troubled or confus'd.

: above the light doth bring,
 : behold it in the air below;
 ernal Light the Soul doth spring,
 the Body she her pow'rs do show.

SECTION XI.

ul exercises her Powers in the Body.

orld's sun doth effect beget
 : dvers places ev'ry day;
 : s temperature, there Summer's heat;
 ry Spring-tide, and there Winter

re morn; here noon, there day, there
 [some dead;
 dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick,
 oor black, the European white;
 an tawny, and th' East Indian red:

: world, this Soul of ours
 one, and to one Body ty'd,
 ivers objects, divers powers;
 her effects diversify'd.

SECTION XII.

The Vegetative Power of the Soul.

HER quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
 Doth as a nurse, or as a mother serve;
 And doth employ her economic art,
 And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
 There she decocts, and doth the food prepare;
 There she distributes it to ev'ry vein.
 There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,
 Who busy was, the household things to do:
 Or to a Dryas, living in a tree:
 For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the Soul may not this pow'r extend
 Out of the Body, but still use it there;
 She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,
 Which views and searcheth all things ev'rywhere.

SECTION XIII.

The Power of Sense.

THIS pow'r is Sense, which from abroad doth
 bring [found,
 The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and
 The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
 Within earth's centre, or heav'n's circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
 Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
 As when a seal in wax impression makes,
 The print therein, but not itself, it leaves.

And though things sensible be numberless,
 But only five the Sense's organs be;
 And in those five, all things their forms exprefs,
 Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

These are the windows, thro' the which she views
 The light of knowledge, which is life's load star:
 "And yet while she these spectacles doth use,
 " Oft worldly things seem greater than they
 " are."

SECTION XIV.

Seeing.

FIRST, The two Eys, which have the seeing
 pow'r,
 Stand as one watchman, spy or centinel,
 Being plac'd aloft; within the head's high tow'r;
 And tho' both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space
 The forms of moon, and sun, and ev'ry star,
 Of ev'ry Body, and of ev'ry place; [are:
 Which with the world's wide arms embraced

SECTION XVIII.

Feeling.

the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
 h ev'ry living part itself doth shed
 which extend from head to foot,
 like a net, all o'er the body spread.

like a subtle spider, which doth sit
 like of her web, which spreadeth wide;
 to touch the utmost thread of it,
 is it instantly on ev'ry side.

the first pure qualities we learn,
 quicken all thing's, hot, cold, moist, and
 dry;
 hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern:
 oh, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.

SECTION XIX.

the Imagination, or Common Sense.

these are the outward instruments of sense;
 these are the guards which ev'ry thing must
 pass,
 to reach the mind's intelligence,
 like the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

these porters, which all things admit,
 themselves perceive not, nor discern the things:
 upon pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
 and all their proper forms together brings.

these those nerves, which spirits of sense do
 bear,
 to those outward organs spreading go,
 here, as in a centre, there; ^{know.}
 there this pow'r those sundry forms doth

outward organs present things receive;
 inward sense doth absent things retain;
 it transmits all forms she doth perceive,
 an higher region of the brain.

SECTION XX.

Fantasy.

like Fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
 she beholds, and doth discern them all;
 she stands in one, things different in their kind;
 she pares the black and white, the great and
 small.

like those single forms she doth esteem,
 in her balance doth their values try;
 some things good, and some things ill do
 seem,
 like neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
 For when the outward senses rest do take,
 A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
 With flutt'ring wings, do keep her still awake.

SECTION XXI.

Sensitive Memory.

Yet always all may not afore her be;
 Successively she this and that intends;
 Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
 To Memory's large volume she commends.

This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
 Like Janus' eye, which in his poll was set;
 The layman's rapier, storehouse of the mind;
 Which doth remember much, and much forgets.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
 As when a stone is into water cast,
 One circle doth another circle make,
 Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

SECTION XXII.

The Passion of the Sense.

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
 The motive virtue then begins to move;
 Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
 Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and
 love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
 And divers actions in our life do breed;
 For all acts done without true reason's light,
 Do from the passion of the sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
 How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
 The mutual love, the kind intelligence [bring.
 'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth
 reign,
 The spirits of life do their beginning take;
 These spirits of life ascending to the brain,
 When they come there, the spirits of sense do
 make.

These spirits of sense, in Fantasy's high court,
 Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
 And so they send a good or ill report
 Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
 And longing hope, and well-assured joy;
 If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
 And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good;
 (For they which want them, blocks or devils be)
 If reason in her first perfection stood,
 That the might nature's passions rectify.

SECTION XXIII.

Local Motion.

BESIDES, another motive-power doth arise
 Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do
 spring
 The vital spirits; which, born in arteries,
 Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire:
 This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
 And makes the Body to advance, retire,
 To turn, or stop, as the them slack or strains.

Thus the Soul tunes the Body's instruments,
 These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
 The organs fit are by the body lent,
 But th' actions flow from the Soul's influence.

SECTION XXIV.

The intellectual Powers of the Soul.

BUT now I have a will, yet want a wit,
 T' express the working of the wit and will;
 Which, though their root be to the body knit,
 Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the Soul declare,
 For to man's Soul these only proper be;
 For on the earth no other wights there are
 That have these heav'nly powers, but only we.

SECTION XXV.

Will, Reason, Understanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wisdom.

THE Wit, the pupil of the Soul's clear eye,
 And in man's world the only shining star,
 Looks in the mirror of the fantasy,
 Where all the gath'nings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things ab-
 stracts,
 And them within her passive part receives,
 Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts;
 And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing things,
 She doth all universal natures know,
 And all effects into their causes bring.

When she rates things, and moves from
 ground.

The name of Reason she obtains by this
 But when by Reason she the truth hath
 And standeth fix'd, she Understanding

When her assent she lightly doth incline
 To either part, she his opinion's light:
 But when she doth by principles define
 A certain truth, she hath true Judgment

And as from senses Reason's work doth
 So many Reasons Understanding gains;
 And many Understandings knowledge be
 And by much knowledge, Wisdom we

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,
 Ere we attain to Wisdom's high degree
 So doth this earth eclipse our Reason's light
 Which else (in instances) would like any

SECTION XXVI.

Innate Ideas in the Soul.

YET hath the Soul a dowry natural,
 And sparks of light, some common thing
 Not being a blank where naught is writ
 But what the writer will, may written

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth
 Prescribing truth to wit, and good to
 Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
 For ev'ry thought or practice, good or

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
 Making the world, and all therein, the
 As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
 Being nourish'd still with new supplies

And though these sparks were almost
 with sin,
 Yet they whom that just One hath just
 Have them increas'd with heav'nly light
 And like the widow's oil, still multiply

SECTION XXVII.

*The Power of Will, and Relation between
 and Will.*

AND as this Wit should goodness truly know
 We have a Will, which that true good
 chooseth
 Though Will do oft (when Wit false for
 Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth
 Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates
 And as from Wit the pow'r of Wisdom is
 All other virtues daughters are of Will

is the prince, and Wit the counsellor,
 rich doth for common good in council sit;
 when Wit is resolv'd, Will lends her pow'r
 execute what is advis'd by Wit.

is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
 fancy's court the judgments false and vain;
 holds the royal sceptre in the Soul,
 d on the passions of the heart doth reign.

as free as any emperor,
 might can restrain her gentle liberty:
 rant, nor no torment, hath the pow'r
 make us will, when we unwilling be.

SECTION XXVIII.

The Intellectual Memory.

these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
 were they all arts and gen'ral reasons lay;
 h in the Soul, e'en after death, remain,
 d no Lethæan flood can wash away.

SECTION XXIX.

dependency of the Soul's faculties upon each other.

is the Soul, and these her virtues be;
 rich, though they have their sundry proper
 me exceeds another in degree, [ends,
 : each on other mutually depends.

rit is giv'n Almighty God to know;
 r will is giv'n to love him, being known:
 od could not be known to us below,
 : by his works, which through the sense are
 shewn.

is the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
 doth the quick'ning pow'r the senses feed:
 while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
 'The best the service of the least doth need."

so the king his magistrates do serve;
 : commons feed both magistrates and king:
 ommons' peace the magistrates preserve,
 borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth
 spring.

quick'ning power would be, and so would
 rest:
 s sense would not be only, but be well:
 rit's ambition longeth to the best,
 it desires in endless bliss to dwell.

these three pow'rs three sorts of men do
 make:
 : some, like plants, their veins do only fill;
 some, like beasts, their senses pleasures take;
 d some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,
 And others did with brutish forms invest,
 And did of others make celestial pow'rs,
 Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three Souls, but
 one;
 As one and two are both contain'd in three;
 Three being one number by itself alone,
 A shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh! what is man (great Maker of mankind!)
 That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
 That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire;
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dew'r
 Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
 But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
 There cannot be a creature more divine,
 Except (like thee) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
 God hath rais'd men, since God a man became;
 The angels do admire this mystery,
 And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
 Nor made them on the Body's life depend:
 The Soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
 And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SECTION XXX.

That the Soul is immortal, proved by several Reasons.

Here only end is never-ending bliss;
 Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
 Who, last of ends, and first of causes, is;
 And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,
 Which thinks his Soul doth with his body
 die;
 Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
 That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
 Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
 Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
 And when we die, doth turn to wind at last:

Although they say, come let us eat and drink;
 Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies;
 Though thus they say, they know not what to
 think;
 But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise:

Therefore no hereticks desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these epicures;
For so their flagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience
strive,

There are some sparkles in their stinky breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive; beasts.
That though they would, they cannot quite be

But whofo makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein.
His Soul's eternity shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

REASON I.

Drawn from the desire of Knowledge.

First, in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the essence of the Soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native might
To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind:

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense
do strain,

That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done).
In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter must be perfected in heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did use the same:
Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be
blind;
Most legs can nimble run, though some be lame.

But in this life no soul the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON II.

Drawn from the Notion of the Soul.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head, from whence it
spring:

Then since no eternal God she doth aspire
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

" All moving things to other things do
" Of the same kind which shews them
" such."

So earth falls down, and fire doth mount:
Till both their proper elements do touch

And as the moisture, which the thirsty ear
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty ve
From out her womb at last doth take a
And runs a lymph along the grassy plain

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the bay
From whose soft side she first did issue
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and
As that her course doth make no hind
Till she herself unto the ocean hie,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lie

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly man
The Spirit of God doth secretly inhale,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and
things;

She flies close by the ground, and hovers
And mounts not up with her celestial w

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree:
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought:
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense contentment find
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mi

Then as a bee which among weeds doth
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lust
and gay;

She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all
But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and flies

So, when the Soul finds here no true content
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing
She doth return from whence she first was
And flies to him that first her wings did

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause
And never rests, till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

* The Soul compared to a swere.

Now God the Truth, and first of Causes is ;
 God is the last good end, which lasteth still ;
 Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this ;
 Alpha to Wit, Omega to the Will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
 In that to God she doth directly move ;
 And on no mortal thing can make her stray,
 She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
 She cannot here so well, and truly see ;
 For this perfection she must yet attend,
 Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
 Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
 On none of them can fix a constant thought,
 Though she to all do lend a gentle ear :

Yet she can love a foreign emperor,
 Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears
 to be,
 If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
 Or but his letters, or his pictures see :

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
 Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign ;
 Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
 Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin-soul on earth doth stay,
 She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways,
 By these great pow'rs, which on the earth bear
 sway ;
 The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure,
 praise :

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
 These do by fits her fantasy possess ;
 But she distastes them all within a while,
 And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King
 she once doth fix her humble loving thought,
 Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
 And sacred messages, her love hath fought ;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much ;
 This honey tasted still, is ever sweet ;
 The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
 As almost here she with her bliss doth meet :

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
 This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss ;
 Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be ;
 Her joys are full, her motions rest in this :

There is she crown'd with garlands of content ;
 There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink :
 That presence doth such high delights present,
 As never tongue could speak, nor heart could
 think.

REASON III.

*From Contempt of Death in the better Sort
 of Spirits.*

For this, the better souls do oft despise
 The Body's death, and do it oft desire ;
 For when on ground, the burthen'd balance lies,
 The empty part is lifted up the higher :

But if the body's death the Soul should kill,
 Then death must needs against her nature be ;
 And were it so, all Souls would fly it still,
 For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which nature makes to be,
 Their being to preserve are chiefly taught ;
 And though some things desire a change to see,
 Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the Soul were quenched quite,
 She could not thus against her nature run ;
 Since ev'ry senseless thing, by nature's light,
 Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
 If death took all, that they should agree,
 Before this life, their honour to prefer ;
 For what is praise to things that nothing be ?

Again, if by the Body's prop she stand ;
 If on the Body's life, her life depend,
 As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
 The body's good she only would intend :

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
 To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
 To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
 When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtless, all Souls have a surviving thought,
 Therefore of death we think with quiet mind ;
 But if we think of being turn'd to naught,
 A trembling horror in our Souls we find.

REASON IV.

From the Fear of Death in wicked Souls.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
 A scorn of death, doth shew she cannot die ;
 So when the wicked Soul death's face doth fear,
 E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, she feareth not
 An utter quenching or extinguishment ;
 She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
 That so she might all future ill prevent :

But she doth doubt what after may befall ;
 For nature's law accuseth her within,
 And faith, 'tis true what is affirm'd by all,
 That after death there is a pain for sin.

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her
birth,

Doth first herself within death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Whoever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their Souls to ev'ry faint?

When was there ever curs'd atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphem'd all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the
truth.

If then all Souls, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that Souls can never die;
'Tis not men's flattering gloss, but nature's
speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

REASON V.

From the general Desire of Immortality.

Hence springs that universal strong desire;
Which all men have of immortality:
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire;
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities;
"Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
"But one assent of all, is ever wise."

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching, and progression of the mind,
Which all men have so much of future things,
That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By toms, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence it is, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

REASON VI.

*From the very Doubt and Disputation of
Immortality.*

And though some impious wits do question
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

When we judge, our minds we mirrors
As those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not know

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly shew,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know

So when the Soul mounts with so high a wing
As of eternal things she doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove

For ev'n the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the Body's aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,
Although the Body in the grave were hid.

SECTION XXXI.

That the Soul cannot be destroyed.

And if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because herself she never can forsake."

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause * that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause hath perhaps deign'd
Which to the Soul may utter quenching bring

Perhaps her cause may cease †, and the may die
God is her cause, his Word her Maker was
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When heav'n and earth shall like a
pass

* Her cause ceaseth not,
† She hath no contrary.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill;
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life and death, peace, and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth nor disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine *;
But that were strange, since all things bad and
good;

Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine;
Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality:
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind,
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps the Soul destroys †,
As lightning, or the sun-beams dim the sight;
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noise,
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite :

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
T' encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when the views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's gods, 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band;
" And will is free, and can no force abide."

But lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r ‡
To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
Only the Soul survives, and lives for ay.

" Our Bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
" March towards death, until at last they die:
" Whether they work or play, or sleep or wake,
" Our life doth pass, and with time's wings
" doth fly :

But to the Soul time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which near to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more in-
crease :

And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease ?

* She cannot die for want of food.
† Violence cannot destroy her.
‡ Time cannot destroy her.

SECTION XXXII.

*Objections against the Immortality of the Soul, with
their respective Answers.*

BUT now these epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true,
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

OBJECTION I.

For, what, say they? doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull, and
cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What! are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can there ideots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazled are, now clearly see?

ANSWER.

These questions make a subtle argument
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses, gath'ring should retain,
By nature, or by chance, become unfit :

Either at first incapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all receives;
Or marr'd by accident, which haps amiss:
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the Soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undispos'd be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the ideot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and choose the good;
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a frenzy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blot the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds:
Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue;
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fancy wrought;
Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be,
Not in the soul, or in her working might:
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,
Though mists and clouds do choke her window light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the agent, but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The Soul in all hath one intelligence:
Though too much moisture in an infant's
brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the Soul want work, and idle sit,
And this we childishness and dotage call;
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
If she had stuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
Give but the aged man, the young man's
sense;

Let but Medea, Æson's youth repair,
And straight she shews her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
That he his nimble figures may apply;
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
But of the sense; for if the mind did waste,
In all old men we should this wasting find,
When they some certain term of years had
pass'd;

But most of them, e'en to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick and strong;
And better use their understanding pow'r,
Then when their brains were warm, and limbs
were young.

For, though the Body wasted be and weak,
And though the leaden form of earth it be,
Yet when we hear that half dead Body speak
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly sphere.

OBJECTION II.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
Then hath the Soul no pow'r her pow'rs to
So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she?
For since from ev'ry thing some pow'r
spring;
And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding
Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the

ANSWER.

Doubtless, the Body's death, when once it die,
The instrument of sense and life doth kill;
So that she cannot use those faculties,
Although the root rest in her substance still.

But (as the Body living) wit and will
Can judge and choose, without the Body's
Though not such objects they are working fit
As through the Body's organs are convey'd.

So, when the Body serves her turn no more,
And all her senses are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horsemanship, and learn
skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away
Doth he not keep his former learning still?

He keeps it doubtless, and can use it too;
And doth both t' other skills in pow'r retain
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meet again.

So though the instruments, (by which we live
And view the world) the Body's death do
Yet with the Body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

OBJECTION III.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ?
Her spics are dead, which brought home
before:

What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor souls, which nothing get,
Or what do those which get, and cannot
Like bucklers bottomless, which all outlet;
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sit

ANSWER.

See how man's Soul against itself doth strive:
 Why should we not have other means to know?
 As children, while within the womb they live,
 Feed by the navel: here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of sense,
 And should by chance their mother's talking
 Hear,
 That in short time they shall come forth from thence,
 Would fear their birth, more than our death
 we fear.

They would cry out, if we this place shall leave,
 Then shall we break our tender navel-strings:
 How shall we then our nourishment receive,
 Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these babes reply,
 That into this fair world they shall be brought,
 Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
 The glorious sun, and all that God hath
 wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
 Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure
 take;

Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet;
 And of their little limbs, tall Bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
 Do think the story of the golden age;
 Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
 Which hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
 Though then thereof they nothing could con-
 ceive:

As soon as they are born, the world they view,
 And with their mouths, the nurses milk receive.

So when the Soul is born (for death is naught
 But the Soul's birth, and so we should it call)
 Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;
 And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,
 She hears not by report of double spies;
 Herself in infants doth all things explore;
 For each thing's present, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But still this crew with questions me pursues:
 If Souls deceas'd they say still living be,
 Why do they not return, to bring us new-
 Of that strange world, where they such wonders
 see?

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
 Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
 Though none come thence, advertisement to give,
 Why bear we not the late faith of our Souls?

The Soul hath here on earth no more to do,
 Than we have business in our mother's womb;
 What child doth covet to return thereto,
 Although all children first from thence do come?

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
 Did shew, she footing found, for all the flood;
 So when good Souls, departed through death's
 door,
 Come not again, it shews their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a Soul as up doth mount,
 And doth appear before her Maker's face,
 Holds this vile world in such a base account,
 As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detruded down to hell,
 Either for shame, they still themselves retire;
 Or tied in chains, they in close prison dwell,
 And cannot come, although they much desire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is,
 To think our Souls to heav'n or hell do go;
 Politic men have thought it not amiss,
 To spread this lie, to make men virtuous so.

ANSWER.

Do you then think this moral virtue good?
 I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
 For commonwealths by virtue ever flood,
 And common good the private doth contain.

If then this virtue you do love so well,
 Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
 But you this lie must to the people tell,
 That good Souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must virtue be preserved by a lie?
 Virtue and truth do ever best agree;
 By this it seems to be a verity,
 Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the devil the father is of lies,
 So vice and mischief do his lies ensue;
 Then this good doctrine did not he devise;
 But made this lie, which saith, it is not true.

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue
 Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
 Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
 As, loadstone-like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,
 The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledge this;
 This mystery to the wild Indian known,
 And to the Cannibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
 As common in the North, as in the East;
 This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
 But of itself is native in the breast.

H Y M N S O F A S T R E A, IN ACROSTIC VERSE.

HYMN I.

Of Astrea.

BEFORE the day doth spring,
us awake, my Muse, and sing;
is no-time to slumber;
many joys this time doth bring,
time will fail to number.

whereunto shall we bend our lays?
up to Heaven, again to raise
Maid which thence descended,
h brought again the golden days,
I all the world amended.

benefit itself she doth refine,
n like an alchymist divine,
six times of iron turning
to the purest form of gold;
to corrupt, till heaven wax old,
I be refin'd with burning.

HYMN II.

To Astrea.

ETERNAL Virgin, Goddess true,
me presume to sing to you.
re, e'en great Jove hath leisure
netimes to hear the vulgar crew,
d hears them oft with pleasure.

OL. II.

Blessed Astrea, I in part
Enjoy the blessings you impart.
The peace, the milk and honey,
Humanity, and civil art,
A richer dow'r than money.

Right glad am I that now I live,
E'en in these days whereto, you give
Great happiness and glory;
I f after you I should be born,
N o doubt I should my birth-day scorn,
A dmiring your sweet story.

HYMN III.

To the Spring.

EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue,
Lively spring which makes all new,
I olly spring doth enter;
S weet young sun-beams do subdue
A ngr, aged winter.

Blasts are mild, and seas are calm,
E very meadow flows with balm,
T he earth wears all her riches;
H armonious birds sing such a psalm,
A s ear and heart bewitches.

R evere (sweet spring) this nymph of ours,
E ternal garlands of thy flow'rs,
G reen garlands never wasting;
I n her shall last our state's fair spring,
N ow and for ever flourishing,
A s long as heav'n is lasting.

Y y

HYMN IV.

To the Month of May.

EACH day of thine, sweet month of May,
 Love makes a solemn holy-day.
 I will perform like duty,
 Sith thou resemblest every way
 A fire, queen of beauty.

Both your fresh beauties do partake;
 Either's aspect doth summer make,
 Thoughts of young love awaking;
 Hearts you both do cause to ache,
 And yet be pleas'd with aching.

Right dear art thou, and so is she,
 E'en like attracting sympathy;
 Gains unto both like dearthness;
 I ween this made antiquity,
 Nameless, Sweet May of Majesty;
 As being both like in clearness.

HYMN V.

To the Lark.

EARLY cheerful mounting lark,
 Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,
 In merry notes delighting;
 Sustain awhile thy song, and hark,
 And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heav'n it bear,
 E'en up to heav'n, and Gog it there,
 To heav'n each morning bear it;
 Have it set to some sweet sphere,
 And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
 Exceeding great in worth and fame,
 Great worth hath so renown'd it;
 It is Astrea's name I praise;
 Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
 And in high heaven recount it.

HYMN VI.

To the Nightingale.

EVERY night from ev'n to morn,
 Love's chorister amid the thorn
 Is now so sweet a singer,
 So sweet, as for her song I scorn
 A polio's voice and singer.

But nightingale, sith you delight
 Ever to watch the starry night,
 Tell all the stars of heaven,
 Heaven never had a star so bright,
 As now to earth is given.

Royal Astrea makes our day
 Eternal with her beams, nor may
 Gross darkness overcome her;
 I now perceive why fumes do write,
 No country hath so sweet a night,
 As England hath in summer.

HYMN VII.

To the Rose.

EYES of the garden, queen of flow'rs,
 Love's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,
 I ngender'd first of nectar;
 Sweet nurse-child of the spring's young hours,
 And beauty's fair character.

Best jewel that the earth doth wear,
 E'en when the brave young sun draws near,
 To her hot love pretending;
 Fit itself likewise like form doth bear,
 A rising and descending.

Rose of the Queen of Love below'd;
 England's great kings divinely mov'd,
 Gave roses in their banner;
 It shew'd that beauty's rose indeed,
 Now in this age should thus succeed,
 And reign in more sweet manner.

HYMN VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

EUROPE, the earth's sweet paradise;
 Let all thy kings that would be wise,
 In politic devotion,
 Sail hither to observe her eyes,
 And mark her heav'nly motion.

Brave princesses of this civil age,
 Enter into this pilgrimage:
 This faint's tongue's an oracle;
 Her eye hath made a prince a page,
 And works each day a miracle.

Raise but your looks to her, and see
 E'en the true beams of majesty,
 Great princes, mark her duly;
 If all the world you do survey,
 No forehead spreads so bright a ray,
 And notes a prince so truly.

HYMN IX.

To Flora.

EMPERESS of flow'rs, tell where away
 Lies your sweet court this May,
 In Greenwich garden alleys:
 Since there the heav'nly pow'rs do play
 And haunt no other valleys.

majesty,
 three times three,
 ours, and graces,
 in the place to be,
 places.

did them draw,
 Altraa saw,
 fought for pleasure:
 ring crowns of flow'rs,
 Altraa's dowers,
 v'n that treasure.

HYMN X.

Month of September.

th praise in some degree;
 ers seem to be
 etest season;
 art best to me,
 lease my reason.

thy corn nor wine
 d days of thine,
 d wine might praise thee,
 e honour more divine,
 uncs raise thee.

you (sweet Month) for this,
 her birth-day is,
 eace, and honour
 r with her were born,
 still her crown adorn,
 upon her.

HYMN XI.

To the Sun.

d, fountain of light,
 l death of night,
 y kindness:
 ot my feeble sight,
 ot with blindness.

ly from that face,
 e now dost run thy race,
 e now thou turnest;
 om chang'd thy place,
 sily turned.

HYMN XII.

To her Picture.

E XTREME was his audacity,
 L ittle his skill that finish'd thee;
 I am ashamed and sorry,
 S o dull her counterfeit should be,
 A nd the so full of glory.

B ut here are colours red and white,
 E ach line, and each proportion right;
 T hese lines, this red and whiteness,
 H ave wanting yet a life and light,
 A majesty, and brightness.

R ude counterfeit, I then did err,
 E 'en now when I would needs infer
 G reat boldness in thy maker:
 I did mistake, he was not bold,
 N or durst his eyes her eyes behold,
 A nd this made him mistake her.

HYMN XIII.

Of her Mind.

E ARTH, now adieu, my ravish'd thought;
 L ifted to heav'n sets thee at naught;
 I nfinite is my longing,
 S ecrets of angels to be taught,
 A nd things to heav'n belonging.

B rought down from heav'n of angels kind,
 E 'en now I do admire her mind,
 T his is my contemplation,
 H er clear sweet spirit which is refin'd,
 A bove human creation.

R ich sun-beam of th' eternal light,
 E xcellent Soul, how shall I write;
 G ood angels make me able;
 I cannot see but by your eye,
 N or, but by your tongue, signify
 A thing so admirable.

HYMN XIV.

Of the Sun-beams of her Mind.

E XCEEDING glorious is the star,
 L et us behold her beams afar
 I n a side line reflected;
 S he bears them not, when near they are,
 I n right lines directed.

I n her virtue's beams,
 I n sun-like to all realms;
 I n views too nearly:
 I n goodness in the streams,
 I n that well and clearly.

R adiant virtues, if your light
E nfeble the best judgment's sight,
G reat splendor above meafure
I s in the mind, from whence you flow:
N o wit may have access to know,
A nd view fo'tright a treasure.

HYMN XV.

Of her Wit.

R e of that mind most quick and clear,
L ike heaven's eye which from his sphere
I nto all things piereth,
S ees through all things ev'ry where,
A nd all their natures trieth.

B right image of an angel's wit,
E xceeding sharp and swift like it,
T hings instantly discerning:
H aving a nature infinite,
A nd yet increas'd by learning.

R ebound upon thyself thy light,
E njoy thine own sweet precious sight,
G ive us but some reflection;
I t is enough for us if we,
N ow in her speech, now policy,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMN XVI.

Of her Will.

E VER well affected will,
L owing goodness, loathing ill,
I nestimable treasure!
S ince such a power hath power to spill,
A nd save us at her pleasure.

B e thou our law, sweet will, and say,
E v'n what thou wilt, we will obey
T his law; if I could read it;
H erein would I spend night and day,
A nd study still to plead it.

R oyal free-will, and only free,
E ach other will is slave to thee;
G lad is each will to serve thee:
I n thee such princely pow'rs is seen,
N o spirit but takes thee for her queen,
A nd thinks she must observe thee.

HYMN XVII.

Of her Memory.

E XCELLENT jewels would you see,
L ovely ladies come with me,
I will (for love I owe you)
S how you as rich a treasury,
A s East or West can shew you.

B ehold, if you can judge of it,
E v'n that great store-house of her wit
T hat beautiful large table,
H er memory, wherein is writ
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this fair book, and you shall see
E xquisite skill; if you discern,
G ain heav'n by this discerning;
I n such a memory divine,
N ature did form the Muses nine,
A nd Pallas queen of learning.

HYMN XVIII.

Of her Reason.

E XQUISITE curiosity,
L ook on thyself with judging eye,
I f aught be faulty, leave it:
S o delicate a fantasy
A s this, will straight perceive it.

B ecause her temper is so fine,
E ndow'd with harmonious divine;
T herefore if discord strike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd sadly do dislike it.

R ight otherwise a pleasure sweet,
E 'er she takes in actions meet,
G racing with smiles such meetings;
I n her fair forehead beams appear,
N o summer's day is half so clear,
A dorn'd with half that sweetness.

HYMN XIX.

Of the Organs of her mind.

E CLIPS'D she is, and her bright rays
L ie under veils, yet many ways
I s her fair form revealed;
S he diversely herself conveys,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y instruments her pow'rs appear
E xceedingly well tun'd and clear:
T his lute is still in measure,
H olds still in tune, e'en like a sphere.
A nd yields the world sweet pleasure.

R esolve me, Muse, how this thing is
E re a body like to this
G ave heav'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make
N o doubt the angels bodies take,
A bove our common nature.

HYMNS OF ASTREA.

HYMN XX.

Of the Passions of the Heart.

Not th' inscrutable heart,
 e of her, though she in part
 o the subject ;
 , although from heav'n thou art,
 heav'nly object.

He hath a heart, we know,
 affions thence do flow,
 er ruled with honour ;
 ent reigns, they wait below,
 ir eyes upon her.

o, they in their kind
 ach virtue of her mind,
 ith mild tranquillity ;
 regions under heav'n,
 th bear itself so even,
 o sweet facility.

HYMN XXI.

Innumerable Virtues of her Mind.

Proceed in these sweet pains
 se how many drops it rains
 id moist December ;
 ay flow'rs, and August's grains,
 s of mild September.

ea's sand in memory,
 as, and the stars in sky,
 moats which mounted,
 e beams of Phœbus eye,
 can be counted.

These numbers numberless,
 er virtue can express,
 this count will cumber.
 hyself in numb'ring schools ;
 tiers use to beg for fools,
 cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

Of her Wisdom.

'd wisdom, life's loadstar,
 ear on things afar ;
 ft below'd daughter,
 her spirit all that are,
 imself hath taught her.

raight rule she rectifies
 ight that in her heart doth rise ;
 r clear true mirror,
 ng-glass, wherein the sp'ies
 of truth and error.

R ight princely virtue fit to reign,
 E nthronis'd in her spirit remain,
 G uiding our fortunes ever ;
 I f we this star once cease to see,
 N o doubt our state will shipwreck'd be,
 A nd torn and sunk for ever.

HYMN XXIII.

Of her Justice.

E xist'd Astrea's come again,
 L o here she doth all things maintain
 I n number, weight, and measure :
 S he rules us with delightful pain,
 A nd we obey with pleasure.

B y love she rules more than by law,
 E 'en her great mercy breedeth awe ;
 T his is her sword and sceptre ;
 H erewith she hearts did ever draw,
 A nd this guard ever kept her.

R eward doth sit in her right hand,
 E ach virtue thence takes her garland
 G ather'd in honour's garden :
 I n her left hand (wherein should be
 N ough but the sword) sits clemency,
 A nd conquer's vice with pardon.

HYMN XXIV.

Of her Magnanimity.

E v'n as her state, so is her mind,
 L ifted above the vulgar kind,
 I t treads proud Fortune under ;
 S un-like it sits above the wind,
 A bove the storms and thunder.

B rave spirit, large heart, admiring nought,
 E steeming each thing as it ought,
 T hat swelleth not, nor shrinketh :
 H onour is always in her thought,
 A nd of great things she thinketh.

R ocks, pillars, and heaven's axle-tree,
 E xemplify her constancy ;
 G reat changes never change her :
 I n her sex fears are wont to rise,
 N ature permits, virtue denies,
 A nd scorns the face of danger.

HYMN XXV.

Of her Moderation.

E mpress of kingdoms though she be,
 L arger is her sov'reignty,
 I f she herself do govern ;
 S ubject unto herself is she,
 A nd of herself true sovereign.

Bauty's crown though she do wear,
 Exalted into Fortune's chair,
 Thron'd like the queen of pleasure:
 Her virtues still possess her ear,
 And counsel her to measure.

Reason, if she incarnate were,
 Ev'n Reason's self could never bear
 Greatness with moderation;
 In her one temper still is seen,
 No liberty claims she as queen,
 And shews no alteration.

HYMN XXVI.

To Envy.

ENVR, go weep; my Muse and I
 Lough thee to scorn, thy feeble eye

I s dazzled with the glory
 Shining in this gay poetry,
 And little golden story.

Behold how my proud quill doth the
 Eternal nectar on her head:
 The pomp of coronation
 Hath not such pow'r her fame to spe
 As this my admiration.

Respect my pen as free and frank
 Expecting not reward nor thank,
 Great wonder only moves it;
 I never made it mercenary,
 Nor should my Muse this burthen ca
 As hir'd but that she loves it.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM EXPRESSING THE ANTIQUITY AND EXCELLENCY OF DANCING.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PENELOPE, AND ONE OF HER WOOERS.

NOT FINISHED.

TO THE PRINCE.

Sir, whatsoever you are pleas'd to do,
It is your special praise that you are bent,
And sadly set your princely mind thereto:
Which makes you in each thing so excellent.

Hence is it, that you came so soon to be
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright;
The fairest flow'r of noble chivalry;
And of Saint George's band, the bravest knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeness, and grace, you do excel,
When you do courtly dances entertain,
Then dancing's praise may be presented well.

To you, whose action adds more praise thereto,
Than all the Muses with their pens can do.

Y y IIIj

the bulwark of the earth retires,
to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

IX.

the Queen came forth from far within,
in presence of her court was seen;
etinger Phæmius did begin
the worthies that at Troy had been;
t of her Ulysses she did ween. [sing,
grave hymn the heav'nly man would
is wars, or of his wandering.

X.

1019 with her sweet breath divine
immortal beauty in her eyes,
celestial glory she did shine,
than Venus when she doth arise
e waters to adorn the skies;
oocers all amazed do admire,
eek their own presumptuous desire.

XI.

ous when at first he view'd [shin'd,
bright eyes that with new honour
may'd, but therewithal renew'd
eocess and splendor of his mind;
e did fit circumstances find,
he throne he boldly did advance,
ith fair manners woo'd the Queen to
ince.

XII.

of women, sith your heav'nliness
ow vouchsaf'd itself to represent
e eyes, which though they see the less,
e they bless'd in their astonishment,
e heaven whose beauty's excellent;
in continual motion day and night,
move thereby more wonder and de-
light.

XIII.

he mover be, to turn about
glorious ornaments, that youth and love
d in you, ev'ry part throughout,
if you will in timely measure move,
l those precious gems in heav'n above
l yield a sight more pleasing to behold,
hall their turns and tracings manifold."

XIV.

he modest princess blush'd and smil'd
e clear and rosy eventide;
did return this answer mild:
ir, you needs must fairly be deny'd,
e your demand cannot be satisfy'd:
e feet which nature only taught to go,
never yet the art of footing know.

XV.

persuade you me to this new rage?
ll disorder and misrule is new)
misgovernment in former age?
d divine forefathers never knew;
f they liv'd, and did the follies view
ich their fond nephews make their chief
affairs,
uld hate themselves that had begot such
heirs."

XVI.

of virtue and of beauty both,
ce cometh it (Antinous replies)

" That your imperious virtue is so loth
" To grant your beauty her chief exercise?
" Or from what spring doth your opinion rise.
" That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
" First known and us'd in this new fangled
" age?"

XVII.

" Dancing * (bright Lady) then began to be,
" When the first seeds whercof the world did
" spring,
" The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
" By love's persuasion, nature's mighty king,
" To leave their first disorder'd combating;
" And in a dance such measure to observe,
" As all the world their motion should pre-
" serve.

XVIII.

" Since when they still are carried in a round,
" And changing come one in another's place,
" Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
" But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space:
" Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
" This wond'rous miracle did love devise,
" For dancing is love's proper exercise.

XIX.

" I like this, he fram'd the God's eternal bow'r,
" And of a shapeless and confused mass,
" By his through piercing and digesting pow'r,
" The turning vault of heaven formed was:
" Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,
" As that their movings do a music frame,
" And they themselves still dance unto the
" same.

XX.

" Or if this (all) which round about we see,
" (As idle Morpheus some sick brains have
" taught)
" Of undivided notes compacted be,
" How was this goodly architecture wrought?
" Or by what means were they together
" brought?
" They err, that say they did concur by
" chance, [dance,
" Love made them meet in a well order'd

XXI.

" As when Amphion with his charming lyre
" Begot so sweet a syren of the air,
" That with her rhetoric made the stones conspire
" The ruin of a city to repair,
" (A work of wit and reason's wife affair:)
" So love's smooth tongue, the notes such
" measure taught
" That they join'd hands, and so the world
" was wrought.

XXII.

" How justly then is dancing termed new,
" Which with the world in point of time begun;
" Yea, time itself, (whose birth Jove never knew,
" And which indeed is elder than the sun)
" Had not one moment of his age outrun,
" When out leap'd dancing from the heap of
" things,
" And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

* The antiquity of dancing.

- " For by itself, each doth itself advance,
 " And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.
 XXXVIII.
 Venus, the mother of that bastard Love,
 " Which doth usurp the world's great marshal's
 " name,
 " Just with the sun her dainty feet doth move,
 " And unto him doth all the gestures frame:
 " Nor after, now afore the flattering dame,
 " With divers cunning passages doth err,
 " Still him respecting that respects not her.
 XXXIX.
 " For that brave sun the father of the day,
 " Doth love this earth, the mother of the night,
 " And like a reveller in rich array
 " Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight
 " Both back, and forth, and sideways passing
 " light,
 " His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
 " That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.
 XL.
 " But see the earth, when he approacheth near,
 " How the for joy doth spring, and sweetly
 " smile;
 " But see again her sad and heavy cheer
 " When changing places he retires a while,
 " But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
 " And make them all before his presence fly,
 " As mists consum'd before the cheerful eye.
 XLI.
 " Who doth not see the measures of the moon,
 " Which thirteen times she danceth ev'ry year?
 " And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon
 " As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
 " She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear;
 " Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
 " That half her cheek is scarce sometimes
 " descry'd.
 XLII.
 " Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire *
 " Is swiftly carried in a circle even:
 " Though Vulcan be pronounc'd by many a liar
 " The only halting god that dwells in heav'n:
 " But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
 " To your false fire, that far from heav'n is
 " fall,
 " And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all.
 XLIII.
 " And now behold your tender nurse the air †,
 " And common neighbour that aye runs around,
 " How many pictures and impressions fair:
 " Within her empty regions are there found,
 " Which to your senses dancing do propound;
 " For what are breath, speech, echoes, music,
 " winds,
 " But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?
 XLIV.
 " For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
 " Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
 " And when you speak, so well the dancing loves,
 " That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
 " With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
 " For all the words that from your lips re-
 " pair, [air,
 " Are naught but tricks and turnings of the
 " Of the fire, † Of the air.
- XLV.
 " Hence is her prattling daughter echo born,
 " That dances to all voices she can hear:
 " There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
 " Nor any time wherein she will forbear
 " The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
 " And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
 " For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.
 XLVI.
 " And thou sweet music, dancing's only life,
 " The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
 " Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
 " The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
 " With thine own tongue thou trees and stones
 " can teach,
 " That when the air doth dance her finest
 " measure,
 " Then art thou born the gods and men's
 " sweet pleasure.
 XLVII.
 " Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
 " Their violent turnings, and wild whirling
 " hays?
 " But in the air's translucent gallery?
 " Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
 " While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
 " Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
 " As two at once encumber not the place.
 XLVIII.
 " If then fire, air, wand'ring and fix'd lights
 " In ev'ry province of the imperial sky,
 " Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,
 " In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
 " With certain view already doth descry.
 " But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
 " In this I will your senses master be.
 XLIX.
 " For lo the sea * that fleets about the land,
 " And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
 " Music and measure both can understand:
 " For his great crystal eye is always cast
 " Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast:
 " And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
 " So danceth he about the centre here.
 L.
 " Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
 " One after other flow unto the shore,
 " Which when they have with many kisses wet,
 " They ebb away in order as before;
 " And to make known his courtly love the
 " more,
 " He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
 " And with his arms the tim'rous earth em-
 " brace.
 LI.
 " Only the earth doth stand for ever still,
 " Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains
 " meet,
 " (Although some wits enrich'd with learning's
 " skill
 " Say heav'n stands firm, and that the earth
 " doth fleet,
 " And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
 " Yet though the earth is ever steadfast seen,
 " On her broad breast hath dancing ever been,
 " Of the sea.

LII.
 " For those blue veins that through her body spread,
 " Those Sapphire streams which from great
 " hills do spring ;
 " (The earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
 " With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing)
 " Observe a dance in their wild wand'ring :
 " And fill their dance begers a murmur sweet,
 " And fill the murmur with the dance doth
 " meet.

LIII.
 " Of all their ways I love Meander's path
 " Which is the way of dying swans doth dance,
 " Such winding flights, such turns and cricks he
 " hath,
 " Such crooks, such wrenches, and such dalliance;
 " That whether it be hap or heedless chance,
 " In this indented course and wriggling play
 " He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

LIV.
 " But wherefore do these streams for ever run ?
 " To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear :
 " For let their everlasting course be done,
 " They straight corrupt and foul with mud ap-
 " pear.
 " O ye sweet nymphs that beauty's loss do fear,
 " Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,
 " And learn of love this dainty exercise.

LV.
 " See how these flow'rs that have sweet beauty
 " too,
 " The only jewels that the earth doth wear †,
 " When the young sun in bravery her doth woo)
 " As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
 " Do wave their tender bodies here and there ;
 " And though their dance no perfect mea-
 " sure is,
 " Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

LVI.
 " What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
 " With turnings, windings, and embracements
 " round ?

LVII.
 " What makes the loadstone to the north advance
 " His subtle point, if from thence he found
 " His chief attracting virtue to redound ?
 " Kind nature first doth cause all things to
 " love,
 " Love makes them dance, and in just or-
 " der move.

LVIII.
 " Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how
 " Jump with the modulation of their lays,
 " They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough :
 " Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise
 " Which keep such measure in their airy ways,
 " As when they all in order naked are,
 " They make a perfect form triangular.

LXIII.
 " In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
 " And all the followers their heads do lay
 " On their foregoers backs, on either side ;
 " But the captain hath no rest to stay
 " His head forwaried with the windy way,

‡ Of the rivers.
 † Of other things upon the earth.

LIX.
 " He back retires, and then the rest
 " As his lieutenant leads them to
 " wind.

LXX.
 " But why relate I ev'ry singular ?
 " Since all the world's great fortunes set
 " Forward and backward ripp'd and whirled
 " According to the music of the spheres
 " And change herself, her simple fate
 " On a round slippery wheel turn'd
 " And turns all states with her
 " away.

LXXI.
 " Learn then to dance, you that are prin-
 " And lawful lords of earthly creatures
 " Imitate them, and therefore take no
 " For this new art to them is natural,
 " And imitate the stars celestial :
 " For when pale death your vital
 " fever,
 " Your better parts must dance with

LXXII.
 " Thus Love persuades, and all the crew
 " That stands around doth make a row
 " As when the wind loos'd from his bell
 " Among the trees a gentle safe doth
 " Or as a brook through pebbles wand
 " But in their looks they utter'd
 " speech,
 " That they would learn to dance,
 " would teach §.

LXXIII.
 " Then first of all he doth demonstrate
 " The motions seven that are in nature
 " Upward and downward, forth, and back
 " To this side, and to that, and turning
 " Whereof a thousand brawls he doth
 " pound,
 " Which he doth teach unto the rest
 " And ever with a turn they must

LXXIV.
 " As when a nymph arising from the land
 " Leadeth a dance with her long wand
 " Down to the sea, she wryes to every hand
 " And ev'ry way doth cross the ferth
 " But when at last she falls into the main
 " Then all her traverses concluded
 " And with the sea, her course is cut

LXXV.
 " Thus when at first Love had them met
 " As erst he did the shapeless mass of
 " He taught them rounds and winding
 " tread,
 " And about trees to cast themselves in
 " As the two bears whom the first met
 " With a short turn about heaven's
 " In a round dance for ever wheel'd

LXXVI.
 " But after these, as men more civil grew
 " He did more grave and solemn
 " frame ¶,
 " With such fair order and proportion ¶

§ How Love taught men to dance.
 ¶ Rounds or Country Dances.
 ¶ Measures.

- " And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
 " That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
 " For ev'ry eye was moved at the sight [light.
 " With sober wond'ring, and with sweet de-
 LXVI.
- " Not those young students of the heav'nly book,
 " Atlas the great, Prometheus the wife,
 " Which on the stars did all their lifetime look,
 " Could ever find such measure in the skies,
 " So full of change and rare varieties;
 " Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
 " Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.
 LXVII.
- " But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
 " A swift and wand'ring dance * she did invent,
 " With passages uncertain to and fro,
 " Yet with a certain answer and consent
 " To the quick music of the instrument.
 " Five was the number of the music's feet,
 " Which still the dance did with five paces
 " meet.
 LXVIII.
- " A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
 " A spirit and a virtue masculine,
 " Impatient that her house on earth should stay
 " Since she herself is fiery and divine :
 " Oft doth she make her body upward fine ;
 " With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
 " Which with the luty tunes accordeth fair.
 LXIX.
- " What shall I name those current traverses †,
 " That on a triple dactyl foot do run
 " Close by the ground with sliding passages,
 " Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
 " Which with best order can all orders shun :
 " For every where he wantonly must range,
 " And turn, and wind, with unexpected
 " change.
 LXX.
- " Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
 " A lofty jumping, or a leaping round ‡,
 " Where arm in arm, two dancers are entw'n'd,
 " And whirl themselves with strict embrace-
 " ments bound,
 " And still their feet an anapest do sound :
 " An anapest is all their music's song,
 " Whose first two feet are short, and third
 " is long.
 LXXI.
- " As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove
 " That taught the Spartans dancing on the
 sands,
 " Of swift Eurotas, dance in heav'n above,
 " Knit and united with eternal hands;
 " Among the stars their double image stands,
 " Where both are carried with an equal pace,
 " Together jumping in their turning race.
 LXXII.
- " This is the net wherein the sun's bright eye
 " Venus and Mars entangled did behold,
 " For in the dance their arms they so employ,
 " As each doth seem the other to enfold :
 " What if lewd wits another tale have told
- " Of jealous Vulcan, and of iron chains ?
 " Yet this true sense that forged lie contains.
 LXIII.
- " These various forms of dancing Love did frame,
 " And beside these, a hundred millions more,
 " And as he did invent, he taught the same,
 " With goodly gesture, and with comely show,
 " Now keeping state, now humbly honouring
 " low :
 " And ever for the persons and the place
 " He taught most fit, and best according
 " grace †.
 LXIV.
- " For Love, within his fertile working brain
 " Did then conceive those gracious virgins three,
 " Whose civil moderation does maintain
 " All decent order and conveniency,
 " And fair respect and seemly modesty.
 " And then he thought it fit they should be
 " born, [adorn.
 " That their sweet presence dancing might
 LXV.
- " Hence is it that these Graces painted are
 " With hand in hand dancing an endless round :
 " And with regarding eyes, that still beware
 " That there be no disgrace amongst them
 found ;
 " With equal foot they beat the slow'ry ground
 " Laughing or singing, as their passions will,
 " Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill
 LXVI.
- " Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of
 " Love
 " Sweet music's sound with feet to counterfeit.
 " Which was long time before high thund'ring
 " Jove
 " Was lifted up to heaven's imperial seat :
 " For though by birth he were the prince of
 " Crete,
 " Nor Crete, nor heav'n, should the young
 " prince have seen,
 " If dancers with their timbrels had not been
 LXVII.
- " Since when all ceremonious mysteries,
 " All sacred orgies and religious rites,
 " All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,
 " All funerals, nuptials, and like public fights,
 " All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights
 " All learned arts, and every great affair,
 " A lively shape of dancing seems to bear ‡
 LXVIII.
- " For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lut
 " Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear
 " Or rather into bestial minds and brutes
 " Shed and infus'd the beams of reason clear ?
 " Doubtless for men that rude and savage wer
 " A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
 " Wherewith unto their gods they sacrifice †
 LXIX.
- " So did Musæus, so Amphion did,
 " And Linus with his sweet enchanting song,
 " And he whose hand the earth of monsters rid,

‡ Grace in dancing.

† The use and forms of dancing in sundry affairs of man
life.

* Galliards. † Contantoes. ‡ Voltas.

" And had man's art fast clasp'd to his
 " Tongue;
 " And Theseus to his wood-born slaves among,
 " D'ld dancing as the Greek policy
 " To plant religion and society.
 LXXX.
 " And therefore now the Thracian Orpheus' lyre,
 " And Hercules himself, are scoll'd at;
 " And in high heaven amidst the starry quire
 " Dancing their parts continually do slide:
 " So on the sacred Gangus doth ride;
 " And so is Hebe with the Muses nine
 " For pleasing Jove with dancing, made di-
 " vine.
 LXXXI.
 " Whence was Europa said herself to change
 " Into a stream, a lion, and a tree,
 " And many other forms fantastic strange,
 " As in his fickle thought he wou'd to be?
 " But that he danc'd with such facility,
 " As like a lion he could pass with pride,
 " Ply like a plant, and like a river slide.
 LXXXII.
 " And how was Comus made at first a man,
 " And then a woman, then a man again,
 " But in a dance? which when he first began
 " He the man's part in measure did sustain;
 " But when he shang'd into a second strain,
 " He danc'd the woman's part another space,
 " And then return'd into his former place.
 LXXXIII.
 " Hence sprang the fable of Tereias,
 " That he the pleasure of both sexes try'd;
 " For in a dance he man and woman was,
 " By often change of place from side to side:
 " But for the woman easily did slide, [art,
 " And smoothly swim with cunning hidden
 " He took more pleasure in a woman's part.
 LXXXIV.
 " So to a fish Venus herself did change,
 " And swimming through the soft and yield-
 " ing wave,
 " With gentle motions did so smoothly range,
 " As none might see where she the water drave:
 " But this plain truth that falsed fable gave,
 " That she did dance with sliding easiness,
 " Pliant and quick in wand'ring passages.
 LXXXV.
 " And merry Bacchus practis'd dancing too,
 " And to the Sydian numbers rounds did make;
 " The like he did in th' Eastern Indies do,
 " And taught them all when Phoebus did awake,
 " And when at night he did his coach forsake,
 " To honour heav'n, and heav'n's great
 " rolling eye,
 " With turning dances, and with melody.
 LXXXVI.
 " Thus they who first did found a common-weal,
 " And they who first religion did ordain,
 " By dancing first the people's hearts did steal,
 " Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign;
 " Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
 " And use them still in such devices new,
 " As in the world long since their withering
 " grew.

LXXXVII.
 " For after towns and kingdoms founded;
 " Between great states arose well-
 " war;
 " Wherein most perfect measure doth app-
 " pear,
 " Whether their well-set ranks repose
 " In quadrant form or semicircular;
 " Or else the march, when all the
 " advance,
 " And to the drum in gallant order
 " march.
 LXXXVIII.
 " And after wars, when white-wing'd Vs
 " Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
 " And every one doth his his cry,
 " While all in gold the conqueror deth
 " The glimm pomp that fills the city wi-
 " Observes such rank and measure
 " where,
 " As if they altogether dancing was.
 LXXXIX.
 " The like just order mourners do observe,
 " (" But with unlike affection and arise)
 " When some great man that nobly did die
 " And whom his friends impatiently did
 " Is brought with honour to his last lie
 " The dead corpse too in that sad
 " mov'd,
 " As if both dead and living dancing!
 xc.
 " A diverse cause, but like solemnity,
 " Upon the temple leads the beautiful bride
 " Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
 " Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy
 " A golden troop doth pass on ev'ry side
 " Of flourishing young men and virgins
 " Which keep fair measure all the
 " way.
 xci.
 " And not alone the general multitude,
 " But those choice Nestors which in
 " grave
 " Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
 " Most comely order in their sessions ha-
 " Wherefore the wife Thessalians ever g
 " The name of leader of their co
 " dance
 " To him that had their countries g
 xcii.
 " And those great masters of their liberal
 " In all their several schools do d
 " teach;
 " For humble grammar first doth set the p
 " Of congruent and well-according spee-
 " Which rhetoric, whose state the cloud
 " reach,
 " And heav'nly poetry, do forward k
 " And diverse measure diversely do w
 xciii.
 " For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array
 " In looser numbers teacheth her to rary
 " With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry
 " And various figures, and licentious ch
 " But poetry, with rule and order strag
 " So curiously doth move each langu
 " As all is mar'd, if she one foot mov-

xciv.
 " These arts of speech the guides and marshals
 " are ;
 " But logic leadeth reason in a dance,
 Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,
 " In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of
 " chance,
 " For with close following and continuance
 " One reason doth another so ensue,
 " As in conclusion still the dance is true.

xcv.
 So music to her own sweet tunes doth trip
 " With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, and more ;
 So doth the art of numb'ring seem to skip
 " From even to odd in her proportion'd score :
 " So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore
 " The just dimension both of earth and hea-
 " ven,
 " In all their rules observe a measure even.

xcvi.
 Lo, this is dancing's true nobility :
 " Dancing the child of music and of love ;
 Dancing itself both love and harmony,
 " Where all agree, and all in order move ;
 " Dancing, the art that all arts do approve :
 " The fair character of the world's consent,
 " The heav'n's true figure, and th' earth's
 " ornament."

xcvii.
 The queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long
 The tedious praise of that she did despise,
 Adding once more the music of the tongue
 To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes,
 Began to answer in such winning wise,
 As that forthwith Antinous' tongue was
 ty'd,
 His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide.

xcviii.
 Forsooth (quoth she) great glory you have won,
 " To your trim minion dancing all this while,
 By blazing him Love's first begotten son ;
 " Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile,
 " That doth the world with forceries beguile :
 " Cunningly mad, religiously prophane,
 " Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's
 " bane.

xcix.
 Love taught the mother that unkind desire
 " To wash her hands in her own infant's blood ;
 Love taught the daughter to betray her sire
 " Into most base and worthy servitude ;
 Love taught the brother to prepare such food
 " To feast his brother, that the all-seeing sun,
 " Wrapt in a cloud, that wicked sight did
 " shun.

c.
 And ev'n this self-same Love hath dancing
 " taught,
 An art that sheweth th' idea of his mind
 " With vainness, frenzy, and disorder fraught ;
 " Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind :
 " For in a dance I'erus' mad wife did find
 " Fit time and place by murder of her son
 " T' avenge the wrong his traitorous sire
 " had done.

ci.
 " What mean the mermaids when they dance and
 sing,
 " But certain death unto the mariner ?
 " What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,
 " But that some dangerous storm approacheth
 " near ?
 " Then sith both love and dancing liveries bear
 " Of such ill hap, unhappy may I prove,
 " If sitting free I either dance or love."

cii.
 Yet once again Antinous did reply ; [cont,
 " Great queen, condemn not Love * the inno-
 " For this mischievous lust, which traiterously
 " Ufurps his name, and steals his ornament :
 " For that true love which dancing did invent,
 " Is he that tun'd the world's whole har-
 " mony,
 " And link'd all men in sweet society.

ciii.
 He first extracted from th' earth mingled mind
 " That heav'nly fire, or quintessence divine,
 " Which doth such sympathy in beauty find,
 " As is between the elm and fruitful vine,
 " And so to beauty ever doth incline :
 " Life's life it is, and cordial to the heart,
 " And of our better part, the better part.

civ.
 " This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,
 " Which danceth galliards in your am'rous eyes,
 " But to your frozen heart approacheth not,
 " Only your heart he dares not enterprize ;
 " And yet through every other part he flies,
 " And every where he nimbly danceth now,
 " That in yourself, yourself perceive not how.

cv.
 " For your sweet beauty daintily transfus'd
 " With due proportion throughout ev'ry part,
 " What is it but a dance where Love hath us'd
 " His finer cunning, and more curious art ;
 " Where all the elements themselves impart,
 " And turn, and wind, and mingle with such
 " measure, [pleasure ?
 " That th' eye that sees it, surfeits with the
 " cvi.

cvi.
 " Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
 " Love danceth in your pulses and your veins,
 " Love when you fow, your needles point ad-
 " vanceth,
 " And makes it dance a thousand curious strains
 " Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains :
 " To shew, that your fair hands can dance
 " the lay. [they.
 " Which your fine feet would learn as well as
 " cvii.

cvi.
 " And when your ivory fingers touch the strings
 " Of any silver sounding instrument,
 " Love makes them dance to those sweet mur-
 " murings,
 " With busy skill, and cunning excellent :
 " O that your feet those tunes would represent
 " With artificial motions to and fro,
 " That Love this art in ev'ry part might
 " show !

* True Love inventor of dancing.

CVIII.
 " Yet your fair soul, which came from heav'n
 " above
 " To rule this house, another heav'n below,
 " With divers powers in harmony doth move,
 " And all the virtues that from her do flow,
 " In a round measure, hand in hand do go :
 " Could I now see, as I conceive this dance,
 " Wonder and love would cast me in a trance.

CIX.
 " The richest jewel in all the heav'nly treasure
 " That ever yet unto the earth was shown,
 " Is perfect concord, th' only perfect pleasure
 " That wretched earth-born men have ever
 " known,
 " For many hearts it doth compound in one :
 " That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,
 " With one consent they all agree thereto.

CX.
 " Concord's true picture shineth in this art,
 " Where divers men and women ranked be,
 " And every one doth dance a several part,
 " Yet all as one, in measure do agree,
 " Observing perfect uniformity :
 " All turn together, all together trace,
 " And all together honour and embrace.

CXI.
 " If they whom sacred love hath link'd in one,
 " Do, as they dance, in all their course of life ;
 " Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,
 " Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
 " Arise betwixt the husband and the wife :
 " For whether forth or back, or round he go,
 " As the man doth, so must the woman do.

CXII.
 " What if by often interchange of place
 " Sometime the woman gets the upper hand ?
 " That is but done for more delightful grace,
 " For on that part she doth not ever stand :
 " But, as the measure's law doth her command,
 " She wheels about, and ere the dance doth
 " end,
 " Into her former place she doth transcend.

CXIII.
 " But not alone this correspondence meet
 " And uniform consent doth dancing praise,
 " For comeliness, the child of order sweet,
 " Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays :
 " Fair comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,
 " Through dancing sheds itself, and makes it
 " shine, [vine,
 " With glorious beauty, and with grace di-

CXIV.
 " For comeliness is a disposing fair
 " Of things and actions in fit time and place ;
 " Which doth in dancing shew itself most clear,
 " When troops confus'd, which here and there
 " do trace
 " Without distinguishment or bounded space,
 " By dancing rule into such ranks are brought,
 " As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought.

CXV.
 " Then why should reason judge that reasonless
 " Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
 " Image of concord and of comeliness.

" Who sees a clock moving in ere
 " A sailing pinnae, or a whedding
 " But thinks that reason, ere it c
 " The first impulsive cause and :
 CVI.
 " Who sees an army all in rank adva
 " But deems a wife commander is
 " Which leadeth on that brave victu
 " Much more in dancing's art,
 " grace
 " Blindless itself may reason's foot
 " For of Love's maze it is the c
 " And of man's fellowship the tr
 CXVII.
 " But if these eyes of yours, (load fa
 " Shewing the world's great da
 " mind's eye)
 " Cannot with all their demonstratio
 " Kind apprehension in your fantas
 " Of dancing's virtue, and nobility
 " How can my barbarous tong
 " thereto,
 " Which heav'n and earth's fair.

CXVIII.
 " O Love my king ; if all my wit as
 " Have done you all the service th
 " O be you present in this present ho
 " And help your servant and your
 " man,
 " End that persuasion which I cr
 " For who in praise of dancing c
 " With such sweet force as I
 " dancing made ?"

CXIX.
 Love heard his pray'r, and swifter th
 Like to a page, in habit, face and ty
 He came, and stood Antinous behind
 And many secrets to his thoughts d
 At last a crystal mirror he did reach
 Unto his hands, that he with out
 All forms therein by Love's rev
 CXX.
 And humbly honouring, gave it to th
 With this fair speech See, fairest q
 " The fairest sight that ever shall be
 " And th' only wonder of posterity
 " The richest work in nature's trea
 " Which the diddains to shew ea
 " stage,
 " And thinks it far too good for o
 CXXI.
 " But in another world divided far,
 " In the great, fortunate, triangled
 " Thrice twelve degrees remov'd fro
 " star,
 " She will this glorious workman
 " Which she hath been conceiving
 " Since the world's birth, and
 " forth at last,
 " When six and twenty hundre
 CXXII.
 Penelope, the queen, when she had v
 The strange eye-dazzling admirab
 Fain would have prais'd the sta c and
 † A passage to the description of dancing

But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
 Yet her sweet mind retain'd her thinking
 might; [dwell,
 Her ravish'd mind in heav'nly thoughts did
 But what she thought, no mortal tongue can
 tell.

CXXIII.

Our lady Muse, whom Jove the counsellor
 Begot of memory, wisdom's treasures,
 Your divining tongue is given a power
 Of uttering secrets large and limitless:
 You can Penelope's strange thoughts express
 Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain
 have told,
 When she the wond'rous crystal did behold.

CXXIV.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,
 As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne
 Where the bright moon doth sit in majesty,
 A thousand sparkling stars about her sponed;
 But she herself did sparkle more alone
 Than all those thousand beauties would have
 done

If they had been confounded all in one.

CXXV.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such
 measure,
 To do their sovereign honour and delight,
 As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting plea-
 sure,
 Although the various change amaz'd her sight,
 And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
 Beside, their moving made them shine more
 clear, [pear.
 As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do ap-

CXXVI.

As his was the picture of her wondrous thought;
 But who can wonder that her thought was so,
 The Vulcan king of fire that mirror wrought,
 (Who things to come, present, and past, doth
 know)
 And there did represent in lively show
 Our glorious English court's divine image,
 As it should be in this our golden age.

* * * * *
 Here are wanting some Stanzas describing
 Queen Elizabeth.

Then follow these:

CXXVII.

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty
 Were laid aside, for the vouchsaf'd awhile
 With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye
 Upon the revels of her court to smile;
 For so time's journeys she doth oft beguile:
 Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
 So full of state, art, and variety.

CXXVIII.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair, [been)
 (Who had they been elsewhere most fair had
 Many an incomparable lovely pair,
 With hand in hand were interlinked seen,
 Making fair honour to their sovereign queen;
 Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
 To a most sweet and solemn melody.

CXXIX.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,
 With unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain;
 As that Penelope wrapt with sweet pleasure,
 When she beheld the true proportion plain
 Of her own web weav'd and unweav'd again;
 But that her art was somewhat less she thought,
 And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

CXXX.

For here, like to the silkworm's industry,
 Beauty itself out of itself did weave
 So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
 As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
 And in all minds a strange impression leave:
 In this sweet labyrinth did Cupid stray,
 And never had the power to pass away.

CXXXI.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
 In honour of the cheerful rising sun, [ing,
 With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorn-
 A solemn stately measure have begun:
 The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour
 done,
 Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
 With that immortal glorious face of his.

CXXXII.

So, &c. &c. * * * * *



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH HALL.

Containing his
SATIRES.

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second *English* satirist.

PROLOGUE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDSELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.



THE LIFE OF HALL.

HALL, successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, was born at Brislow Park, in the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, in Leicestershire, 1st July 1574.

His father, according to his own account, was an officer under the Earl of Huntingdon, Prefect of the North, who, from his infancy, had destined him to the Church; and his mother, whom he celebrated for her exemplary piety, was extremely solicitous that he should be of a profession in which she herself held so much in veneration.

He received his school-education at his native place; and, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to a college, Cambridge, of which, in due time, after taking his degrees, he became a fel-

low distinguished and preached before the University; and he read the rhetoric lecture in the public schools for two years, with great applause; or, as he himself expresses it, "was encouraged with a sufficient frequency of auditors."

He distinguished himself as a wit and a poet very early in life; for, in 1597, his 23d year, he published his *Virgideniarum; Satires, in six books*, which completely established his poetical reputation.

After eight years residence in college, he was presented to the rectory of Halsted, in Suffolk, by Robert Drury; and, being thus settled, he married the daughter of Mr. George Winniff, with whom he lived happily forty-nine years.

In 1605, he accompanied Sir Edmund Bacon to the Spa, where he composed his *Second Century Satires*; which were well received at court, and much read by Prince Henry.

On his return, he was appointed Chaplain to that promising young prince, and had the donative of the Holy-crofs given him by Lord Denny, afterwards Earl of Norwich.

In 1612, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

During his residence at Waltham, he was made a prebendary of the collegiate church of Waltham; and, in 1616, dean of Worcester; while he was attending the embassy of Lord Hay to France.

In 1617, he attended his Majesty, as one of his chaplains, into Scotland, where he exerted his influence in support of Episcopacy, against Presbyterianism.

As he acquired a considerable reputation in polemical divinity, he was sent, the year following, with other English divines, to the Synod of Dort; which the declining state of his health obliged him to leave in a short time. On his departure, the president and assistants of that famous assembly took a solemn leave of him; and the deputies of the States presented him with a rich medal "as a monument," he says, "of their respect for his poor endeavours."

In 1624, the bishopric of Gloucester from King James, he accepted, in 1627, that of Worcester from King Charles.

other pieces are written. His *satyrical epigrams*, dedicated to Prince Henry being the first example of that kind of writing which appeared in England. His in which, under a pretended description of the *Terra Australis*, he gives a very lively and satirical picture of the vices and follies of mankind, is equally valuable and forgotten, and particularly so. His *Meditations* are justly esteemed, and have been frequently printed and modernized by Mr. Glasse.

The *Virgidemiarum* are not printed with his other writings; and are not even through his extreme modesty, in the *Specimens of his Life*. Pope saw the first, that he could only say "with he had seen them sooner." They were reprinted in 1753, and are now, for the first time, admitted into a collection of classical English poetry.

Wyat, in his Epistles, has much of the familiar elegance of Horace; but bringing into the English language the first legitimate satire, was reserved for Hall

I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.

The Italians had Ariosto, and the French Regnier, who might have served as an imitation; but he copies the ancients, and chiefly Juvenal and Persius; though with some strokes of elegance and delicacy, which shew him perfectly acquainted with Horace.

The three first books of the *Virgidemiarum* are called *Toothless Satires*, *Poetical*; the three last, *Biting Satires*.

The compliment which was given of old to Homer and Archilochus, in the improvements which have been made by succeeding poets, bear no proportion between him and them.

Upon comparing him with Donne, his successor, it will appear, that his style is more cal and flowing; that he is not inferior to him in wit, and that he exceeds him in the number of his lines, which are more numerous, and drawn with greater art and strength of colour.

Many of his lines would do honour to the most harmonious of our modern poets. He has generally such a pause, and will admit of such a punctuation at the close of a line, as it were calculated for a modern ear.

He has an animated idea of good poetry, and frequently avows his admiration

THE AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT

TO HIS SATIRES.

It is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and bred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both and of conceit and harsh of style, and therefore cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and the musical ear; the one being affected with one a shallow and easy matter, the other with a smooth and current disposition: so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my con- sidered satires, I am set upon the rack of many mercilese and peremptory censures, which sith the almost and most plausible writer is almost fatally abject to, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it self-beseeming the author, because a poem; another, unlawful in itself, because a satire; a third, harmful to others, for the sharpness; and a fourth, misatire-like, for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous, being named with Juvenal, Persius, and the other ancient satires: the unlearned, fearless, because too obscure, and obscure, because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

Certainly look what weather it would be, if every almanack should be verified: much what like poems, if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find pleasure in displeasing: notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve ease myself with a slender apology, as willfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence: for poetry itself, after the so effectual and absolute endeavours of her honoured patrons, either she needeth no new

defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and poor a client. Only for my own part, though were she a more unworthy mistress, I think she might be inoffensively served with the broken messes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance: yet having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shak'd hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-sore unto any, sith it can be no loss to myself?

For my satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered: one concerning the matter; than which I confess none can be more open to danger, to envy; sith faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults; and therefore, what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an approachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou may'st spit upon a toad unvenomed, why may'st thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in myself to the intention of any guilty person who might be blighted by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon choosing rather to marre mine own verse, than another's name; which, notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spight, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much slooping to

the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom, in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate; which thing I can be so willing to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First, therefore, I dare boldly avouch, that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poetics, the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bonds of like cadence or definiteness of rhyme, which, if it be unusually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near affinity of words, I know not what a loathsome kind of harshness and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear; which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's satires into English; the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion: besides, the plain experience thereof in the satires of Ariosto, (save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least) whose chain-

verse, to which he fettereth himself, will afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, it yield nothing but a flashy and loose judgment. Whereas the Roman, tying but one foot to another, offereth freedom of variety, with much more to the reader. Let my second ground be, known dainties of the time; such, that they choose carelessly to lose the sweet smell, than to urge their teeth with bread where it was wrapped; and that which is unseen is almost undone, an almost unseen which is unconceived, would say nothing to be untalk'd of, with my mouth open, that I may be so. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a self, the end of my satire a further good, whether I attain or no, I know not; but plain with the hope of profit, rather than obscurely only for a bare name's sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of a quarrel, I think my first satire doth seem to resemble the four and crabbed face of which I, endeavouring in that, did delete omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes so I might have somewhat to stop the every accuser. The rest to each man which let be as favourable as so thanks can deserve or desire.

A DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

t the prouder pines of *Ida* feare
 len fires of heaven, and decline
 lding tops that dar'd the skies whilere ;
 ce your sturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
 : swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
 the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

e secure, ye safer shrubs below,
 e dales, whom heav'ns do not despight ;
 y clouds conspire your overthrow,
 at your too disdainful height.
 gh attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
 :ow'r'dly shrinke for feare of causelesse
 rongs.

big oaks feare winding ivy weed ;
 g eagles fear the neighbour funne ;
 r Mazor wont suspicion breed,
 y hemlock's poisoned potion ;
 ers shroud themselves in fairest leaves ;
 ler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

low bush feares climbing ivy twine ;
 y bustard dreads the distant rays ;
 hen pot wont secret death to shrine ;
 le snake doth lurk in pathed ways ;
 user deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
 rinks so soon for fear of causelesse wrongs.

e then hope, or doth me need mis-dread :
 : that honour, dread that wrongful spite :
 the party, honour of the deed,
 ont alone on lofty objects light.
 ny should accost my muse and me,
 is so rude and recklesse poesy.

ve but shade her tender browes with bay,
 v lie bare in carelesse wilful rage ;
 ice herself in that sweet extacy,
 æth drooping thoughts of bathful age :
 gh now those bays and that aspired
 ough,
 :lesse rage she sets at worse than nought.)

d we loose her plummy pincen,
 l long with bonds of modest feare, [gone,
 ight she have those kestrels proud out-
 ighty wings are dew'd with wetter air,

And hopon now to shoulder from above
 The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

Or lift she rather in late triumph reare
 Eternal trophies to some conquerour,
 Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,
 And never saw, nor life, nor light before :
 To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,
 To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scoure the rusted swords of elvish knights,
 Bathed in pagan blood, or sheath them new
 In mysty moral types ; or tell their fights,
 Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew ;
 And by some strange enchanted speare and
 shield, [field.
 Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful

May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
 Stories of Jadies, and advent'rous knights,
 To raise her silent and inglorious name
 Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises hight,
 And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
 Worthy of brass, and hoary marble stone.

Then might vain Envy waste her duller wing,
 To trace the airy steps she spiteing sees,
 And vainly faint in hopelesse following
 The clouded paths her native drosse denies.
 But now such lowly satires here I sing,
 Not worth our Muse, not worth her envy
 ing.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame ;
 Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice :
 Ill, if too good, not answering their name :
 So good and ill in fickle censure lies.
 Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
 And they and it in varying readers will.

Witnesse, ye Muses, how I wilful sung
 These heady rhimes, withouten second care ;
 And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts a-
 mong ;
 The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
 And shew his rougher and his hairy hide,
 Though mine be smooth, and deck'd in care-
 lesse pride.

A DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound
 quill,
 Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral,
 To teach each hollow grove and shrubby hill,
 Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale,
 To found our love, and to our song accord,
 Wearying Echo with one changeless word.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
 With costly wagers for the victory,
 Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
 A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
 Praising it by the story, or the frame,
 Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
 Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere;
 And from the palle doth praise their fertile
 dam:
 So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
 Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,
 Faulted as false by him that's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to
 Come dance, ye nimble Dryads, by my
 Ye gentle wood-nymphs, come; and
 bring
 The willing fawns, that mought you
 Come nymphs and fawns, that ha
 shady groves,
 While I report my fortunes or my lov

Or whether list me sing so personate,
 My striving selfe to conquer with my ve
 Speake, ye attentive fwains that heard
 Needs me give grasse unto the conqueror
 At Colin's feet I throw my yielding
 But let the rest win homage by their

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hel
 Profaned are by each presuming tongue,
 In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,
 That never field nor grove shall hear
 Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-sp
 To chide the world, that did my th
 fend.

S A T I R E S.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

*venture, with fool-hardy might,
the steps of perilous despite.
venture, follow me who list,
a second English satirist.
its on my back, Truth on my side;
I be my page, and Truth my guide.
margent bolds, and Truth the line:
b approve, but Envy doth repine.
s smoothing age who durst indite,
e his pen an hired parasite,
the back of him that basely lives,
k base men in proud superlatives.*

*Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy, dispossest of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye-blear'd with those shameless eyes,
Mast'd in the brow of meal-mouth'd posies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.*

SATIRE I.

*ies wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
out in rhimes all richly dight.
at the reader with the Pagan vaunt
y Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
sonnet of my mistress' face,
some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
bide to pen some hungry scene
skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
could my scornful Muse abide
ric shoes her ankles for to hide.
crouch, and writhe my fawning tayle
great Patron, for my best awayle.
ger starven trencher poetrie,
never live, or timely die:
r every bank and every tree,
mes unto my oaten minstrellic:
out so pleasing lively laics,
at the Graces move my mirth to praise.
and reeds, and locks, and buskins fine,
bequeath: whose statues wandring twine*

l. of Surrey, Wyar, Sidney, Dyer, &c.

*Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifery,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Grants's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late ♀ bridal day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.*

SATIRE II.

*WILLOW the sisters nine were vestal maides,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,*

— § See Spenser.

From out the fertile hoof of winged seed :
There did they sit and do their holy deed, [late
That pleas'd both heav'n and earth—till that of
Whom should I fault? or the most righteous fate,
Or heav'n, or men, or fiends, or ought beside,
That ever made that foul mischance betide?
Some of the sisters in securer shades
Deflowered were—

And ever since, disdaining sacred shame,
Done ought that might their heav'nly stock defame.

Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,
And on bay-hocks the wanton myrtle-groves;
Cytheron hill's become a brothel bed,

And Pyrene sweet turp'd to a poison'd head
Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.

Their modest stole, to garish looser weed, [meed :
Deck'd with above favours, their late whoredoms

And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
Now toss they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.

I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousye,
Whence came such litters of new poetrie :

Methought I fear'd, lest the horie-hoofed well
His native banks did proudly overwell

In *saute late discount*, thence to ensue
Such wondrous rabblements of rhytmers new :

But since, I saw it painted on fame's wings,
The Muses to be waxes whiskings.

Each bust, each bank, and each base apple squire
Can serve to sate their beastly Jewd desire.

Ye bastard poets see your pedigreee,
From common trash and loathsome brotheley!

SATIRE III.

With some pet fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ :
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours seem'd all beforen,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
Exhale out filthy smock and stinking steams.
So doth the base, and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign,
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought :
Or some upreared, high aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Amberlaine :
Then weeneth he his base driok drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven light,
When he conceives upon his fained stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,
That his poor hearers hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide strained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage ;
With high set steps, and princely carriage ;
Now souping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did skrub in lowly brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse ;
He ravishes the gazing scaffoldets :

Then certes was the famous Corduban,]
Never but half so high tragedian.

Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance spill

The dead struck audience, 'midst the silent rest,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed host,

And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place ;

Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With good-me-hoife of that applauding crowd.

A goodly hotch-potch ! when vile rascals
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty

kings.

A goodly grace to sber tragic muse,
Wheneach base clown his clumby fist doth bruis ;

And shew his teeth in double rotten row,
Eor laughter at his self-remembered show.

Meathwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,

Like curious censurers of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellows ear.

Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole
Is noted with a black condemning coal.

But if each period might the synod please,
Ho :—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of tape.

Now when they part, and leave the mudd stage,
Gins the bare benger, in a guilky rage,

To curse and ban, and blama his likeness eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.

Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poetrie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
Unbid iambs flow from careless head.
Some s'faver brain in high heroic rhymes
Completh worm-eat stories of old times :
And he like some imperious Maronist,
Conjures the Muses that they ham assist.
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phrase ;
And maketh up his hard betaker's tale
With strange enchantments, fetch'd from dardie
Of some ¶ Melissa, that by magic doom
To Tuscans soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets hold your aunient right :
Write what you will, and write not what
stight :

Their limits be their list, their reason will
But if some painter in presuming skull,
Should paint the stars in centre of the earth,
Could yet forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth,
But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy faerie muse ;
Renowned Spencer : whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulâte, much less dares despise
Salut † of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the laurel garland ye have lost :
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undescerving temples bared be.

¶ Senece, ¶ Arioste, † Dubartas,

SATIRE V.

ANOTHER, whose more heavy hearted saint
Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
Urgeth his melting mule with solemn tears
Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him tofs'd.
Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.
And when he hath parbrak'd his griev'd mind,
He sends him down where erst he did him find,
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire.

SATIRE VI.

ANOTHER scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with
changed feet

And headstrong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to outgo,
The drawing spondees pacing it below.
The lingering spondees, labouring to delay,
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay,
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets?
If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
Thwack thwack, and ruff ruff, roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate.

SATIRE VII.

GREAT is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'errul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry.
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The lovesick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public plaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth in patched sonnettings
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he
sighs, to grieve.

Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair one be?
Fond wit-wal that wouldst load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty jil-fac'd bride
Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd:
Be she all tooty black, or berry brown. [blown.
She's white as morrows milk, or flakes new
And though she be some dunhill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room

Amidst the well known stars: or if not there,
Sure will he faint her in his Kalendere.

SATIRE VIII.

HENCE ye profane: mell not with holy things
That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to Sion hill,
And iv'ry palms her steep ascents done fill.
Now good || Saint Peter weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Maries make a music moan:
Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
Great Solomon, sings in the English quire;
And is become a new found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light skirts of the rest,
In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
For this your zeal and far admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

SATIRE IX.

ENVY ye Muses at your thriving mate,
Cupid bath crowned a new laureat:
I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the venerate tree,
And shined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn recital post of capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stowish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental bawdery!
Whiles th' itching vulgar tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
Take this ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name.
Take this ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night:
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floor with horned satyres hoofs
Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
Some lust-stung lecher: must he needs indite
The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did pever yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new ¶ Florentine,
Though they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany;
Our epigrammatarians old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay let the Devil and Saint Valentine,
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

¶ Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.
¶ Peter Arctine.

PROLOGUE.

Or been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay and led to light?
Or do the relic ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave?
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude.

Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others smart
Nay, no despite; but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that does
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder wise,
And wound, and strike, and pardon wise

SATIRE I.

For shame! write better Labeo, or write none;
Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;
Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,
Conveied the streame to weete his drie weasand.
*Write they that can, though they that cannot doe;
But who knows that, but they that do not know.*
Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,
That men must give a tesson for a queare.
Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,
That the distressed sempster did them want:
So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting lents,
And starveling famine comes of large expence.
Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)
Long paper abstinence our death remove?
Then manie a Lollerd would in forfaitment,
Beare paper faggots o'er the pavement,
But now men wager who shall blot the most,
And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,*

With folio volumes, two to an oxe!

Or else ye pamphleteer go stand ash
Reade in each schoole, in everie ma
In everie catalogue for an outhour n
There's happinesse well given and y
Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weig
So may the giant roam and write o
Be he a dwarfe that writes not thei
But well fare Strabo, which as stori
Contriv'd all Troy within one wals
His curious ghost now lately hither
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie
I saw a pismire struggling with the
Dragging all Troy home towards h
Now dare we hither, if we durst ap
The subtilie stithy man that liv'd w
Such one was once, or once I was n
A smith at Vulcan's owne forge up
That made an iron chariot so light,
The coach horse was a flea in trapp
The tamelesse steed could well his
Through downes and dales of the u

but bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
 should crowne what laureats him list?
 words are those, to remedie the deed,
 sic men stop their noses when they read?
 od things ill, and ill things well; all one?
 ne! writé cleanly Labeo, or write none.

SATIRE II.

And did our lavish ancestors
 hold these stately piles of ours;
 sad-bare clerks, and for the ragged muse,
 better fit some cotes of sad secluse?
 ggard Ago, and be asham'd to see,
 monuments of wiser ancestorie.
 faire heapes the Muses sacred shrines,
 ht of time and envious repines)
 ill and flourish till the world's last day,
 ling it with former love's decay.
 ay you Muses, our deare souveraignes,
 ach base lordling ever you disdaines;
 cry peasant churle, whose smokie rooffe
 harbour for your deare behoofe.
 se the world before it do complaine,
 rne the world that scorneth you againe.
 rne contempt it selfe that doth incite
 igle sold 'quire to set you at so light.
 eedes me care for anie bookish skill,
 white papers with my restlesse quill:
 on painted leaves, or beat my braine
 r-fetch thought; or to consume in vaine
 r even, or midst of winter nights,
 ling oyles, or some still watching lights.
 m that meane by bookish businesse
 ie their bread, or hopen to professe
 ard got skill, let them alone for me,
 eir braines with deeper brokerie.
 aines shall bide you sure, when ye have
 spent
 and lamps, and thousand reames have rent
 less papers; and a thousand nights
 urned out with costly candle lights.
 he ghosts of Athens, when at last
 atriomonic spent in witleffe wast,
 iends all wearie, and your spirits spent,
 r your fortunes seeke, and be forwent
 r kind cousins, and your churlish fires,
 ere alone, midst the fast folding briers.
 ot I lands of faire inheritance,
 l by right of long continuance,
 -borne males, so list the law to grace,
 's first fruits in an eternal race?
 ond brothers, and poore nestlings,
 more injurious nature later brings
 e naked world; let them assaine
 hard pennyworths with so bootlesse paine.
 e what care I to be Arceles,
 e sad Solon, whose deed furrowed face,
 llen head, and yellow clouded sight,
 the stedfast earth are raising pight?
 ing what ceasures their distracted minde,
 in-sick paradoxes deeply hath deside:

Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,
 Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
 Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
 Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.
 Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
 And he that cares for most shall find no more.
 We scorne that wealth should be the final end,
 Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend;
 And rather had be pale with learned cares,
 Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares,
 Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee?
 A lave-ear'd asse with gold may trapped be.
 Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
 Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

SATIRE III.

Who doubts? the laws fell down from heaven's
 height,
 Like to some gliding starre in winters night?
 Themis, the scribe of God, did long agone
 Engrave them deepe in during marble stone,
 And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
 That men might know to rule and to obey.
 But now their characters depraved bin,
 By them that would make gain of others sin.
 And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
 That they live best that on wrongs offall light.
 So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,
 And scabby festers inwardly unsound,
 Feeds fatter with that poy'snous carrion,
 Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
 Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,
 For there is sure much store of maladie.
 'Twas truly said, and truly was foreseene
 That fat kine are devoured of the leane.
 Genus and Species long since barefoote went,
 Upon their ten toes in wilde wanderment:
 Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
 Upon high pavement gayly silver strow'd.
 Each homebred science percheth in the chaire,
 While sacred artes grovell on the groundfell bare.
 Since pedling Barbarismes can be in request,
 Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
 The crowching client, with low bended knee,
 And manie worships, and faire flatterie,
 Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
 But still the lawyer's eye squints on his list;
 If that seem lined with a larger fee,
 Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee.
 Though must he buy his vainer hope with price,
 Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.
 So have I seene in a tempestuous flowre,
 Some bryer bush shewing shelter from the shore
 Unto the hopeful sheepe, that faine would hide
 His fleecie coate from that same angry tide:
 The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
 Laies holde upon the fleecie he should acquite,
 And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,
 That thought shd in securer shelter lay.
 The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,
 The tyrant brier holdes fast his shalkers meed,

And claims it for the fee of his defence :
So robs the sleepe, in favour's faire pretence.

SATIRE IV.

WORTHIE were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold ;
Yet by faint Esculape he sollemnly swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine,
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot ?
Yet should he have no more that gives a groate.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And grope the pulse of everie hangie wrest ;
And spie out marvels in each urinall ;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall ;
And give a dosse for everie disease,
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so leane reward of art and me ?
No horseleach but will looke for larger fee.
Meanwhile if chance some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his destinie :
(As who can crosse the fatal resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution :)
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
Procure his death ; the neighbours all complaine,
Th' unskilful leech murdered his patient,
By poyson of some soule ingredient.
Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought
To Socrates his poysoned hemlock drougt,
As to the wholsom julap, whose receipt
Might his disease's lingring force defeat.
If nor a dramme of triacle soveraigne,
Or aqua vitæ, or sugar candian,
Nor kitchen cordials can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knows what may be,
The liberal man should live, and carle should die.
The sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere
Still would I haunt, that love their life so deare.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned drosse ?
That spent is counted gaine, and spared, losse :
Or would conjure the chymick mercurie,
Rise from his horse-dung bed, and upwards flie ;
And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,
Raïse the black spright that burnes not with the fire :
And bring quintessence of élixir pale,
Out of sublimed spirits minerall.
Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,
Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings.

SATIRE V.

SAW'ST thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church
To seeke some vacant vicarage before ? [doore
Who wants a churchman that can service say,
Read fast and faire his monthly homily ?
And wed and bury, and make christen-soules ?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Peukes ?

Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not
To buy a benefice at sleepe-faire !
There moughtest thou, for but a sinder
Avowson thee with some fat benefice :
Or if thee list not waite for dead mens d
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's d
A thousand patrons thither ready bring,
Their new-falne churches to the chaster
Stake three yeares stipend : no man after
Go take possession of the church-porch d
And ring thy bells ; lucke stroken in thy
The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wilt
Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish
For this thy base and servile symonie.

SATIRE VI.

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chapline :
Some willing man that might instruct his
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his he
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies
Sit beare at meales, and one halfe rise and
Last, that he never his young maister beat.
But he must ask his mother to desire,
How many jerkes he would his breech sho
All these observ'd, he could contented bee,
To give five markes and winter liverie.

SATIRE VII.

IN th' heaven's universal alphabet
All earthly thinges so surely are foretold,
That who can read those figures, may know
Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue :
Faine would I know (might it our art
Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
Teach him the weather's state so long before
And not foretell him, nor his fatal home,
Nor his death's day, nor no such sad event :
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent
Thou damned mock art, and thou brainish
Of old astrologie : where didst thou vake
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it may
The black bronds of some sharper sayrak ?
Some doting gossip mongst the Chaldee wit
Did to the credulous world thee first derive :
And superstition nurs'd thee ever since,
And publisht in profounder art's pretence.
That now, who pares his nailes, or lubs his
But he must first take counsel of the light.
So that the vulgars count for faire or foul,
For living or for dead, for sick or whole,
His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all upon his new year's almanack.

nce once in the spring his head should ake,
 foretold : thus says mine almanack.
 heaven's high street are but dozen roomes,
 ich dwells all the world, past and to come.
 ve goodly innes they are, with twelve sayre
 well tended by our star-divines. [signes,
 : man's head innes at the horned Rammie,
 whiles the necke the Black-bull's guest be-
 came,
 ms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling twins,
 cart in the way at the Blue-lion innes.
 eggs their lodging in Aquarius got ;
 is the Bride-streete of the heaven I wot.
 et took up the Fish with teeth of gold ;
 ho with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.
 office then doth the star-gazer beare ?
 him be the heaven's ostelere,
 ster, some, or some be chamberlaines,
 aite upon the guests they entertaine.
 : can they reade, by virtue of their trade,
 any thing is mist, where it was laide.

Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
 If their aim saile, the stars to moralize,
 Demon, my friend, once liver-sicke of love,
 Thus learn'd I by thy signes his griefe remove :
 In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe,
 When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine ;
 And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
 Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.
 But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
 Straightway fist-whole shall thy sicke-liver be.
 But now (as th' angric heavens seeme to threat
 Manie hard fortunes, and disasters great)
 If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,
 And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,
 Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
 To hate her for her fowle abusion :
 Thy refuge then the balance of right,
 Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite ;
 So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
 From thy first match, and live a single man.

SATIRE S.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE.

*Some say my satyres over loosely flowe,
Nor hide their gall enough from open showe:
Not, riddle-like, obscuring their intent;
But, pack-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they
ment;
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darfsome was their
sense.*

*Who reads one line of their barfe paper,
Thrice must be take his wind, and breath in
My Muse would followe them that have sat
But cannot with an English piece;
For looke how farre the ancient comdie
Pass former satyres in her libertie:
So farre must mine yield unto them of all;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bold.*

SATIRE I.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of
gold,
When world and time were young, that now
are old,
(When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that whiles the autumn fall did last,
Our hungrie fires gap'd for the falling mast
of the Donian oakes.
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be;
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye:
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer sloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oak-leaves besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrife three angled beech nut-shell,
Or chefnut's armed huske, and hide kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.

Their only cellar was the neighbour bu
None did for better care, for better look
Was then no plaining of the brewer's fu
Nor greedie vintner mix'd the stained gr
The king's pavilion was the grassy grees
Under safe shelter of the shadee trees.
Under each banke men layd their limbs;
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong
Clad with their owne, as they were mad
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.
But when by Ceres huswifric and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving grass
And father Janus taught the new-found
Rise on the clime, with many a friendly
And base desire bade men to delve low,
For needlesse mettals, then gas mischief;
Then farewell sayest age, the world's be
Thriving in all as it in age decays.
Then ceapt in pride, and peevish covetie,
And men grew greedy, discordome and
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was wid
Wore on to ween himself a god at last.
Nor aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
Though the her daring wings in due
flight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding in
Though Thetis selfe should swear her self

Nor fearfull beast can dig his cave so lowe,
As could he further than earth's center go;
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie
man.

Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne?
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rife to-gone.
O nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and foede man's idle thought?
Thy grandsire's words favour'd of thristie leckes,
Or manly garlike; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine; and can aloofe descrie
The drunken draughts of sweet autumnitie.
They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun ruffet, void of forraine pride:
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a foole's far-fetch'd liverie.
A French head join'd to neck Italian:
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in severall.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturne selfe, that homely emperour,
In proudest pomp was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo! the long date of those expired dayes,
Which the inspired Merlin's word foresayes;
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

SATIRE II.

GREAT Osmond knowes not how he shall be
known
When once great Osmond shall be dead and
[gone]:
Unless he rear up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Ren Regum written in the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudy grave:
Nor it thy rritten name from death cau save.
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name;
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
Thy moniment make thou thy living deeds;
Nor other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be
knowne
But costly pilements of some curious stone?
The matter nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditch'd in great secrecie;
Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchral fate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

SATIRE III.

THE courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
"Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yielded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many use:
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
"Alacke sir, I were loath; another day,—
"I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you
"may."

No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wife:
(That's one too manie is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importane guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greates expente;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleoparical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choise of cheere?
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare:
Porke for the fat Boetian, or the hafe
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the Ilkorian Romane,
Th' Athenian's goate; quail, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arcefflas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chefnuts faire for Amarihus' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou evere there
before?

Never.—I thought so: nor to me there no more.
Come there no more; for I meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

SATIRE IV.

WERE yesterday Polemon's natals kept,
That so his threshold is all freshly stept
With new shed blood? Could he not sacrifice
Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies:
Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe;
But he must needs his purse with blood embrew,
And on his way-dooe fix the horned head,
With flowers and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout.
What boots it be so, but the world muft know't?
O the fond boasting of vain-glorious man!
Does he the best, that may the best be stans?
Who ever gives a pair of velvet shoes
To th' Holy Rood, or liberally allows
But a new rope to ring the currow bell,
But he desire, that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel window glasse,
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse?
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
I were sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might enterize his name's memorie?

And he that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Mylon wear on his left hand,
A signet ring of Bristol diamond,
But he must cut his glove to show his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd:
And that men sought some burgesse him repute,
With factin sleeves hath grac'd his facke-cloth suit.

SATIRE V.

Fix on all courtiese, and unruly windes,
Two onely foes that faire disguisement finde.
Strange curse I bat fit for such a fickle age,
When scalpes are subject to such vassalage.
Late travelling along in London way,
Met met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
A lanky courtier, whose curled head
With abron locks was fairly furnished.
I him saluted in our lavish wife:
He answers my untimely courtesies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever I could thinke,
Th' unruly windie blows off his periwinks.
He lights and runs, and quickly bath him sped,
To overtake his over-running head.
The sportfull windie, to mock the headlesse man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian,
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne:
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curst all courtiese, and unruly windie.
I lookt and laught, and much I marvel'd,
To see so large a cauf-way in his head,
And me bethought, that when it first begon,
'Twas some shrood autumn that so bar'd the bone.
Is't not sweet pride when, when the crownes
must shade,
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strow'd locks from off the barber's shears?
But waxen crownes well gree with borrow'd
haire.

SATIRE VI.

When Gullion dy'd (who knows not Gullion?)
And his drie soule arriv'd at Acheron,
He faire besought the feryman of hell,
That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
Charon was afraid lest thirstie Gullion,
Would have drunke dry the river Acheron.
Yet lest consented for a little hyre,
And down he dips his chops deep in the myre,
And drinks, and drinks, and swallows in the
streeme,
Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.
Yet still he drinks, nor can the boatman's cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him rise.
So long he drinks, till the blacke caravell,
Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of hell.
There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
Though greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.

Yet stand they still, as though they lay at rest,
Till Gullion his bladder would burst.
They stand, and waite, and pray for that gut
leaze:
Which, when it came, they failed to the sin,
But never sinde deareth the feryman,
Once entertaine the ghost of Gullion.
Drinks on dry soule, and pledges for Gullion:
Desire to all healths, but drinks not to his
owne.

Defiant scullie.

SATIRE VII.

Start thin how gayly my young master goes,
Vnunting himselfe upon his rising toes;
And peeps his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutt'd teeth since late non-tide!
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he da'd
day?
In school I saw him sit with Duke Hamfray.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis chace,
Keeps he for everie straggling cavalier.
And open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with muscicall disport.
Many faire yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Thin sake his twelverpence to a meener host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely try
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long dry.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guff,
His eyes seem'd sunk for verie hollownesse,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his bait!
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing let.
Sceft thou how lide it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffe struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found braverie.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet let,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spaine,
His grandame could have lent with lesse paine?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English sea,
Yet fain would counted be a conquerour.
His haire, French-like, stares on his frighted
One lock amazon-like disseveled,
As if he meant to weare a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched in his beard both lip and chin;
His linnen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow piecing,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,
Did never sober nature sure conjoyne.
Lik't a strawne scar-crow in the new-found
Rear'd on some sticke, the tender corn is
head.

f that semblance suit not everie deale,
 : a broad shak-fork with a slender steel.
 ifed nature suit them once aright,
 ir bodie to their ceate, both now mis-dight.
 ir bodie to their clothes might shapen be,
 t mill their clothes shape to their bodie.
 n while I wonder at so proud a backe,
 les th' empty guts loud rumblen for long
 lacke :

belly envieth the back's bright glee,
 murmurs at such inequality.
 backe appears unto the partial eyne,
 plaintive belly pleads they bribed been :
 he, for want of better advocate,
 to the ear his injury relate.
 back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
 thou thyself, I others eyes must feed.

I

The maw, the guts, all inward parts complain
 The back's great pride, and their own secret paine.
 Ye witlesse gallants, I bestrew your hearts,
 That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
 Which never can be set at onement more,
 Until the maw's wide mouth be stoppt with store.

THE CONCLUSION.

Thus have I writ, in smoother cedar tree,
 So gentle Satire, penn'd so easily.
 Henceforth I write in crabbed oak tree rynde,
 Search they that mean the secret meaning ~~find~~
 Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides,
 And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting
 sides.

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S A T I R E S.

BOOK IV.

The Author's Charge to his second Collection of Satires, call'd Riting Satires.

*No halless rhymes, whose not unkindly spite
Bites long faces of truth and boldy rage,
Lye here in wombe of filence and still night,
Until the broils of next unquiet age!
That which is others grave shall be your wombe,
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe.*

*Cease ere you gin, and ere ye live be dead;
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne;
And be not bore ere ye be buried;
Then after live, fith you have dy'd before.
When I am dead, and rotten in the duff,
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.*

*For when I die, shall envy dye with me,
And lie deep smother'd with my marble stone;
Which while I live cannot be done to dye,
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,*

*Will hardly yield t'await my mourning!
But for my dead corps change my living!*

*What shall the ashes of my senselesse urn
Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can returne,
To feel the force of hatred or of love.
Oh! if my soul could see their passion!
Should it not joy and triumph in the just*

*Whatever eye shall find this hateful firds
After the date of my deare exequies,
Ah pity thou my plaining orphan's dote,
That faine would see the sunne before it is
It dy'd before; now let it live againe;
Then let it dye, and hide some famous be*

Satis est potuisse videri.

SATIRE I.

Che haier vuol, bai.

*Who dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
With blindfold Aquines, or dark Vennifine? [vain
Or rough-hewn Teretifines, writ in th' antique
Like an old satire, and new Flaccias? [brow,
Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged
And deep intendeth every doubtful row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
And hundreth crooked interliners,*

*(Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd
When some crack'd manour cross'd his booke
Should all in rage the curfe-beat page out
And in each duit heap bury me alive,
Stamping like Pucephall, whose slacken'd
And bloody fetlocks fry with seven mens
More cruel than the cravon satire's ghod,
That bound dead bones unto a burning pe
Or some more strait-lac'd juror of the red
Impannel'd of an Holyfax inquest:
Yet well bethought, floops down and reas
The best lies low, and leathes the shallow*

old Eudemon, when his gout-fwolne fist
 for his double ducates in his chift :
 buckle close his carelesse lids once more,
 the pore-blind snake of Epidaore.
 Cyclus may be match'd with Gaulard's sight,
 does not Paris for the honfes height ;
 Cyppus, that can winke and snort
 his wife dallies on Mæcenas' skort :
 when he had my crabbled pamphlet read
 sometimes as Philip hath been dead,
 the furies haunt each peevish line
 thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne ;
 than the Logogryphes of later times,
 dreth riddles shak'd to sleevlesse rhymes.
 I endure these curses and despite
 no man's care should glow at what I write ?
 is whipt, and laughs me in the face :
 for I finite and hide the galled place.
 at the cynick's helmet on his head,
 is for Talus, or his stayle of lead ?
 as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
 blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,
 it complaine of wronged faith or fame,
 he may shift it to another's name ?
 can scratch his elbow and can smile,
 wristlesse Pontice bites his lips the while.
 intended in that selfe device
 cke the churle for his knowne covetise.
 oints his straight forefinger to his friend,
 the blind dial on the heltry end,
 urns it homeward, to say this is I,
 der Socrates in the comedy ?
 gle out, and say once plat and plaine
 oy Matrona is a courtezian ;
 u false Cryspus cheak'dst thy wealthy guest
 he lay snoring at his midnight rest,
 thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine
 cepe intombe it in Port-esquiline,
 Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
 rd-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
 knew not where to shroude his head
 he did a dying widow wed, }
 she lay doating on her death's bed. }
 ow hath purchas'd lands with one night's
 paine,
 n the morrow wooes and weds againe.
 ee I fire flakes sparkle from his eyes,
 comet's tail in th' angry skies ;
 uting cheeks puff up above his brow,
 a wolne toad touch'd with the spider's
 blow ;
 outh shrinks sideward like a scornful playse,
 is his tired car's ingrateful place.
 rs hang living like a new lugg'd swine,
 ce some counsel of his griev'd eyne.
 augh I loud, and brake by spleene to see
 leasing pastime of my poesie ;
 better than a Paris-garden beare,
 sting puppet on a theatre ?
 .moe's whistling to his tabouret,
 ; a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
 then, ye my sacred Simonæes,
 lease me more, the more you do displice.
 ve for all those bugs of idle feare ?
 igle grinning on the theatre ?

Or scar-babe threatenings of the rascal crew ;
 Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view ?
 Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
 Beshrew his base white liver for his meed.
 Fond were that pity, and that feare were sin,
 To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.
 Those toothlesse toys that dropt out by misthap,
 Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
 Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
 Laugh at the purple wales of other's side ?
 Not if he were as near as, by report,
 The fiewes had wont to be th' tennies court :
 He that, while thousands envy at his bed,
 Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead ;
 While slavish Juno dares not to look awry,
 To frowne at such imperious rivalry ;
 Not though she sees her wedding jewels drest
 To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest ;
 Or like some strange disguised Messaline,
 Hires a night's lodging of his concubine ;
 Whether his twilight torch of love do call
 To revels of uncleanly musickall,
 Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
 Hye ye white aprons to your landlord's signe ;
 When all, save toothlesse age, or infancy,
 Are summon'd to the court of ventry.
 Who list excuse ? when chaster dames can hire
 Some snout fair stripling to their apple squire,
 Whom staked up like to some stallion steed,
 They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
 O Lucine ! barren Caia hath an heir,
 After her husband's dozen years despair.
 And now the bribed midwife swears apace,
 The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.
 But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years ?
 For modest shame (God wot !) or penal feare ?
 He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
 That tells Cynedo of such novelties,
 Worth little less than landing of a whale,
 Or Godes' spoils, or a churl's funerals.
 Go bid the hanes and point the bridal day,
 His broking bawd hath got a noble prey ;
 A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
 Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
 That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
 And give him hanfel of his Hymen-bed.
 Ho ! all ye females that would live unthent,
 Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
 If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuse,
 Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stewes.
 Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,
 Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards
 Rome.
 Whatever damned streame but thine were meet
 To quench his lusty liver's boiling heat ?
 Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
 With some sale Bacchia, or obsequious page,
 When wirthen Lena makes her sale-set shewes
 Of wooden Venus with fair limned brows ;
 Or like him more some veiled matron's face,
 Or trained prentice trading in the place.
 The close adulteresse, where her name is red, [bed,
 Comes crawling from her husband's luke-warm
 Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
 Groping the postern with his bare feet.

Now play the feign whose life for me,
 Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.
 In yaine she withoath long Alchyma's sight,
 Curfing the hasty dawning of the light;
 And with her cruel lady-star uprose
 She fecks her third tooth on her silent tocs,
 Besmear'd all with leath'rye smoke of lust,
 Like Acherea's flames, or smouldring sulphur dust.
 Yet all day she the fumpwing in her mew,
 Like fong chafes dame, or furined faine in show;
 Whiles he lies wallowing with a weedy-head
 And palish carcase, on his brochel-bed,
 Till his sick bowels boil with poisonous fire;
 Right Hercules with his second Dejanira,
 O Esculape! how ripe is physic made,
 When each buffe before can professe the trade
 Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
 And do the headly cure for sea-grate gaine!
 All these and more deserve some blood-drawn
 lips.

But my six corde-beams of too loose a twine
 Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged brine,
 Then shall I seem an swife satirist:
 Whiles now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,
 Some nose-wife pedant saith; whose deep-seen skill
 Hath three times confuted either Elacus o'er,
 And thrice rebears'd them in his trivial store.
 So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
 Rather than say I doted in my age.

SATIRE II.

Arcades ambo.

OLD driveling Lolio drudges all he can
 To make his eldest sonne a gentleman.
 Who can despair to see another thrive,
 By loan of twelvecence to an oyster-wive?
 When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
 Was all rich Nænius his heritage.
 Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost:
 And all he spends and spares besides is lost.
 Himselfe goes patched like some bare cottyer,
 Lest he might ought the future stocke appeyre.
 Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,
 Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
 And all to sun and air his suits untold
 From spiteful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,
 Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his backe
 As snails their shells, or pedlers do their packe.
 Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold
 That hath his lands and patrimony sold?
 Lolie's side coat is rough pampilian
 Gilted with drops that downe the bosome ran,
 White carsey hole patched on either knee,
 The very embleme of good husbandry,
 And a knit night-cap made of coarsest twine,
 With two long labels button'd to his chin;
 So rides he mounted on the market-day,
 Upon a straw-stuff pannel all the way,
 With a maund charg'd with household merchandize,
 With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries;
 And with that buye he pass for Sunday noone,
 Proud how he made that week's provision,

Elia is he shall-foe, on the weedy-day,
 With burrows break cruffs sicken'd in following;
 Or water-greaf, or black pumpe of meak
 That Mera makes his stumle, and cybals:
 Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,
 Rees'd bezon spoone-stall sent his stally;
 And wears this more than one egg cloth houni
 To feast fony patrons and his chappains:
 Or more than is some hungry gallant's din,
 That in a fourth rume swooping to an hel,
 And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hel,
 Lest the wild-roome should run forth of the well,
 Good man! him: Hilt not spend his idle minde
 In quiding plavers, or in wrining quills;
 Nor toot in champagne beddets cur and linc,
 To get the first tooth in some newall line.
 Let sweet-mouth'd Morcin bid what count
 pleasa

For half-red cherries, or greene garden path,
 Or the first artichokes of all the yeare,
 To make so lavish cost for little chere:
 When Lolio smotheth in his revelling fit,
 Some starved paffen scoures the reddest spit.
 For else how should his soune maintained be
 At inns of court or of the chancery:
 Thers to learn law, and courtly caringe,
 To make amends for his mean parentage;
 Where he unknowst and rustling as he can,
 Gets curant each where for a gentleman!
 While yet he rustleth at some uncooth sign,
 Nor ever red his treasures fenced line.
 What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot stand
 With tiffed pains to pranch each peasant's hand!
 Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the hat,
 To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by,
 Wert not the needle pricked on his sleeve,
 Doth by good hap the secret watch-word give!
 But hear'st thou Lolio's sonne? gin not thy pit
 Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
 Never until the lanps of Paul's been light,
 And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine light;
 Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dote,
 From his close cabbin thrusts his shrinking lot,
 That hath been long in shady shelter pent
 Imprisoned for feare of prisonment.
 May be some russet-coat parochian
 Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,
 And for thy hoped fist crossing the streets
 Shall in his father's name his god-son greet.
 Could never man work thee a worfer shame
 Than once to minge thy father's odious name!
 Whose mention were alike to thee as kiew
 As a catch-poll's fist unto a bankrupt's fiere;
 Or an *les* eye from old Petrarch's spright
 Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.
 There, soon as he can kiss his hand in greet,
 And with good grace bow it below the knee,
 Or make a Spanish face with sawning cheere,
 With th' island conge like a cavalier,
 And shake his head, and cringe his neck and hie,
 Home hies he in his father's farm to hie.
 The tenants wonder at their landlord's feare,
 And blesse them at so sudden coming on,
 More than who vics his pence to view some tick
 Of stranges Morocco's dumb arithmetick,

ung elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
 gg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
 his Hodge shall leave the plough and
 sine,
 a booke, and go to schoole againe.
 ight not he as well as others done,
 his fescue to his Littleton ?
 y may feed with words and live by syre,
 to honour by the pulpit's stayre :
 years pining in an anchore's cheyre,
 some patched shreds of Minivare ;
 a more plod at a patron's tayle
 gilded chapel's cheaper sayle.
 o sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
 eat hope they and his state do give. [all.
 which glads and makes him proud't of
 he bragging neighbours on him call
 sel in some crabbed case of law,
 indentments, or some bond to draw :
 bour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
 ion mought be enter'd in the plea ?
 all'n lands have made him in request,
 he looks as lofty as the best.
 done Lolio, like a thrifty squire,
 ity but thy sonne should prove a squire.
 refce in many ages past,
 dio's caytive name is quite defac'd,
 ir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again
 the loynes of careful Lolian,
 b up to the chancell pewes on high,
 and raigne in their rich tenancy ;
 rch'd aloft to perfect their estate
 k their rents unto a treble rate ;
 ge in all the neighbour common lands,
 ge their slavish tenants with commands ;
 ey, poor soules, with feeling sigh com-
 aine,
 : old Lolio were alive againe,
 se his gentle soule and with it well,
 e friendly facts full often tell.
 r dead ! tush, no it was not he,
 records of his great pedigree,
 how first his famous ancestour
 : in long since with the conquerour.
 some bribed herald first assign'd
 xred arms and crest of gentle kind ;
 tish barnacle, if I might choose,
 worme doth waxe a winged goose ;
 some hungry squire for hope of good
 the churl's sonne into gentle blood,
 nne more justly of his gentry boasts
 o were borne at two py'd painted posts,
 some traunting merchant to his fire,
 ick'd both by water and by fire.
 since ever Rome did kings create,
 ntemen, and Cæsars laygate.

SATIRE III.

Evimus tres. Vel vis us astr.

oots it Pontice, though thou could'st dis-
 urse
 ; golden line of ancestours ?

Or shew their painted faces gayly dress,
 From ever since before the last conquest ?
 Or tedious bead-rolls of descendent blood,
 From father Japhet since Ducalion's flood ?
 Or call some old church-windows to record
 The age of thy fair armes ; ———
 Or find some figures halfe obliterate
 In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
 Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe : what boots it thee
 To shew the rusted buckle that did tie
 The garter of thy greatest grandsires knee ?
 What to reserve their relics many yeares,
 Their silver spurs, or spils of broken speares ?
 Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did weild
 The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field ?
 And if thou canst in picking strawes engage
 In one half day thy father's heritage ;
 Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
 In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
 Upon a six square piece of ivory,
 Throw both thyself and thy posterity ?
 Or if (O shame !) in hired harlot's bed
 Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried :
 Then Pontice little boots thee to discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestours.
 Ventrous Fortunio's farm hath sold,
 And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold,
 Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
 Some straggling pinnace of Polonian rye :
 Then comes home floating with a silken sail,
 That severne shaketh with his cannon-peal ;
 Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
 Laughs at such danger and adventurment,
 When half his lauds are spent in golden smoke,
 And now his second hopeful glasse is broke.
 But yet if hap'ly his third fornice hold,
 Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold :
 So spend thou Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
 Like some stout seaman, or philosopher.
 And where thy fathers gentle ? that's their praise ;
 No thank to thee by whom their name decays ;
 By virtue got they it, and valourous deed ;
 Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
 But else, look how their virtue was their owne,
 Not capable of propagation.
 Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,
 Whose ill deserts might blanke their golden line.
 Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
 Thy brute beasts worth by their dams qualities ?
 Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
 Only because a Jennet did him breed ?
 Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the prize,
 Because his dam was swiftest Trunchesse,
 Or Runcevall his sire ? himself a Gallaway ?
 Whiles like a tiringling jade he lags half-way.
 Or whiles thou see'st some of thy stallion race,
 Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
 Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
 Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle ?
 Albe wise nature in her providence,
 Wont in the want of reason and of sense,
 Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
 Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd
 Unto their cause, or place where they were sowne ;
 That one is like to all, and all like one.

Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
 The bear his secretness to his brood begets;
 Nor fearful hare falls out of Lyon's food,
 Nor eagle want the tender dove to breed:
 Creep ever woe; the oppress'd to bear,
 Achéron banks the palish poplar:
 The palm doth, safely, rise in jury field,
 And Alphæus waters nought but olives wild,
 Afopus breeds big bullrushes alone,
 Meander, heath; peaches by Nilus grown.
 An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
 Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy.
 And now when nature gives another guide
 To human kind, that in his bosome bides,
 Above himself, his reason and discourse,
 His being better, is his life the worse?
 Ah me! how seldom see we sonnes succeed
 Their father's praise, in prowess and great deed?
 Yet certes if the fire be ill inclin'd,
 His faults befall his sonnes by course of kind.
 Scaurus was covetous, his sonne not so;
 But not his pared mayle will be forego.
 Florian the fire did women love alive,
 And so his son doth too, all but his wife.
 Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own;
 Brag of his lands, if they are not forgone;
 Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine
 More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

Plus beaque fort.

CAN I not touch some upstart carpet-shield
 Of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field,
 Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries,
 But straight they tell me of Tiresias eyes?
 Or lucklesse Collingborn's seeding of the crows,
 Or hundredh scalps which Thames still over-
 flowses,
 But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
 And winks and waxes his warning hand for feare,
 And lipps some silent letters in my care?
 Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate?
 Pardon ye satires, to degenerate!
 And wading low in the plebeian lake,
 That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.
 Let Labeo, or who else list for me,
 Go loose his ears, and fall to alchimy:
 Only let Gallio give me leave a while
 To schoole him once or ere I change my stile.
 O lawlesse paunch! the cause of much despight,
 Through raunging of a currish appetite,
 When spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,
 Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
 Though never have I Salerne rhymes profess,
 To be some lady's trencher-criticke guest;
 Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
 Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.
 Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
 This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
 Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,
 A pebble of a lark, or plover's wing;

And warn him not to cast his wastes
 On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,
 Or dried stiches of some smoked beere,
 Hang'd on a writhen wythe since Martin
 Or burnt lark's becks, or rascals raw and
 Or melancholick liver of an bee,
 Which stout Verano brags to make his
 And claps his hand on his brave oblige!
 Then falls to praise the hardy Janice,
 That sucks his heefe side, chisling in the
 Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoils,
 Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco smoke
 If Martius in bold'rons buffe he dress'd,
 Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
 And pointed on the shoulders for the sun
 As now come from the Belgian garrison,
 What should thou need to envy sought at
 Whence thou smell'st like a civet cat?
 Whence thine oyled locks smooth plumed
 Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall
 When a plum'd fanne may shade thy
 face,

And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace
 If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and
 Picks quarrels for to shew his valiance,
 Straight pressed for an hungry Swimmer's
 To thrust his fist to each part of the fry;
 And piping hot passes toward the painted
 With a broad Scot, or proking spurs
 Or hoyseth sayle up to a forraise steer,
 That he may live a lawlesse conqueror.
 If some such desp'rate hackster shall draw
 To rouse thine hare's-heart from her own
 As idle children striving to excell
 In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
 Oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
 That all so rash thy warlike life began!
 Thy mother could thee for thy cradle let
 Her husband's rusty iron corselet,
 Whose jargling sound might rock her babe
 That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:
 There did he dreame of dreary wars
 And woke, and fought, and won, ere
 stand.

But who hath scene the lambs of Tarenti
 May guesse what Gallio his manners be
 All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
 Soft as the fummy ball, or Morrian's crow
 Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to us
 In every vigorous limb and swelling vein
 Time bids thee raise thine head strong
 high,

To valour and advent'rous chivalry:
 Pawne thou no glove for challenge of
 Nor make thy Quintaine others armed,
 To enrich the waiting herald with thy
 And make thy losse the scornful scaffold
 Wars, God forefend! nay God defend
 Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon
 Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
 Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
 Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in
 Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue,
 Or watch a sinking corke upon the floe
 Or halter fitches through a privy door

at the time in sportful game,
 ing of his lovely dame,
 lips, melt in her wanton eye,
 hand, joy in her jollity;
 erill, and much lesser psine,
 men do the rest restrain.
 Gallio, and wed betime,
 ft thou leese the pleasures of thy
 ?
 : rose-leaves fall ungathered ?
 e, wanton Gallio, to wed.
 ferule meet upon thine hand,
 : girdle with her swathing band.
 nd give the world yet one dwarf

t when thou thy selfe wast bore :
 r warning of thy bloomed chin,
 pineffe too soone begin ?
 w'd to keep his maidenhead,
 ft lettuce, and drinks poppy-seed,
 n camphire fasting; and that done,
 : liv'd, chaste as a valled nunne;
 v-absolved damofell,
 rnelius shrived in his cell,
 wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
 e Chaucer's frosty Januere,
 onth's mind upon smiling May,
 beard that did his age bewray;
 nys-seede and rosemarine,
 t the fume of his rot lungs refine:
 haron's barge a bride doth seeke,
 : mocke, and call him withered lecke,
 greene tayle hath an hoary head,
 would, and now he cannot wed.

SATIRE V.

Stupet albius are.

r that Matho were the satyrift,
 at bribe might greafe him in the fist,
 e need not brawl at any bar,
 e book to be a perjurer;
 ould scorne his silence to have sold,
 is tongue tyed with strings of gold ?
 ad, and buried long since,
 : loved golden abstinence.
 ot well repine at his old fee,
 ut spare to speake of usury ?
 ow beside can be so base,
 : should scorne each bribing varlet's
 e :
 I could shun each jealous head,
 r thumbs close to our girdle-stead.
 re they manieled behind our backe,
 ft can serve our fees to take.
 Lucio cheerly smiling pray'd
 harp words might curtail their side
 e :
 rds beene in every governall
 y losse, and rise by others fall.
 ickly sheepe su secret dies,
 rule gaven hath bespoken his eyes ?

What else makes N——, when his lands are
 spent,

Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,
 Whose bandieffe bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin;
 And fullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin :
 So ships he to the wolfish western isle,
 Among the savage kernes in sad exile;
 Or in the Turkish wars at Cæsar's pay
 To rub his life out till the latest day.
 Another shifting gallant to forecast
 To gull his hostels for a month's repast,
 With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and
 stone,

Left for the pawn of his provision.

Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,
 His doores close seal'd, as in some pestilence,
 Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,
 To get some badglicke blue upon his back.
 Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
 Such store of incomes had he every year,
 By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,
 As did the old wife of Trimalcion.
 Could he do more that finds an idle roome
 For many hundreth thousands on a toombe ?
 Or who rears up four free-schooles in his age
 Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage ?
 Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kis'd
 (That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd
 His coveting soule, by his desire's own doome,
 Daily to die the devil's martyrdom)
 His angels were all slowne up to their sky,
 And had forsooke his naked treasury.
 Farewell, Astrea, and her weights of gold,
 Untill his lingring calends once be told;
 Nought left behind but wax and parchment
 scrolea,

Like Lucian's dreame, that silver turn'd to coale.
 Should'st thou him credit that would credit thee ?
 Yes, and may'st sweare he swore the verity.
 The ding-thrift heir, his shift-got summe mispent,
 Comes drooping like a penlesse penitent,
 And beats his salt fist on Tocullio's doore;
 It lost the last, and now must call for more.
 Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
 And draws her captive at her cruel thigh:
 Soen is his errand read in his pale face,
 Which bears dumb characters of every case.
 So Cyned's dusky cheek and fiery eye,
 And hairlesse brow, tells where he last did lye.
 So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
 While his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
 Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
 His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong
 Hath allowed the baite that scornes the shore,
 Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more.
 So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
 To hide his rough intended violence;
 As he thus under name of Christmas's theere
 Can starve his tenant's all th' ensuing yeare.
 Paper and wax, (God wot :) a weake repay
 For such deepe debts and downcast sums as they :
 Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and speede,
 And yet full hard'ly could his present need
 Part with such sums; for but as yester-late
 Did Furnus offer penewosths at easy rate,

For small disbursement; he the banks hath broke,
And needs mote now some further playe o'er-
look;

Yet ere he goe home would he be releas'd,
Hye ye, ye reverend, hye you to the feast.
Provided that thy lands are lost entire,
To be redcom'd or ere thy day expires:
Then shak thou these shreds idle paper bonds
That thus had fetter'd thy pawn'd lands.
Ah fool! for sooner shak thou sell the best
Than stake ought for thy former interest;
When it shall grieve thy granting gull for shame,
To see the lands that beare thy grandfathers name
Become a doughty peasant's summer-hill,
Or lewdly hermit's cage inhospitall;
A pining gormand, an imperious slave,
An herle-leech, barren wombe, and gaping
grave;

A legal thiefe, a bloodlesse murderer,
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer:
Albe such mayne extort seems to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tement:
For certes no man of a low degree
May bid two goods, or gout, or usury;
Unless some base hedge-creeper Collybit
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list
For Easter gloves, or for a Shrove-tide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.
I do not meane some glosing merchant's feate,
That laugheth at the cosened world's deceit,
When as an hundred stocks lie in his fist,
He leaks and saks, and breaketh when he list.
But Nummies eas'd the needy gallant's care
With a base bargain of his blown ware
Of fustled hope, now lost for lack of sale,
Or mould brown paper that could nought avail;
Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
May pleasure Fridoline for treble price;
Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
And for a present chapman is assign'd,
The cut-throat wretch, for their compacted gaine,
Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to break his deare-bought
day,

And forfeit, for default of due repay,
His late intangled lands; then, Fridoline,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,
Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

SATIRE VI.

Quid placet ergo?

I WOT not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne,
Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
When comely striplings with it were their chance,
For Cænis distaffe to exchange their lance,
And weare curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.

Tyr'd with plum'd ruff and sun,
strips,

And beaks and verdingales about the
And tread on corked shooes a prisoner
And make their napkin for their gird
And gripe their waist within a narrow
Fond Cænis, that would'nt walk with us:
Whose manish housewifery like their us
And make a drudge of their unciens:
Who like a cat-queene frowne at the
Whiles his breech't dame doth use
stuck.

Is't not a shame to see each homely gu
Stir parched in an idle chariot manne,
That were not meete some passed to be
Surfingled to a galled hackney's bit?
Each such-worme will be rich with
gaine,

Although he smother up spaces of time
And hang'd himself when some gaine
again;

Although he buy whole harvests in the
And foyst in false strikes to the market
Altho' his sheep be mangled from the lip
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian ay
Nor fall nor fasting can the cattle take:
Whiles his George-Nobles rusts in his
He sleeps but once, and dreames of his
And wakes, and casts about his figher
And gropes for th' even in ev'ry dash!
And if a mouse but stirre, he calls for ay
The sturdy ploughman doth the fallow!
All scarfed with py'd colours to the sun
Whom Indian pillage hath made famous
And now he gins to loathe his former
Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-stuff
And his patch'd cockers now despis'd
Nor list he now go whistling to the east,
But sells his teeme, and feeleth to the west
O warre! to them that never try'd the
When his dead mate falls groveling a hind
And angry bullets whistlen at his ear,
And his dim eyes see nought but death!
Oh happy ploughman! were thy wile
knowne;

Oh happy all estates, except his own!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who when he is once fleshed to the post
And sees his handcell have such faire face
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the post
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the post
Nor then can rest, but volumes of
rhymes,

To have his name talk'd of in future time
The brain-sick youth that feeds his tickle
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false use
Which hath the Spanish decades read us
Or whet-stone leavings of old Mandrill
Now with discourses breakes his midday
Of his adventures through the Indian de
Of all their massy heapes of golden mine
Or of the antique toombes of Palestine,
Or of Damascus magick wall of glass,
Of Solomon his sweating pile of brass;

luc that bears an elephant,
 that the southerne seas do haunt,
 men, of savage cannibals,
 of their lives and governals;
 ouas cities there erected be,
 city of the Trinity.
 r dunghill cocks that have not seene
 g Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine:
 plies the newes-full grasshopper,
 id ventures to inquire.
 ttag'd, he, sea-beast in the way,
 me a thousand fighs a day:
 deems his home bred fare as leafe
 bûket, or his barrel'd beefe.
 ese stirs of discontented strife,
 d an academick life;
 ch, and to think we nothing know;
 ve, yet think we have enow;
 nt, and wanting seek for more;
 want, nor wish for greater store.
 archs, with your proud excessse,
 yle, and our high happinesse.

SATIRE VII.

ROMH PTMXX.

se Romish pageants been too high
 rne of sportful poesy?
 the world sach matter with
 ven hills, for a satyrift.
 an hundred Mathoes tongues,
 gamesters shifts, or landlords wrongs,
 ocms, or base Lolio's pride,
 I thought or wrote beside.
 think if earping Aquine's spright
 come, were licenc'd to the light,
 ged ghost would stamp and stare,
 throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre;
 shorne Lazzell perched high,
 with a golden canopy;
 a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch
 precious case of his proud toe;
 ordly Fasces borne of old,
 uiet crossed keyes of gold,
 hrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
 : honour of our Lady's name.
 oost would gaze and wonder at,
 mitre, and the bloody hat,
 staffe, their coule's strange form and
 saw the same in hell before;

To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
 In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
 Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
 To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,
 (Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance
 By trading of ten thousand courtzans)
 Yet backward must absolve a female's sinne,
 Like to a false dissembling Theatine,
 Who when his skin is red with shirts of male
 And rugged hairo-cloth scoures his greasy nayle,
 Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
 Which his hempe girdle dies all blue and black;
 Or of his ahmei-boute three dayes suppd and
 din'd,
 Trudges to open stewes of either kinde;
 Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
 And with some pampered mule doth weare the
 day,
 Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
 Come, Valentine, and play the satyrift,
 To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
 With searing irons of some soure Jacobite,
 Or golden offers of an aged foole,
 To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;
 To see the Pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,
 Sweating in the channel like a scavengere;
 Whom erst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
 When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meeete,
 Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
 Or his barretta, or his towred felt:
 To see a lazy dumbe Acholithite
 Armed against a devout flye's despight,
 Which at th' high altar doth the chalice waile
 With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's tayle,
 The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice
 With longing for his morning sacrifice,
 Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
 That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's
 fare,
 Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
 With the scant morsels of the sacrist's bread:
 Would he not laugh to death when he should
 heare
 The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,
 St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
 Or of his daughter good St. Petronell?
 But had he heard the female father's groane,
 Yeanning in mids of her procession;
 Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
 (When each is proved by his bastard heyre)
 Or saw the churches, and new calendere
 Pester'd with mangrel saints and relicks deare,
 Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes,
 When his new rage would ask no narrower
 roomes?

SATIRE S.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I.

Sit pass moranti.

PARDON, ye glowing cares; needs will it out,
Though brassen walls compass'd my tongue about
As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-fer rowles
In the wide common that he did enclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice;
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
Far as I may, for feare of jeopardy;
And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Perſius, and more smooth Horace;
Or from that shrew, the Roman poetesse,
That taught her gossips learned bitterness;
Or Lucile's muse, whom thou didst imitate,
Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.
Yet name I not Mutius or Tigilline,
Though they deserve a keener style than mine;
Nor meane to ransack up the quiet grave,
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave.
I taxe the living; let the dead ashes rest,
Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.
Who can refrain that's guiltlesse of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandfire's
dayes,
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is growne to thousands, as the world now goes.
So thrift and time sets other things on float,
That now his sonne soups in a silken coate,
Whose grandfire happily, a poore hungry swaine,
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Won't term each term the term of Hillary,
May now, instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of faire manneries.

What, did he counterfeit his printer's l
For some steeve lordship of concealed
Or on each Michael and Lady-day,
Tooke he deepe forfeits for an hour's d
And gain'd no lesse by such injuries
Than Gamins by his sixth wife's burial
Or hath he wante some wider mouth,
By hoary charters from his grandfire's
Which late some bribed scribe, for sin
Writ in the characters of another age,
That Plowdon selfe might stammer at
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries
Who ever yet the tracks of weale saw
But there hath been one beaten way
He, when he lets a lease for life, or yet
(As never he doth until the date expire
For when the full state in his fist doth lie
He may take vantage of the vacancy)
His fine affords so many treble pounds
As he agreeth yeares to lease his ground
His rent in fair respodence must arise
To double trebles of his one year's pri
Of one baye's breadth, God wot! a sly
Whose thatched spars are furr'd with st
A whole inch thick, shining like b
brows,
Through smoke that down the head
At his bed's feet feeden his stalled sw
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the
A starved tenement, such as I guesse
Stands straggling in the wastes of Hold
Or such as shiver on a Peake hill side,
When March's lungs beate on their tut
Such as nice Lipsius would grudge to se
Above his lodging in wild Westphalye
Or as the Saxon king his court might se
When his sides playned of the neat-bee
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord
With often presents at each festival:
With crammed capons every New-year
Or with green cheefes when his sheep!

unds full of his mellow fruite,
 ic way to win his weighty suite.
 e gifts at last cause to relent,
 our, or flee punishment?
 patrons turn their sturdie steele
 en they the golden flame do feele:
 Mæcenas calls a glavering eye
 resent of a poesy:
 night more frankly take than give,
 French crowne in his empty sleeve.
 ius hopes to set his shoulders free
 ht burden of his Napery.
 landlord shewes a sun-thine face,
 : he will grant him further grace,
 e Æsop's foze upon a crane
 he craves for his chirurgian:
 'the lease until the last,
 ic then of paines or promise past?
 ther, or fond woman's mind
 an words? the blasts of idle wind!
 ' fire, to take the gentle slip,
 chequer rot for suretyship?
 y starved brother live and die,
 old Coal harbour sanctuary?
 n Scots-bank bid but one groate more,
 nt may be turned out of doore,
 h he spent in th' rotten roof's reparaire,
 ve it left unto his heir:
 y a load of marle and manure layd,
 barren leas, that erst lay dead.
 'arius, he would defy
 g slips of petty landlordry:
 isfodge whole colonies of poore,
 ' roofe quite level with the floore,
 e gives as to a yielding fence,
 d baggage to his citizens,
 m to the new-nam'd Virgin-lond,
 ales where never wight yet wonn'd.
 : vex thee where thy fire did keep,
 unged folds of dag-wayl'd sheep?
 ouse where holy things were said,
 lone walls the thatched roose upbraid,
 saint's bell hangs on his lovery,
 It are damned to the plumbery?
 otion lets the steeple stand,
 elements on either hand:
 rhaps, were all those relics gone,
 rilege could not be knowne.

SATIRE II.

Hæc querite Trojan.

ING's dead, Saturio, wot't thou
 e?
 y say far hence in Breckneckshire.
 ce, they say that feel and taste,
 ay breck their neck soon as their fast.
 y dy'd at Chaucer's date,
 idower long behind his mate:
 ce some rotten bed-rid fire,
 tstrip the nonage of his heire,
 with golden broths, and drugs of price,
 y dying lives, and living dies;

Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,
 His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.
 Plenty and He dy'd both in that same yeare,
 When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
 And now, who list not of his labour faille,
 Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.
 Along thy way thou canst not but descry
 Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,
 Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,
 And surbeat toes to tickle at the sight;
 As greedy T—— when in the founding mould
 He finds a shining potthard tip'd with gold;
 For never syren tempts the pleased eares,
 As these the eye of fainting passengers.
 All is not so that seemes, for surely then
 Matrona should not be a courtezan;
 Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
 Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
 Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
 Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
 But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd
 Saint Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
 But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd so well
 Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell?
 There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
 Or neat Ionick worke;——
 Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
 That overcroweth all the world beside,
 Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
 Strives for a court and for a college name;
 Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
 Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
 So pride above doth shade the shame below;
 A golden periwig on a black moor's brow.
 When Mævio's first page of his poesy,
 Nail'd to an hundred postes for novelty,
 With his big title an Italian mor,
 Lays siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
 Which all within is drafty fluttish geere,
 Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.
 So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
 That such proud piles were never rais'd for
 nought.
 Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow sound
 With double choes doth again rebound;
 But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chasing see:
 All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
 Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
 The marble pavement hid with defart weed,
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock feed:
 But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
 Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
 ΟΤΑΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
 A fragment of old Plato's poesy:
 The meaning is "Sir so-le ye may be gone,
 "Go back by leave, for way here lieth none."
 Look to the tow'rd chimnies which should be
 The wind-sipes of good hospitality,
 Through which it breatheth to the open aire,
 Breckening life, and liberal wellfare:
 Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
 And fills the tunnel with her circled nest;
 Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes
 Which one tobacco pipe drives through his nose.

So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
 And 'gins to revel in lordly halls,
 So the black prince is broken loose againe
 That saw no funne save once (as storiesaine)
 That once was, when in Trinacry I weene
 He stole the daughter of the harvest queene,
 And gript the mawes of barren Sicily
 With long constraint of pinesful penury;
 And they that should resist his second rage,
 Have pent themselves up in the private cage
 Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
 Till th' hungry tempest once be overblowne:
 Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,
 They creep forth holdly, and ask, Where are they?
 Meanwhile the hunger starv'd appurtenance
 Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance:
 Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
 All full of angles of unequal space,
 Like to the plane of many sided squares,
 That wout be drawne out by geometars;
 So sharp and meager that who should them see
 Would swear they lately came from Hungary.
 When their brass pans and winter coverlid
 Have wip'd the mawer of the horse's bread,
 Oh me! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their
 cheer

And the swolne bezzle at an alehouse fire,
 That tonnes in gallons to his bursten paunch,
 Whose slimy draughts his drought can never
 staunch?

For shame, ye gallants! grow more hospital,
 And turn your needleffe wardrobe to your hall.
 As lavish Virro that keeps open doores,
 Like Janus in the warres,—

Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
 What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
 Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come?
 Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home?
 All yeare besides who mealtine can attend:
 Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
 What though he chires on purer manchet's crowne,
 While his kind client grinde on blacke and
 browne,

A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
 From off the mong-corne heap shall Trebius load.
 What though he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
 Of March brew'd wheat, yet flecks my thirking
 soul

With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay,
 Or in a shallow cruife, nor must that stay
 Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
 But call and crave, and have thy cruife againe:
 Else how should even take be registred,
 Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head?
 And if he list revive his heartless graine
 With some French grape, or pure Canariane
 When pleasing Bourdeaux falls into his lot,
 Some fow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirking throate.
 What though himselfe craveth his welcome friend
 With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
 Must Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side?
 Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide?
 What though to spare thy teeth he employs thy
 tongue

In busy questions all the dinner long?

What though the scornful waiter looks the
 And puts and frowns, and curieth thee the
 And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
 At every morcell he his last shall see?
 And if but one exceed the common use,
 Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,
 Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wilt,
 Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,
 Or sittest double on thy backward seat,
 Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
 He laughs thee, in his fellow's care to scorne,
 And asks aloud, where Trebius was borne!
 Though the third sewer takes thee quite away
 Without a staffe, when thou would'st looke thy
 What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
 I din'd at Virro his owne board to-day?

SATIRE III.

KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THE satire should be like the porcupine,
 That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
 And wounds the blushing cheek, and fiery eye,
 Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
 Ye antique satires, how I blesse your days
 That brook'd your bolder stile, their own days
 And well near with, yet joy my wish is true,
 I had been then, or they been now againe!
 For now our eares been of more brittle mold
 Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:
 Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's beat,
 Our glasse can never touch unshivered.
 But from the ashes of my quiet stile
 Henceforth may rise some raging rough stile,
 That may with Æschylus both find and find
 The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:
 Meanwhile, suffice me, the world may see
 That I these vices loath'd another day.
 Which I have done with as devout a care
 As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the care
 Or bends his ham downe in the naked care
 'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever said
 That golden clerkes but wooden lawers
 Could ever wise man wish, in good time
 The use of all things indiscriminate?
 Who wots not yet how well this did beate
 The learned master of the academie?
 Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
 Which some thought witty, none thought
 Yet certes Mæcha is a Platonist
 To all, they say, save who do not list
 Because her husband, a far traffick'd man
 Is a profess'd Peripatetician.
 And so our grandires were in ages past,
 That let their lands lie all so widely wast
 That nothing was in pale or hedge
 Within some province, or whole shires
 As nature made the earth, so did it use,
 Save for the furrowes of their husbandry
 Whenas the neighbour lands so couched
 That all bore shew of one fair champain
 Some headlesse croffe they digg'd
 Or roll'd some marked meere-down

mple men ! for what mought that availe,
 ay field might not fill my neighbour's payle,
 han a pilled stick can stand in stead,
 Cynedo from his neighbour's bed;
 han the thread-bare client's poverty
 th' attorney of his wonted fee ?
 were thriftlesse, mought not we amend,
 ith more care our dangered fields defend ?
 an can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
 ful merchants do their female heir,
 , were it not for promise of their wealth,
 ot be stalled up for fear of stealth ;
 rather stick upon the bellman's cries,
 h proffer'd for a branded Indian's price.
 aise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
 round with treble quick set ranks ;
 hose walls be over weak a ward,
 uared bricke may be a better guard.
 my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
 en wall to shend thy land from feare.
 and I shall praise thee all the while,
 hou stake not up the common style ;
 thou hedge in nought but what's thine
 owne ;
 hou pay what tithes thy neighbours done ;
 hou let not lie in fallow'd plaine
 hich was wont yield usury of graine.
 en I see thy pitched stakes do stand
 incroached piece of common land,
 thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,
 urn't that none seed on thy field save thine ;
 o more, Scrobins, of thy mudded banks,
 y deep ditches, nor three quickset rankes.
 y dayes of old Ducalion,
 one was landlord of the world alone !
 w whose choler would not rise to yield
 int halfe stakes of his new mown field,
 II.

Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
 Buy out the remnant of his royalties ?
 Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
 Scorne thou to live, if others live beside ;
 And trace proud Castile that aspires to be
 In his old age a young fifth monarchy :
 Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,
 For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine;

SATIRE IV.

Passunt, quia posse videntur.

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
 Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare :
 The neighbours praissen Villio's hide-bound sonne,
 And say it was a goodly portion.
 Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,
 By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries ;
 Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
 Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice fold.
 But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new
 gowne,
 Nor little lesse can serve to suit his owne ;
 Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
 Or buys an hooode, or silver handled fanne,
 Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
 To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape ;
 Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
 And's treble rated at the subsidies ;
 One end a kennel keeps of thriftlesse hounds ;
 What think ye rests of all my younker's pounde
 To diet him, or deal out at his doore,
 To coffer up, or stocke his waiting store ?
 If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare
 That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire,

S A T I R E S.

BOOK VI

SATIRE I.

Senec infamivimus.

LABLO reserves a long nail for the nonce,
To wound my margent through ten leaves at
once,

Much worse than Aristarchus his blacke pile
That pierc'd old Homer's side; ———
And makes such faces that me seems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crabtree porter of the Guildhall gates;
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night:
Or like a painted staring Saracen;
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,
Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes
Like to the old Colosian imageries.
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away ye angry fires, and frosts of feare,
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought
That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought:
Then let me now repent me of my rage
For writing satires in so righteous age.
Whereas I should have stroak'd her tow'r'dly head,
And cry'd *avee* in my satires stead;
Sith now not one of thousand does amisse,
Was never age I weene so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the banes,
As pure as through faire channels when it raines;
As pure as is a black moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Seeke over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A thief, a drunkard, or a paricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.

Patrons are honest now, o'er they of o
Can now no benefice be bought or sold
Give him a gelding, or some two year
For he all bribes and simony desy'th.
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the c
That feld was free till now, by all rep
But some one, like a claw-back paradi
Pick'd mothes from his master's cloak
Whiles he could pick out both his eye
Mought they but stand him in some b
Nor now no more smell feast Vitellio
Smiles on his master for a meal or tw
And loves him in his maw, leaths in l
Yet s' o'hes, and yeas and nays on oic
Tattellius, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coate and ringed c
Trampling the bourse's marble towie
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare
Nor would he have them known for
Though all the vault of his loud murr
Not one man tells a lie of all the year
Except the Almanack or Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew
For hills of gold would sweare the th
Panisophus now, though all in the col
Dares venture through the feared cast
Albe the faithful oracles have foresay
The wisest senator shall there be illu
That made him long keepe home as w
Fill now he hopeth of some wiser wig
The vale of Strandgate, or the Suter's
Or westerne plaine free from feare
Let him that hath naught, feare noug
But he that hath ought hys him, and
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake
Stumble into blind taverns by the way
And reel me homeward at the ev'nin
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's
Well might these cheeks have fitted se
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breath.

ad barr'd the common boxe,
 ick'd to store his private stocks;
 I with vantage paid againe,
 lates what doth behind remaine;
 ry foul'd fires so lavish were,
 boots-full to their friends welfare;
 never see the salt beset
 ed gallon flagonet.
 e must thirsty Silen sip,
 illed by his upper lip;
 is that made his paunch so peare,
 n inches in a yeare.
 uty bed-rid Euclio
 factor fair could shew
 rgent of some old cast bill,
 hom I named in my will,
 es, and looking for the share
 ibrous charge with busy care
 ; for now he sure will die,
 salme of liberality.

gives—but God him shield and

ng by his master's grave:
 nd he is well repaid,
 reed cheeks while thus he said;
 ell'd onion shall stir his eyes
 salt teares shall then arise.
 a marble toward raine,
 d finites, and weeps, and wipes

back and smiles, and looks askance,
 his sorrow'd countenance;
 rearies heav'n with daily cries,
 leath with devout sacrifice,
 d now his tedious ghost bereav'n,
 , that wish'd no worse than heav'n.
 as sicke, he knew not where,
 ight-cap, and lawn pillowbear.
 ey made him sick that made him

r, and there's his medicine.
 a velvet maffick-patch
 es when no tooth did ache;
 as her rheume I soon espy'd,
 laister cure her of her pride.
 e, but now they ceas'd off long:
 a righteous age that wrong?
 me were it not too late,
 gny world prejudicate.
 penitential
 ite wands might me ought availe;
 mes could scoure my soule offence
 y former innocence,
 pent me of my rage:
 wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
 , an hundred thousand fold
 whatever times of old.
 e world, our fires of long
 ag their too unwieldy tongue.
 s and parrots can do now,
 e did bend their wrinkled brow:
 e did many a learned man
 s prenticeship with Priscian;
 cry novice speake with ease
 language of th' Antipodes.

Would'st thou the tongues that erst were learned
 hight,
 Though our wise age hath wip'd them of their
 right;

Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,
 Or the two barbarous neighbours of the West?
 Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,
 Though in all ten not one good tongue alone.
 And can deep skill lie smothering within,
 Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin?
 Shall it not be a wild fig in a wall,
 Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
 Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age!
 The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage:
 Forth ye fine wits and rush into the presse,
 And for the cloyed world your works addresso.
 Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor feely ant,
 But a fine wit can make an elephant.
 Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
 Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
 Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
 Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?

Folly itself, and baldnesse may be prais'd,
 And sweet conceits from siltly objects rais'd.
 What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
 What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
 But why doth Balbus his dead doing quill
 Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;
 His golden fleece o'ergrown with mouldy hoare
 And though he had his witty works forswore?
 Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
 Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
 The catch-poll's fist—The presse may still remaine
 And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
 Soon may that be! so I had silent beene,
 And not this rak'd up quiet crimes unseene.
 Silence is safe, when saying stirreth fore,
 And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
 Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
 In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,
 While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
 And curb the raunge of his misfruly tongue?
 By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,
 And by the cloven head of Hippocrene
 As I true poet am, I here avow
 (So solemnly kiss'd he his laurell bough)
 If that bold satire unrevenged be
 For this so saucy and foule injury.
 So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
 To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
 But would I be a poet if I might,
 To rub my browes three days and wake three
 nights,

And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
 And curse the backward Muses on my bed
 About one peevisch syllable; which out-fought
 I take up Tales joy, save for fore-thought
 How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,
 And hang'd my head for fear they decm awry:
 While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note
 To beg of Rufus a cast winter coate;
 While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,
 And dieth like a starved Cappuchin;
 Go Ariost, and gape for what may fall
 From trencher of a flattering cardinal;

And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
 Thy bed, thy board, and courser livery,
 O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
 To sit with Tarleton on an ale post's signe!
 Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,
 'T had been some honour to be crown'd with bayes;
 When Lucan stretched on his marble bed
 To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed:
 Or when Achæus shav'd his mourning head,
 Soon as he heard Stesichorus was dead.
 At least, would some good body of the rest
 Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed crest;
 Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,
 As did the Myrcellens their poetesse.
 Now as it is, he shrew him if he might,
 That would his browes with Cræsus' laurell dight.
 Though what ail'd me, I might not well as they
 Rake up some surworne tales that fit
 In chimney corners smok'd with widdow's weep,
 To read and rock asleep our drowly sleep?
 No man his threshold better knowes, than I
 Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
 Saint George's forrell, or his crosse of blood,
 Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
 Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
 What were his knights did Salen's siege maintaine:
 How the mad rival of faire Angelice
 Was physick'd from the new-found paradife.
 High stories they, which with their swelling straine
 Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearsal plaine.
 But so to fill up books, both backe and side,
 What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
 O age well thriven and well fortunate,
 When each man hath a muse appropriate;
 And she, like to some servile care-bor'd slave
 Must play and sing when and what he'd have!
 Would that were all—small fault in number lies,
 Were not the feare from whence it should arise.
 But can it be ought but a spurious seed
 That grows so rife in such unlikely speed?
 Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
 And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,
 Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
 Cries out, O Juhan law! adultery!
 Though Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
 The true strains of heroick poesie:
 For he can tell how fury rest his sense,
 And Phæbus fill'd him with intelligence.
 He can implore the heathen deities
 To guide his bold and busy enterprize;
 Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
 From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed;
 While big *but ch's!* each stanza can begin,
 Whose trunk and taile sluttish and heartlesse been.

He knows the grace of that new signe,
 Which sweet Philicides fetch'd of late from
 That well becom'd his high-stil'd Arca,
 Though others marre it with much liberty,
 In epithets to joine two wordes in one
 Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone:
 As a great poet could of Bacchus say,
 That he was *Scurlo-fensurigena*.
 Lastly he names the spirit of Adropid;
 Now hath not Labeo done woodmen well
 But ere his Muse her weapon learn to wield,
 Or dance a sober pirrhuicke in the field,
 Or marching wade in blood up to the knee,
 Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
 The sheepe-cote first hath bene her usury
 Where she hath worn her idle industry,
 And in high startups walk'd the pasture plain
 To tend her task'd herd that there remains,
 And winded still a pipe of oate or beare,
 Striving for wages who the praise shall beare,
 As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
 Following Virgil, and he Theocrite;
 Or else hath bene in Venus' chamber traid
 To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
 To comment well upon a beauteous face,
 Then was she fit for an heroic place;
 As witty Pontan in great earnest said,
 His mistress' breasts were like two wight's
 Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
 To two faire ranks of pales of ivory,
 To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,
 From either going far, or going wrong;
 Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
 Which shall with time and wearing wear a ill
 As old Catillae, which wont every night
 Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,
 And with them grind soft-simping all the day,
 When, lest her laughter should her gums beate
 Her hands must hide her mouth if she beate
 Faine would she seeme all frixe and fraiche
 Her forehead faire is like a brazen hull
 Whose wrinkled furrows which her age doth
 Are dawbed full of Venice chaike for use:
 Her eyes like silver saucers faire beset
 With shining amber, and with shady le,
 Her lids like Cupid's bow case, where he be
 The weapons that doth wound the wainwright.
 Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill,
 Where down descends th' o'crflowing fount
 fill
 The well of her faire mouth.—Each had his
 prairie.
 Who would not but wed poets now a dayes!

ELEGY ON DR. WHITAKER*.

: my browes with mourning cyparisse,
 sh twigs of deadlie poplar tree,
 ce fadder shades ye can devise,
 dder shades vaile my light-loathing eie :
 i the laurel-bandes I loved best,
 ll that maketh mirth and pleasant rest.

reath dissolv'd the world to teares,
 w cries made heaven's vault resound :
 ricks were founded out so cleare,
 the worldswaft might heare around : [cries,
 ne the breath, the teares, the strikes, the
 ill my griefe unscene, unfounded lies.

ttering Sun, that ledst this loathed light,
 lft thou in thy saffron-ropes arise ?
 : not up the day in drearie night ?
 kft the westerne worldes amazed eies ?
 never more rife from the ocean,
 ake the morn, or chase night-shades again.

re no bird of day, or dawning morne,
 t the sun, or glad the waking care :
 ye scrich-owles louder then aorne,
 ens blacke of night ; of death of driere :
 ill ye barking foules yet never scene,
 fill the moonlesse night with hideous din.

ll the wanton Devils daunce in rings
 e mede, and everie heath hore :
 ish Faeries, and the Gobelins :
 sed Satyres silent heretofore :
 ion. Vertue, Muses, holie mirth
 now forsworne the late forsaken earth.

nce of Darknesse gins to tyrannize,
 re up cruel trophies of his rage :
 rth through her despairing cowardice
 p herselfe to endlesse vassalage : [Hell,
 : Champion now shall tame the power of
 the unrulie spirits overquell ?

rld's praise, the pride of Nature's prooffe,
 of times, hope of our faded age :

*s professor, and master of St. John's College,
 ce; he died in 1595. This elegy was annexed
 Carmen Funebre Caroli Hornii, 1596, and is now
 from Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems,"
 1mo, Lond. 1785.

Religions hold, Earth's choice, and Heaven's love,
 Patterne of Vertue, patron of Muses sage :
 All these and more were Whitaker's alone,
 Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate,
 Thus spoild the carelesse world of woonted joy :
 Whiles each repin'd at others pleasing state,
 And all agreed to work the world's annoy :
 Heaven strove with Earth, Destiny gave the
 doome,
 That Death should Earth and Nature overcome.

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature sendes
 The soul, to flit into the yeelding skie :
 Sorted by death into their fatal ends,
 Foreseene, foresett from all eternitie :
 Destinie by Death spoyl'd feeble Natures frame,
 Earth was despoyl'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruell Death,
 Envyng Heaven, and unworthy mold,
 Unwieldy carkasse and unconstant breath,
 That did so lightly leave your living hold :
 How have ye all conspir'd our hopelesse spight,
 And wrapt us up in Griefes eternall night.

Base Nature yeeldes, imperious Death com-
 maundes.

Heaven desires, durst lowly dust denie ?
 The Fates decreed, no mortall might withstand,
 The spirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.
 The fencelesse corpes corrupts in sweeter clay,
 And waytes for worms to waste it quite away.

Now ginne your triumphes, Death and Destinies,
 And let the trembling world witnesse your wast :
 Now let blacke Orphney raise his gastly neighes,
 And trample high, and hellish some outcast :
 Shake he the earth and teare the hollow skies,
 That all may feele and feare your victories.

And after your triumphant chariot,
 Drag the pale corpes that thus you did to die,
 To shew what goodly conquests ye have got,
 To fright the world, and fill the woondring eie :
 Millions of lives, of deaths no conquest were,
 Compared with onc onely Whitakere.

ELEGY ON DR. WHITAKER.

But thou, O soule, shalt laugh at their despite,
 Sitting beyond the mortal mans extent,
 All in the bosome of that blessed spright :
 Which the great God for thy safe conduct sent,
 He through the circling sphaeres taketh his
 flight,
 And cuts the solid skie with spirituall might.

Open ye golden gates of Paradise,
 Open ye wide unto a welcome ghost :
 Enter, O soule, into thy house of blisse,
 Through all the throng of Heaven's host :
 Which shall with triumph guard thee as thou
 go'st [conf.
 With palmes of conquest and with crownes of

Seldome had ever soule such entertaines,
 With such sweet hymnes, and such a glorie
 crowne.
 Nor with such joy amidst the heavenly train,
 Was ever led to his Creator's throne :
 There now he lives, and sees his Saviour's face
 And ever sings sweet songs unto his god.

Meanwhile, the memorie of his night: we,
 Shal live as long as aged earth shal last :
 Enrolled on berill walles of fame,
 Ay ming'd, ay mourn'd : and wish'd it is not
 Is this to die, to live for evermore.
 A double life : that neither liv'd afore ?

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A widow



